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Pulchrum est bene facere reipublicæ, etiam bene dicere haud absurdum est

DAVID A. GORTON, M.D.

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THE
National Quarterly Review.

OCTOBER, 1879.

ART. I.—THE REPUBLIC OF ATHENS FROM ALCIBIADES TO
DEMOSTHENES.

1. *Opera Omnia Aristoteles.* Parisiis: 1848-57.
2. *History of Greece.* 12 vols. By GEORGE GROTE.
New York: 1853-59.
3. *Biographical History of Philosophy.* By GEORGE
HENRY LEWES. 2 vols. New York: 1858.

As in individual life we often find resemblance to remote ancestry—so, in nationalities, there is sometimes seen analogies to what existed in far back, rather than in more recent history. It has been said that we even derive more advantage from the study of ancient than of modern history. Be that as it may, the present state of our own country has certainly less affinity to the feudal system, which was developed into the existing monarchies of Europe, than it has to the Greek republics.

Another remark will be pertinent, viz.: that parallels of nations depend chiefly upon the exigencies to which they have been subject—and similarity in these may be found in periods far apart. England, in her great struggle with France, from 1793 to 1815, strikingly resembled the Roman commonwealth in the second Carthaginian war. The unwavering courage displayed in continuing the contest against the marvellous power of Napoleon, when success seemed almost hopeless, was like that of Rome after the overwhelming defeat at Cannæ.

Our own republic, on the other hand, will be found to have many traits of resemblance to the Athenian, as we shall have occasion to show in the analysis of the institutions and usages of that celebrated State; though as yet the parallel has not extended to any such irretrievable disaster as the destruction of the armament at Syracuse—which involved the final overthrow of Athens.

Preëminent among the Greek States, in all that has given lasting celebrity, was the Athenian. In military prowess Sparta was perhaps superior, as might be inferred from her final success,—yet, even this may be doubted. There were crises in the war when she would have gladly receded from the conflict, if Athens would have allowed it upon honorable terms. A discriminating military critic, in the enumeration of six decisive battles of the world, includes that of Syracuse. The Athenians lost it by a mere accident. Had they been victorious they would have had control of Sicily, and thereby have been brought into direct antagonism with Carthage. That the result would have been the ascendancy of Athens, can hardly be doubted. Rome was then in incubation, and might have been easily crushed by the immense superiority of the imperial power which Athens would have acquired—that is, upon the supposition that the latter should have overcome all other rivals. It is questionable, however, whether the Athenian form of government would have been found consistent with any such extent of empire. It would, indeed, have overmatched all its Greek adversaries in any direct and separate contest. But rash enterprises would have been undertaken into distant regions under the leading of popular demagogues, who would have succeeded to Alcibiades and Cleon. There was an absence of deliberate forecast and systematic pursuit of great national objects essential to permanent ascendancy. The expedition to Syracuse was the result of an illusion wrought by the young democracy, incited by their lawless coadjutor, Alcibiades. When it had been entered upon, its success was mainly dependent upon the continuance, in joint command, of that popular leader who was as brave as he was unscrupulous. But as soon as the armament

had sailed, a sudden reaction took place and he was recalled, not for lack of ability, or of any qualification for the post in which he had been placed, but upon a puerile accusation of impiety, in having with his young companions, as alleged, made sport of the Eleusinian mysteries—and upon an utterly false charge of having mutilated the statues of Hermes. For that he was driven into exile and became his own country's most formidable enemy.

Another general remark is applicable to all the States of Greece, viz.: that there was not a Monarchy at the time referred to—all were either Oligarchies or Democracies. Sparta was not an exception—it was in fact controlled by the *Ephori*, although the *kings* had the right of conducting military expeditions. But the Ephors' relation to the *Gerusia* (Senate of old men) was not particularly defined; they were elected *annually* by an *Assembly of the people*—which assembly was, however, composed of privileged citizens, constituting in fact an Aristocracy. The *Gerusia* had only advisory authority. It consisted of twenty-eight members who were elected by the Assembly, but whose tenure of office was for life. Thebes was an Aristocracy. Magistrates called *Boeotarchs* were elected annually by an Assembly of the people. Their power was similar to that of the Archons of Athens; but in war they had authority equal to that of the kings of Sparta.

The government of Athens, during the administration of Pericles, became almost purely democratic—that is to say the Assembly were vested with the entire legislative power.

It was an anomaly, that the Areopagus, which consisted of the ex-Archons, had an authority which was not defined, with any precision, by law. Whatever they had was by mere concession. The Assembly of the people had absolute control if they choose to assert it; but, in some matters of great importance, they occasionally submitted to the exercise of jurisdiction by the Areopagus. Another check to popular power was more effectual, viz.: that whoever proposed a law that was afterwards found impolitic might be indicted before the courts by a process called *γραφὴ παρανομίας*; and it was no defence that

the act complained of had been done in a legislative capacity and ratified by the Assembly.

The *Dikasteries* (courts) were constituted of a large number of citizens—on great occasions it might be of the whole body—presided over by one of the Archons, or some one designated by a special law for that purpose.

It was a peculiarity of the Athenian mind that a light heartedness, sometimes seeming to be mere frivolity, was not unfrequently exhibited in the *Ekklesia* and the *Dikasteries*, even when affairs of the greatest moment were pending. A striking illustration of this was the incident related of Cleon, a demagogue, who had some popularity as a speaker, but was otherwise of little account. He delivered a tirade against the Athenian General Nicias, for delay in capturing the Spartans in the island of Sphaacteria. Some one moved that Cleon himself should be appointed general. It was received with acclamation. Being conscious of his utter incompetency in military affairs, he declined. The *Ekklesia* persisted, but took the precaution to put in the commission with him as assistant a general of considerable distinction, Demosthenes. The experiment was successful; the Spartans were speedily compelled to surrender, not, however, by reason of any strategical skill of Cleon—a fact so well understood that Aristophanes represented him on the stage as fishing by stealth the laurels that belonged to Demosthenes, who in fact wholly managed the expedition. The success, nevertheless, gave Cleon some *éclat*, in consequence of which he was subsequently appointed general in an expedition to the Chersonesus in which he was defeated and slain.

The same frivolous spirit often appeared in the *Dikasteries*. The Athenian mind was so mobile under the influence of oratory, that it was apt to be misled by mere elegance of diction or aphoristic wit.* Yet a reaction was sure to come when

* This rarely occurred in the courts or Assemblies of other States. Yet one memorable instance at Thebes is related. Epaminondas and Pelopidas had held over in Bœotarchs during an expedition into Peloponnesus. On their return they were prosecuted for a violation of law. Pelopidas was incensed, but Epaminondas calmly said he would not contest a decision against him, and would only ask that the court would inscribe in their decree that he was condemned for having invaded Peloponnesus, which had not been done

any wrong had been committed. Then, too, there was a singular regard for the forms of law. Never, except when the government fell temporarily into the hands of an oligarchy, as of the Four Hundred, seven years before the close of the Peloponnesian war—or of the Thirty, imposed by foreign force on the subjection of Athens—never, with such exceptions, were the greatest criminals deprived of a trial according to the regular course of proceedings established by law. They might, and sometimes did, decide unwisely and even unjustly in the *Ekklesia* or *Dikasteries*; but the movers or inciters of injustice were afterwards held to rigid account. Nothing, indeed, is more characteristic and remarkable in the Athenian administration of government than the liability of any one who procured the passage of an unjust law to be held personally responsible for so doing. The enacting of the law by the *Ekklesia* was no defence, as has been before remarked, in a prosecution for procuring such enactment. So that it was justly said by Phrynicius, in the debate of the Athenian generals at Samos as to changing the government of Athens to an oligarchy, that “the allies and dependents of Athens would be strongly adverse to it; that under the one they would have nothing to expect but executions without judicial trial; but under the democracy they could obtain shelter and the means of appeal, while their prosecutors would be liable to chastisement from the people and the *Dikasteries*.”

There was also a magnanimity of the people without parallel in any other popular government. After all the enormities committed by the Oligarchy of the Four Hundred, yet on the restoration of the Democracy no one of the conspirators suffered punishment without a fair trial. In fact, it does not appear that more than three of the whole number were executed. Fines, confiscation of property, exile or disfranchisement, were the penalties inflicted upon others. Even the absentees were proceeded against in regular form; but most of those who appeared were allowed to go unpunished.

before within five hundred years; for having given liberty to Messenia two hundred and thirty years after it had been destroyed; and for having united the Arcadians and restored independence to Greece. Upon this the Judges rose with laughter and dismissed the Assembly without taking a vote.

So, when relieved from the tyranny of the Thirty, which had been established by Lysander on the taking of Athens, and under which many of the best citizens had been slain without the semblance of legal form—a still greater number driven into exile and the property of the wealthy shamelessly appropriated by the tyrants for their own use—the first act, after the restoration of the old government, was a declaration of amnesty with the exception of the Thirty and the officers and agents employed in the execution of their atrocities. Even these were not absolutely condemned, but opportunity was offered to them to come in and be regularly tried.

It is noticeable, too, that this course of proceeding was adopted against the protest of relatives and friends of those who had suffered, and denunciations of popular speakers who demanded vengeance. And it is especially to be observed that the moderation displayed by the people, on both these occasions, is attributable to the humanity and sober-sense of the mass of the citizens, rather than to the influence of a few prominent individuals. Thrasybulus, it is true, took an active part in favor of amnesty, but he based it upon reasons of sound policy, which it is equally creditable to the Democracy that it was able to appreciate.

In the Greek States generally, the government belonged to the cities; the agricultural population had no political franchise except in Attica. There the wealthiest land-holders resided in the city; but the minor proprietors, who lived on their lands, were citizens, and came into Athens to serve in the Assembly and Dikasteries. The country, or territory occupied by these States, was not designated by the Greeks of that period under the name which is familiar to us. *Hellas* was the name of the country; *Hellenes*, the ethnical appellation of the inhabitants. The term *Greece* we derive from the Romans, who adopted it merely because the territory nearest to them was so called, but which was so inconsiderable that a district in southern Italy, which had been colonized by Greeks, was denominated *Magna Græcia*.

The whole territory of *Hellas*, which in popular history is

known as *Greece*, was considerably less than that of the State of New York. It consisted of something more than thirty thousand square miles (including Thessaly and Acarnania), and was about the area of New England without the State of Maine. But the comparison by mere territorial limit would not be just. Its importance mainly depended upon the great extent of sea-coast. The whole country was indented with bays and navigable straits; and there were many adjacent islands which were populous and had independent nationalities, as Coreyra, Ægina, Enboca, etc., some of which took a conspicuous part in the affairs of Greece. Others, as Samos, Chios, Crete, Rhodes, etc., though not so near the coast of Greece proper, were colonized by Greeks, as was also a considerable tract of country on the Asiatic coast.

In the estimate above made, Macedonia, Thrace, Epirus, and some other border countries are not included—in which, although the same language, or a rude dialect of it was spoken, yet the inhabitants had not attained sufficient civilization to take any important part in the contests of the leading nationalities until after the death of Epaminondas. Probably there was no greater difference between the language of Macedonia and Athens than there was three centuries ago between the dialects of England and Scotland.

This small territory, known as Hellas, was subdivided into many States. Had the whole been united in a strict confederacy for mutual defence against foreign aggression, there would have been no subjugation by foreign force. The Persian invasion temporarily united some of the leading States, and their combined military power was sufficient to resist successfully all the efforts of the greatest empire that had ever existed. The Greek narrative of the invasion was unquestionably a great exaggeration. There is no record in Persian annals of so vast an armament as is represented by Herodotus as having crossed the Hellespont; nor is there any monument indicating so great a shock as it would have been to the empire if a military enterprise of such a magnitude had been so utterly disastrous as appears in the Greek version. Still, there can be no doubt that the invasion was formidable.

Athens and Sparta bore the brunt of the conflict, assisted by some of the smaller States. Thebes was treacherous to the national cause. If, however, the union of the two principal States was effectual, what would have been the power of all the States combined? It does not appear that there was a political union of the States that was considered obligatory—that is to say, which had any such sanction that the violation of it by one was deemed dishonorable, and for the punishment of which all others were bound to act together. There was no coalition except by voluntary treaties. The Amphyctionic Council was not an exception to this rule. Its jurisdiction was limited to religion; and, although in a few instances the Council proclaimed war against a State that had committed sacrilege or other violation of what was deemed sacred, yet, even then, while it had some moral effect, it left all the States free to do what they deemed expedient. At all events the right to do so was assumed, and their action was determined chiefly by political considerations.

It has been said that the Greeks had no idea of representative government. This is untenable. They were represented in the Amphyctionic Council and often in meetings of delegates for the discussion of treaties. There can be no doubt they would have adopted the same course in local administration or in a National Council if the jealousy of classes, in the former case, and of rivals in cities in the latter, had not precluded it.

As to the population of the different cities our information is scanty. Athens, which is the best known probably, had at no time more than 21,000 free citizens having a right to serve in the Assembly and *Dikasteries*. During the administration of Pericles, upon an inquisition made as to persons entitled to the franchise of citizens, 5000 were thrown out, and it is said that about 14,000 were left. It should be noticed that all aliens were excluded, and these were not merely such as were of foreign birth, but all whose father was not a citizen, although he may have been a native of Athens.

It does not appear that the modern European doctrine was then recognized, viz.: that birth within the territorial limit

of a government constituted citizenship, or that any allegiance was due to the government of the place where a man was born, merely from the fact of his being born there. Citizenship at Athens could be acquired only by descent from citizens or by a *psephism* of the Assembly.* This was the general rule in all the cities of Greece. Intermarriages were therefore virtually prohibited; but at Athens foreigners were allowed a residence in the city and the right of doing business in trade or mechanical industry. It is doubtful whether the property of aliens descended in the same manner as that of citizens, but is generally supposed to have been forfeited at death, or, according to the phrase of the English law, to have escheated to the State. This, if rigidly enforced, would have been very likely to prevent the residence of foreigners in Athens to any such extent as is known to have existed. It may be assumed, therefore, either that there was no law of forfeiture, or that it was not enforced.† It is certain at all events that at Athens the commercial advantages of admitting foreigners upon easy terms was better understood than in other States, and that a liberal policy was pursued towards them which would have necessarily involved a concession of residence for the purpose of trade without the risk that by their decease, their families would be stripped of their property and left destitute. The privileges given to foreigners at Athens, whatever they may have been, constituted a source of strength in great national exigencies. There was a material in reserve which could be called into use. Citizenship was frequently conferred upon aliens

* Upon the restoration of the Democracy after the expulsion of the Oligarchy imposed by Sparta, a law was enacted restricting the political franchise to the sons of citizen-parents (*i. e.* both father and mother); but it appears that prior thereto the children of citizen-fathers who had settled in countries allied to Athens and had married women of such countries were recognized as Athenian citizens. While Athens had foreign possessions, and its citizens were dispersed over them in the pursuits of commerce or public employment, intermarriages with the native women of such countries were encouraged. An express permission was granted as to intermarriages in Enboca; and either by a general law or by usage, it was extended to other dependencies or confederate states.

† It is, however, a counter argument of some weight that in France, until a recent period, the effects of deceased alien residents were seized by the State—yet that did not prevent immigration of foreigners. But they were for the most part visitors for pleasure, or persons having business transactions requiring only a temporary residence, and constituted only a floating population.

for services rendered or expected. The slaves in Athens have been, perhaps extravagantly, estimated at four hundred thousand. This estimate derives some confirmation from another statement, that in Ægina, which had an inconsiderable free population, there were two hundred and fifty thousand slaves. Both Athens and Ægina were great slave marts.

The great diversity of character in different Greek nationalities have led to speculations upon the effect of climate and other physical conditions. We have it from Plato, Aristotle and Plutarch, that the air of Attica was dry and exhilarating; that of Bœotia, moist and depressing; producing in the one the lively wit of the Athenian, in the other the stolid sensuality of the Theban. We are better informed in natural science by a far more extended observation of the national characteristics and local influences, and may safely pronounce this hypothesis to have little or no basis. The distance between Athens and Thebes was not more than fifty miles by the old road described by Strabo, passing through Oropus on the sea-coast; and although there was a frequent overflow of Lake Copais on the Bœotian plain, yet the latter was higher ground than Attica. The overflow might, it is true, have produced malaria and consequent unhealthiness in the neighborhood, but we have no intimation that this was the fact; on the contrary, the Thebans were athletic and fond to excess of gymnastic exercises. The women of Thebes were noted for majestic stature and dignity of person.

Biography is more illustrative of national character than general history. It has been said by Gibbon that we have lost little of the ancient writings which were worth preserving.* On the contrary, we think it was an irreparable loss that the lives of Epaminondas and Scipio, by Plutarch, were converted into *Palimpsests*, especially that the memorial of the great countryman of the historian—which must have been a favorite subject,

* Bacon, in his preface to the *Instauratio*, has a rhetorical extravagance in the opposite extreme. "Time, like a river, has brought down all that was light and inflated and has sunk what was weighty and solid." Whether this be true or not of unpublished thoughts which were worthy of being preserved, it is not true in general of what was given to the world; what was valuable has been preserved with some exceptions which we must regret and which cannot be accounted for except as casualties.

and for which there were then materials in traditions and writings that have not come down to us, should have had the fate to be obliterated and overwritten with monkish legends. It is not within the scope of this discussion to attempt to gather up the fragmentary notices of the renowned Theban which have survived. A single remark is all that we deem necessary, viz.: that one of the greatest men produced by Greece was of a city which had no intellectual or moral prestige—in fact no previous distinction except for obstinate bravery in war, and for strength and skill in the Gymnasium; that the man who inaugurated the most comprehensive, wise and liberal policy for his own country and for the general advantage of the States of Greece, was brought up in a State which had been uniformly adverse to Greek nationality; which was traitorous in the Persian invasion, atrocious in its conduct to Plataea and other Bœotian cities, and which sought, at the close of the Peloponnesian war, to effect the utter extinction of Athens by the destruction of its walls and buildings and the exile of its inhabitants.

Let us note more particularly, a few prominent characteristics of the Athenian:

1st. *The national mind*.—The Athenian was intellectual, enterprising and inventive. The greatest productions of genius were brought out amid the din of arms and the agitation of a mortal conflict that more than once before its disastrous close threatened the national existence. The defeat, at the last, was irretrievable; the subjugation complete. It is true that Athens subsequently recovered her independence, but never her prestige. She had afterwards Demosthenes and Phocion, but the spirit of the people was impaired past recovery by the misfortunes of the country and the dilution of citizenship by the intromission of slaves and foreigners. During the war, Athens became the greatest maritime power in the world. This was chiefly due to the enterprise of its citizens and the skill of its ship-builders and seamen. Its supremacy was maintained until the destruction of its armies and desertion by its allies had crippled the resources of the State. The student of history still reads with perpetual admiration

the narrative of the marvellous elasticity of the Athenian democracy, which enabled it to resist disasters and put forth new energy under every misfortune. And who does not feel regret at the sequel, when the narrow-minded Spartan and ferocious Theban obtain the mastery over the most gifted people that has ever existed, or ever will exist, unless our own is destined to surpass it?

Within the period of twenty-seven years during which the war lasted, there was a development of the Athenian mind which was marvellous in comparison with the slower progress and lower attainment ever displayed by any other people. All the tragedies of Euripides were produced during that period. Sophocles, who was the senior of Euripides, but whom he survived, had brought upon the stage several dramas before the war, and a number of others after it commenced. Most of the comedies of Aristophanes and others eminent in dramatic satire, were written and performed during the war. Socrates taught before and during the same period. The fragments of his discourses, which we have through Plato and Xenophon, include nothing later than the subjugation of Athens, except the discourse shortly before his death and in reference thereto, but which, in our judgment, is worthy of about the same credit as the *Cyropædia*. Socrates was put to death about five years after the surrender of the city to Sparta. His disciple, Plato, lived many years after; but so far as his writings are truthful representations of the conversations of Socrates, they belong to the period anterior to his death, though actually written at a later time. The same remark applies to Xenophon. The history by Thucydides was contemporaneous with the transactions which he narrates, though elaborated afterward.*

* Thucydides had some personal knowledge of the events he narrates, as he was in military service up to the time when the loss of Amphipolis brought him into discredit; and after his exile he had the opportunity of acquiring information from both of the belligerent parties. But it does not appear that his history was valued so much for the research supposed to have been made as for the skill of the narrator and condensed vigor of expression. Thus Cicero, speaking of it in a literary point of view, makes no reference to the accuracy of its details but merely to style.

"Qui ita creber est verum frequentia ut verborum prope numerum sententiarum numero consequatur, ita porro verbis aptus et pressus est nescias utrum res

The philosophy of Plato, beyond what was directly taught by his master, and his fame as a writer, must be referred to a later time. Aristotle, who was in his youth a pupil of Plato, had attained distinction before the battle of Chœronœa and the second fall of Athens. Demosthenes was contemporary with him. Both may have just been coming into notice at the time Epaminondas was slain.

Literature, oratory, and fine arts were supremely attractive to the Athenian. Utilization of science and the practical results of inventive genius were of comparatively small account. The humblest class of any civilized people of the present day enjoy domestic conveniences and luxuries which were out of the reach of the wealthiest Athenian. As a counterbalance to this, however, the mild salubrity of the climate of Attica gave a zest to external life which we can hardly realize. The porticos, gymnasia, theatres, etc., which were all exposed to the open air, were the resort of people for conversation, exercise, and amusement, when not employed in the Dikasteries and Ekklesia. There was little handicraft by citizens in Athens; manual labor was chiefly performed by slaves.

2d. *Form of government.*—It was not representative, but vested in the whole body of the people. The difference was not so great as we should suppose at the first impression. All the qualified citizens might attend the Ekklesia and were distributed into classes for service in the Dikasteries. A representative body like that existing in modern States *reflects* rather than *creates* public opinion. The newspaper in our time expresses that opinion; at Athens it was expressed by oral discussion.

The election of judges, which we have adopted, is a step beyond what was tried by the Athenians. They elected Archons annually, and one of these usually presided in the courts, though, by a special law, another person might be appointed and this was sometimes done; but his office on such occasions was merely to preserve order and to take the votes

oratione an verba sententiis illustrentur." (Who crowds together his incidents so that the number of words is almost equalled by the number of ideas, so apt and compressed is he in language you cannot tell whether the facts are most illustrated by the diction or the diction by the ideas.) *Cic. de Or.*, 2, 14.

of the Dikasts, that is, of the citizens sitting as judges, or as we should call them, jurors. Probably he had the right to advise as to questions of law, and particularly as to the construction of the law under which the trial proceeded. The method was thus somewhat analogous to our jury trial, but had an advantage over it in this that citizens of the highest class were compelled to serve with the lower, which practically is not the working of our jury service. And again, the decision was by a *majority* of the Dikasts, whereas our jury is required to be *unanimous*. The distinction between the wealthy and the poor was less marked than with us. All free citizens were regarded alike in public business, and even in social life there was a degree of familiar intercourse between all classes which has no parallel elsewhere. One reason may have been the natural refinement of the common people, all being educated so far as to be able to appreciate eloquence of language, or genius in art. But this perhaps was rather the effect than the cause of recognized equality. The love of equality was a remarkable trait in the Athenian character. The poverty of the lower class was much greater than has been generally supposed. Habitual abstinence could alone have enabled them to live upon such scanty means as they possessed. When the oligarchy of the Thirty was established by the Spartans, upon the subjugation of Athens, the qualification for citizenship was fixed by a property of two thousand drachms, equal to a little more than one hundred and fifty dollars of our money;* yet by this standard the larger part of the citizens were disfranchised.† The war had, it is true, produced unusual destitution; but it is

*The drachm consisted of six oboli, equal in value to about eight cents United States currency, or, according to other estimates, from fourteen to sixteen cents, making one and a half to two and two-third cents; *the pay of the Athenian for attendance in the courts was an obolus per day—this was sufficient to pay for entrance into the theatre, but the price of admission was given to all citizens out of the public treasury.*

†On the restoration of the former government a law was proposed to limit the political franchise to the owners of lands in Attica, excluding those who had only removable property or lands elsewhere, which law, if it had been enacted, would, as said in the discussion, have disfranchised about five thousand citizens. This was a large number, taking into account the immense loss of life in the later years of the war. The law was rejected, but, as before mentioned, citizenship for the future was restricted to the children of citizen-father and mother.

a marvel how even the necessities of life could have been obtained under circumstances of such penury.

3d. *Qualification of citizens.*—It has been mentioned that at Athens citizenship was not acquired merely by being born there; it was necessary that both parents should be citizens, so that the descendants of a resident alien would remain alien through any number of generations, unless disability was removed by a decree of the Assembly. Citizenship seems to have been liberally bestowed for public services, and probably there was not much difficulty in getting a decree in favor of any one possessed of wealth or character. Still, the franchise was highly prized and was guarded with much care against being easily and indiscriminately bestowed.

It has been argued by political theorists that the admission of foreigners as citizens is a source of strength. But it is evident that the intermixture in so large proportion that the foreign should predominate over the native element, must be destructive of those national characteristics that are derived from gradual growth; and it is doubtful if any other can be permanent. Again, if the foreign is inferior to the native population in intellectual and moral qualities, there must, to that extent, be a deterioration of the aggregate. Immigration of an industrial class, especially agricultural, would of course tend to increased production; and it may be admitted that that would be no detriment. Such immigrants would be, in general, orderly, prudent and thrifty, and not likely to take much part in political affairs.

In the Greek States slavery existed to an extent vastly beyond parallel in modern times. A circumstance of distinctive importance, however, is to be noticed. In the former, all free citizens were allowed to serve in war—in fact it was necessary. It may be justly said that war was the ordinary condition—peace was the exception. The consequence was that in order to get out the whole military power of any State, it was indispensable that the entire body of free citizens should be subject to military service. All labor, therefore, whether predial or mechanical, devolved chiefly and at times altogether upon the slaves, who were not allowed to bear arms.

It has been supposed that this transfer of manual labor to slaves was the cause of the development of artistic genius in Greece. This is disproved by the fact that in Sparta, where manual industry by free citizens was most completely superseded by slave labor, there was no such development.

Again, it is worthy of notice that the slaves in Greece came from conquered countries. They were chiefly of the Caucasian race. The African was but little known. Slaves may have been imported from Egypt, but if so they were comparatively few. This involves a difference of some importance. The slaves of the Greeks had some chance of being freed, as there was then no insuperable bar to their becoming citizens. The late African slaves in America are, by color and other contrasts, perhaps precluded from ever acquiring entire equality in the State.

There was a rapid decline in the Athenian nationality from the time when, by political necessity, foreigners and slaves were made citizens to a large extent, for the sake of their services to the State. Private vice had, it is true, existed before, as must always be the case where slavery exists; but public honor was regarded as sacred, until a stock of servile origin was brought into the Assembly and the courts. A passion for amusement and sensual indulgence then undermined what remained of ancient integrity and patriotism.

4th. *Social habits and industrial pursuits.*—The divergence becomes more apparent when we look at the private life of a citizen of Athens, and compare it with the daily habits of a citizen of our own country. The Athenian was social—compared with other Greeks he might also be considered industrious, but his industry consisted not of manual labor. Many of the prominent citizens, we are told, had a mechanical or mercantile business; but this means that they carried it on by slaves who were superintended by an overseer, if the business was very large. Thus the orator Lysias had, with his brother Polemarchus, a manufactory of shields in which they employed one hundred and twenty slaves. Demosthenes inherited an estate consisting of slaves who were bred to the trade of sword-cutlery. Lysicles was called a shield-

maker;* Hyperbolus, a lamp-maker;† Cleophon, a Lyre-maker;‡ but this must have been in the same sense as above explained. Socrates was taught the trade of a stone-cutter, probably for sculpture;§ and it is probable that he actually worked at it in early life, for he was poor. But he seems to have abandoned it, preferring to live in poverty. We know from his later history, that he spent all his leisure in places of public resort and convivial entertainments, in conversation with those whom he sought to instruct; and yet he would receive no compensation, though it was pressed upon him by many of those who attended him. How he was supported we do not know; the small allowance from the public treasury to citizens who served in the courts or Assembly, would have been inadequate. But when it is said that Aristotle was a *druggist*, and attended personally to his trade, there is a misapprehension. He may have had a shop, but it was undoubtedly used for scientific investigations. His great genius, which was conspicuous in very early life, would not fail to ensure him all that was necessary for his support from admiring pupils, many of whom belonged to wealthy families.

Agriculture appears to have been considered an employment proper for a free citizen, and as the farms in Attica were small, it is not unlikely that many of the proprietors did their own work or assisted in it; but the larger farms were probably cultivated by slaves. Foreign trade was a considerable business at Athens, and some of the principal citizens were engaged in commercial adventures, as Plato is said to have made a speculation in a cargo of oil sent to Egypt. It may, however, be inferred from Aristotle's low estimate of the class of men connected with shipping, all of whom in his

* $\pi\epsilon\sigma\sigma\omicron\beta\alpha\lambda\omicron\pi\omicron\iota\omicron\tau\omicron$.† $\lambda\upsilon\chi\lambda\omicron\pi\omicron\iota\omicron\tau\omicron$.‡ $\lambda\upsilon\chi\omicron\pi\omicron\iota\omicron\tau\omicron$.

§ There seems to have been less discrimination than with us, between different kinds of industry—that is to say, between what we regard as liberal professions and merely mechanical labor. The term $\theta\alpha\lambda\omega\pi\omicron\tau\omicron$ (mechanic), was applied to the great sculptors, Phidias and Polycletus, as to a common *mason*, and so Socrates is called a stone-cutter, but he, in fact, may have been taught the higher art of sculpture. Thirlwall supposes that this bringing down to a level all arts, whether liberal or menial, was by contrast with the higher dignity of political or military functions, as Æschylus thought little of his dramatic writings in comparison with the honor of having fought at Marathon.

theory of a good government, he proposed to exclude from the franchise of citizens, that they must have been mere laborers and agents or employees. "Commerce by sea," he says, "is hurtful, because a multitude of merchants will be congregated who will hinder good government; still, it is to be submitted to, as there must be an import of some things and also an export of superfluous productions. It is also requisite to have some naval power; but all persons engaged in maritime affairs ought to be excluded from taking any part as a citizen."* He also held that free citizens should not exercise any low mechanical employment or trade; they should be owners of land, but the cultivation should be by slaves.† On the other hand, Socrates is represented as discoursing with artificers in various trades, and it cannot be supposed that these were slaves. When summoned before the Thirty for violation of a law which they had enacted that "none should teach the art of disputing," he was forbidden by Critias from talking with *shoemakers, carpenters, smiths, etc.* "Am I then," said Socrates, "to abstain from illustrations of justice, piety and such subjects which I derive from them?" "Yes, by Jupiter," replied Charicles, "and you must abstain from herdsmen, else take care you do not make the cattle fewer" (*i. e.* lose his own life).‡

Still, whatever might be a man's business, it would require supervision; and the Athenian was not deficient in the necessary attention. So far, however, as we are informed, the greater proportion of free citizens were mainly occupied with public affairs; and what time they had after the breaking up of the *Ekklesia* and *Dikasteries*, was devoted to recreation: theatre, gymnasium and the *Deipnon*, the sole meal of the day.

The general habit of the Athenian was to rise at day-break, to spend a little time in a form of devotion. Soon after six o'clock, the *Dikastai* took their places in the tribunals to which they belonged; and those employed in agriculture,

* *Politics*. B. 7, c. 6.

† *Id.* C. 10.

‡ *Xen. Mem.*—The whole discussion is amusing; Socrates asked if the art of reasoning was not to speak rightly, and whether he was to abstain from that, Charicles answered that he was not to speak to the young at all. Being pressed by Socrates to say who were young, he said under the age of a Senator (the age of 30).

manufactures or commerce, went to their several occupations, unless prevented by being called to attend to public business. It does not appear that there was any compulsory attendance, from which it may be inferred that there was always a sufficient number who had nothing else to do.

At midday, by which time they had ordinarily finished the serious work of the day, whether public or private, those who could afford it refreshed themselves with a short sleep; then they engaged in the exercises of the Palaestra, or walked in the groves along the Ilyssus or Cephissus, or more frequently resorted to the *Agora* for the discussion of public affairs, or to hear the news of the day. During the day the Athenian took no food except a slight refectation of bread and wine on first rising, and a repast somewhat more substantial, but private and informal, at midday. At sunset he sat down, or rather lay down, to the *Deipnon*, and devoted the whole evening to convivial pleasure, often continuing to a late hour of the night. The *Ekklesia* was in session at the same time with the *Dikasteries*, but not daily—at one time it was but once a month—and when there was anything of great interest, there was probably a general resort there by those who were entitled to attend.

Theatrical performances occupied a part of the day; but they must have been occasional only, or else the attendance must have been chiefly by people of leisure, under which designation was included a large number who had nothing whatever to do, a populace that could be made use of by demagogues in the Assembly or tribunals when some matter of consequence was to be determined, who had the means of living as stipendiaries of ambitious men, or were content with a spare diet and unrestrained amusement. Admission to the theatre was, at the commencement of the administration of Pericles, at a moderate charge (an obolus); but he obtained a law that it should be paid out of the public treasury. This led at a later time to the establishment of a fund called the *Theoricon*, under the pretext of enabling the poorer citizens to enjoy various public festivals, by which the resources of the State, when urgently demanded for public service, were squandered upon frivolous amusements.

Of the domestic life of the Athenians we know little. It appears that women were not present at the *Deipnon* when there were guests. It may have been the ordinary custom that men and women should dine apart.

From this slight outline of daily life, the first and most striking contrast to the usage of our own time, is the inferiority of woman's social position. The Athenian matron was, in fact, of less account than the *Etaira* (courtesan). We have information about Aspasia, the mistress of Pericles and afterward of Lysicles; of Archainassa, who was addressed by Plato in an amorous ode; of Timandra, with whom Alcibiades was living at the time of his death; of Phryne, who, in sport, introduced herself into the bed of the philosopher, Xenocrates; of Themisto, wife of Leontius, who lived illicitly with Epicurus, and many others of like character; but we have scarcely any notice of an Athenian wife unless she had acquired notoriety, like Xantippe, by some supposed breach of domestic order; or by some flagrant outrage of the husband which came before the courts, as in the case of Hipparete, the wife of Alcibiades, who sued for a divorce on the ground of ill-treatment, and was forcibly dragged home by him from the court.* It was common, in fact, for married men to seek the society of courtesans. The house of Aspasia was resorted to by the most intelligent and accomplished men, and it is said that they even brought their wives to listen to her conversation. A criminal prosecution was founded upon this, in which she was charged with corrupting Athenian women to gratify the passions of Pericles; and it was only by the greatest effort, and even by tears and entreaties, that he obtained her acquittal. One of the discourses of Socrates, as reported by his pupil, Xenophon, was with a courtesan in her own house; and the sportive attempt of Phryne, above mentioned, seems to show a great familiarity of her class with the most respectable citizens.

* Hipparete was the daughter of Hipponicus, one of the wealthiest citizens of Athens; her mother may have been the wife of Pericles, having formerly been the wife of Hipponicus. It seems that she was divorced afterwards from Pericles, probably by mutual consent, in consequence of his intimacy with Aspasia.

The second contrast is in the proportion of time devoted to business, public or private, and to amusements. A few hours of the early part of the day constituted all that the Athenian devoted to the Assembly or the courts—of course, varying with great public exigencies. The rest of the day was given up by all classes to athletic exercises or to conversations in the Agora; in the evening the Deipnon was the sole occupation of those who had the means; all the others must have found an equivalent in a lower sort of indulgence, wine-drinking and gossip in shops or association with courtesans. The Athenians had also many festival days, and these were devoted chiefly to sensual pleasure which tended to the increase of vice.

The absence of Slavery among us, which is the third contrast, makes labor honorable, and the mass of the people are by law equal. Several distinctions necessarily exist, chiefly growing out of gradations of wealth or education. The right of suffrage is an incident to the recognized equality. At Athens there was equality of citizens, but, as has been shown, the number was so limited as to constitute a privileged order, a large class of native-born, but of alien descent, being excluded, as well as the still larger class of slaves.

5th. Literary culture.—It is difficult to determine precisely what was taught in childhood; probably nothing more than language so far as it could be acquired by ear, which would include memorized recitations from the poets, that were doubtless familiar even in the nursery. The youth were early put into the gymnasium for the development of physical strength. Plato (in his *Republic*) prescribed that education should consist of *gymnastics* and *music*. Under the last would seem to be included poetry and oratory. There was, indeed, an intimate connection between the harmony of music and the rhythm of verse. Even a public discourse had a sort of metre, and was enunciated with a far greater variation of the tones of voice than we can well conceive of as having such effect as is described.

According to Aristotle, children were usually taught

reading, gymnastics and music, to which, he says, some added painting. By the term *music* is here designated only harmony; for, although used for pleasure, "nature requires that we should be able to enjoy leisure honorably"—in other words, it was intended as a recreation. Yet he makes some question as to its appropriate use. "Is it to be merely a refreshment, like sleep and wine, *killers of care*, as Euripides calls them [*ἀναπαύσαι μεθύματα*]; why not, like the Medes and Persians, hear others play who make it their business. Jupiter is never represented as playing or singing." Still, he recommends teaching it, for it instructs, amuses and employs leisure. It also has a moral effect, and inspires enthusiasm, as is seen in the Olympic games. He also recommends painting on the same grounds, and also in order to be able to judge of works of art; but he gave particular precedence to music and poetry, as being better adapted to express dispositions of the mind.*

The method of teaching was chiefly oral. Not only was language thus taught, but all other knowledge, such as there was at that time. The chiefs in philosophy had each a certain place of resort where pupils came to hear them. Few of them wrote; and those who did, gathered up for the most part only what had been previously delivered to hearers. Plato denied that books were adequate for instruction, which he based upon the puerile and almost absurd reason, that they would not defend themselves against attack. Yet the teacher, he says, "may occasionally, for the sake of sport, scatter some seeds in this manner, and will thus treasure up memoranda for himself."† The writings which he (Plato) has left were composed mostly in his later years. They appear to be the reminiscences of actual discussions or suggestions arising therefrom; partly, no doubt, the conversations of Socrates with his attendants and those whom he met in his various resorts; but also, we must believe, of logomachies by himself in imitation

* *Pol. B. 7, c. 3.* Statues and paintings, he says, are not properly imitations of manners, but signs that the body is affected by some passion. This is a singular distinction. A fine statue or painting generally expresses the character of a man—not a mere transient passion—while both music and poetry have to do with emotions.

† Phædrus.

of his master, and of after-speculations growing out of such debates, the form of the dialogue being still preserved. It has been said that his lectures were not literary, but dialectical exercises.*

Aristotle's writings have more the semblance of having been prepared at the time when he lectured. There is a terseness and logical concatenation which have the aspect of solitary thought rather than public debate, and nothing whatever of the dramatic or conversational.

But Socrates did not limit himself to discourses with pupils; he was in the habit of going daily to the Gymnasium, the Porticos and Agora; wherever, in fact, he could meet with people, and was always ready to enter into an argument with any who was willing to have a discussion.†

The poets were familiar to all classes, to the uneducated as well as the cultured—if such terms can be applied with any propriety to those whose education consisted in so large a proportion merely in what they heard. The drama was, of course, known to some extent by all who frequented the theatre—which was open to all—to the poor as well as the rich.‡ Doubtless, from being often repeated, dramatic and epic compositions were thoroughly impressed upon the popular mind and largely retained in memory. Quotations from the poets abound in philosophical writings. Plato quoted from them, especially from Homer; and it was alleged that he derived his speculations largely from Epicharmus.§ In his *Republic* he reprobated poetry on the alleged ground of its disregard for truth; but his citations are usually made in support of

* Lewes' *Hist. Phil.*, 6th epoch.

† *Xen. Mem.*, B. I, c. I.

‡ Great facility, as has before been mentioned, was always afforded to the common people for attendance upon the theatre. At one time an obolus was the charge for admission, but afterwards tickets were furnished to all at public expense, a public fund (the *Θεσμοταξία*) being provided for that purpose.

§ *Diog. Laer. Life of Plato*. The identity of thought of the poet and philosopher is such, that one must have borrowed from the other—most probably the latter from the former, for the poet says:

“Another man will come who'll strip my reasons
Of their poetic dress, and, clothing them
In other garments and purple broidery,
Will show them off, and, being invincible,
Will make all rivals bow the knee to him.”

historical or scientific facts, as if they were good authority, and not for mere beauty of expression. The same is seen in Aristotle; though oftener the quotation is used by him as an illustration of some moral truth.

6th. Religion.—The nature and precise extent of religious influence has been less considered than it deserves. It had little effect upon national affinities and upon belligerent States, that is to say in respect of war and its consequences.

If the omens declared by the priest were unfavorable, a general might postpone or give up a military enterprise; but there was never an idea that the justice of the controversy was involved, or had anything to do with the monitions received from the gods. After the battle of Delium, in the seventh year of the Peloponnesian war, the Thebans refused to the defeated Athenians the privilege of burying their dead, because they had desecrated the Temple of Apollo, at Delium, by military occupation of the sacred ground, and required them first to evacuate the place so unlawfully fortified. Cylon having attempted to overthrow the government of Athens and failed in it, fled to the Temple of Athens for refuge with the other conspirators, but was induced by the Archon Megacles to come out, by the promise that their lives should be saved. The promise was not kept; the prisoners were all executed. This gave rise to a superstitious horror at the supposed profanation of the sanctuary; and the disorders which ensued thereafter were attributed to the wrath of the goddess. By the advice of Solon, expiatory rites were performed by Epimenides of Crete, and the family of Megacles (called *Alcmaonides* from a remote ancestor), were sent into exile. Under a general amnesty afterwards procured by Solon, they were restored.

This incident was brought up by Sparta and her allies at the commencement of the Peloponnesian war, as a reason why the Athenians should banish all that remained of the blood-stained race of *Alcmaonides*. This was probably aimed at Pericles who, on his mother's side, was connected with that family. The Athenians retorted by demanding that the Spartans should expiate the pollution of the sanctuary of

Athens at Sparta, by the death of their king Pausanias* in it; he having fled there for shelter and been closely guarded from egress until he died of starvation.

An incident of much greater importance which had a controlling influence on the final termination of the Peloponnesian war, was the mutilation of the statues of *Hermes* in the streets of Athens, just as the armament for the Sicilean expedition was leaving the port. The superstition of the people was shocked. The council of Five Hundred entered upon an investigation as if it was of the most vital consequence to the State. A reward was offered for the discovery of the perpetrators. No direct evidence was obtained, but it was proved by a slave that Alcibiades had profaned the Eleusinian mysteries by a mock representation of them in drunken orgies with riotous companions. This was enough to fix upon him the charge of atheism, even if he had not perpetrated the mutilation of the statues; and although the expedition was allowed to proceed, Alcibiades was superseded and ordered to return home shortly after his arrival in Sicily. This drove him into treason against his country.

Disbelief in the gods was a criminal offence. The philosopher Protagoras was condemned to death for saying that whether there are gods he had not made up his mind.†

It is generally conceded that Socrates was put to death, mainly for his supposed disregard of the religion of his country. Popular superstition had increased with public misfortunes. The influence of foreigners during the war, or rather the

* The commander of the Greek, at the battle of Platea.

† Protagoras read at a special meeting in the house of the poet Euripides, a discourse which contained the obnoxious expression as to the existence of the gods. "Whether there are any gods," he said, "he had not determined; and life was too short to investigate the subject." This becoming known, he was prosecuted and condemned for atheism; but made his escape before the sentence was to be executed. It appears that Euripides was held in suspicion for sentiments contained in his tragedies, calculated to bring the gods into contempt—at least this was the construction attempted to be given by Aristophanes, in satirical representations upon the stage. Socrates was a friend of Euripides and supposed to hold the same opinions. In the *Phædrus* of Plato, he is represented as expressing his views of the gods, in language similar to that used by Protagoras. Speaking of the theistic fables, he said he did not deem it of sufficient importance to go into an investigation of them, to expose popular error. Life was not more than sufficient for practical duties.

conferring upon them the franchise of citizens, had contributed largely to the growth of vice. Foreign religious views were multiplied, which, with the profligacy of manners that had become prevalent, brought all forms of belief in contempt with the thoughtless; but there was a reaction upon the more sober minded. The disregard of sacred things by licentious young men, was considered to be portentous of danger to the State, from the wrath of the gods; and in the case of Socrates, it was a great aggravation of the charge of disbelief, that he taught young men to hold in contempt the ancient institutions of the State, by which was meant, religious ceremonies and the popular ideas connected therewith.

The principle underlying the Greek religion was that the gods were subject to human passions. Sacrifices were offered to appease their wrath. It was a tradition that the Grecian armament that sailed for Troy, being detained by adverse winds, a human sacrifice was thought necessary; and by direction of an oracle, which was consulted, Iphigeneia, the daughter of Agamemnon was immolated. This, however fabulous, may be considered a reflection of popular belief. Divination, or augury, was mostly a mode of learning the future—a practice probably imported from the Hebrews. Observation of the flight of birds, inspection of the entrails of victims and various other practices were resorted to as omens; then the oracles of the chief divinities—at certain places regarded as peculiarly sacred—as the oracles of Apollo at Delphi and of Jupiter at Olympia, in Elis, and at Dollona in Epirus, were consulted, whose answers were usually enigmas that admitted of double interpretation. An earthquake interrupted the march of Ages, king of Sparta, into Attica, in the fifth year of the Peloponnesian war. An eclipse of the moon was the occasion of the destruction of the Athenian armament at Syracuse. The superstitious Nicias refused to commence his retreat, which was then probable, until the next full moon, when it was too late.*

*No complaint was made by the Athenians, it has been said, that Nicias had detained the armament in accordance with the omens as interpreted to him, but only that he had not provided himself with a better diviner. No authority,

The disregard of such omens and oracular utterances by Epaminondas seems to be a solitary exception to the general dread of the supernatural. One instance occurred before the battle of Leuctra. The oracles had been consulted by the Thebans. Some were auspicious, others adverse. Epaminondas presiding as Beotarch, placed the auspicious on one side, the adverse on the other, and said, if you are willing to submit to your enemies, these [the adverse] are your oracle; but if you have bravery enough to resist oppression, then the others. On another occasion, it thundered as he drew near the enemy, and when those about him asked what the gods did signify by this, he answered, it was a bad omen to their adversary who had pitched his camp in a disadvantageous place when he had the choice of a better.

But he must have been a bold man who would venture to controvert the popular faith at Athens. With all the light-heartedness and even jocularity often displayed in public proceedings, there was a profound regard for religious rites.

An immutable right prescribed by a divine law, as a moral government, to which all human affairs, individuals and nations are subject, formed no part of their religious view. It cannot indeed be denied that nations professing to be Christian have come far short of conformity to the obligation which they acknowledge; yet, upon the whole, a humanizing tendency has been developed. Modern warfare, although involving a vast amount of suffering, is divested of the atrocious cruelty perpetrated by the most civilized of ancient States.* *I need only refer to the deliberate slaughter*

however, is cited for this statement, except Plutarch (*Life of Nicias*) which does not seem to warrant it. The Athenians omitted the name of Nicias in the public memorial to the officers who had fallen in that expedition, which Plutarch pronounces to have been unjust in consideration of the great piety of Nicias.

*The views of the learned author, relative to the comparative humanity of Christian to Pagan warfare, seem to us partial and misleading. The barbarities of Christian warfare certainly equal, if they do not surpass, any recorded in Pagan history. In support of this statement, we need only refer to the conduct of the Crusaders, while bearing the Christian cross to the heathen; England's method of dealing with popular revolt against cruel oppression and the Royal authority; her practice of drawing and quartering political offenders; the malignity displayed, by this same Christian England, in exhuming the bodies of the honored and heroic dead, and hanging them, because they were Republicans, as in the case of Oliver Cromwell; firing rebellious subjects from

of the Athenians, who surrendered to Lysander at Ægos Potamos, the execution of the Athenian generals (Nicias and Demosthenes) taken at Syracuse, and the general massacre of the private soldiers after they were defenceless, and the sale of all the survivors for slaves, to the destruction of all the cities of Platea, and the condemnation to death of all adult males, and sale into slavery of the women and children by the sentence of Spartan commissioners. The Athenians, though more generous and humane than any of the Greeks, committed one act which was unsurpassed in atrocity by anything reported in history. During the temporary peace after ten years of the Peloponnesian war, they took the island of Melos. The people were a Dorian colony, and in no way subject to Athens; yet, at the instance of Alcibiades, the Assembly decreed the execution of the male adult prisoners, and the sale of the women and children; his motive being, it was supposed, to insult Sparta, who owed protection to Melos, by such extreme measures of severity.

Such fiendish acts would, in modern times, be denounced by the whole civilized world. In battles and the storming of towns, there will be scenes of carnage, often of uncalled for cruelty; but after the fury of conflict has subsided, humanity resumes its sway, and prisoners, according to the general usage of nations, are treated with no vindictive severity; they are supplied with food and medical aid, and are ordinarily exchanged for prisoners held by the enemy. Our immeasurable superiority in this respect, may be summarily expressed by a comparison of the saying of Aristotle, which was the practical deduction from all his philosophy, with the annunciation of St.

the mouths of victorious cannons, as in the Sepoy rebellion; the horrors of the Spanish inquisition; the treatment of heretics by the Christian Church; the massacre of the Huguenots in France, by Christian Catholics, without the excuse of war, etc.

Putting to death, and making slaves of captives taken in war, was a common practice on the part of the "Peculiar people," in their wars with the heathen, rendered all the more odious to our sensibilities, by having been incited by the alleged orders of Christian's Jehovah. The warfare of Christian people of today has nothing to boast of over that of the Spartans, in respect of the humanities. The deeds at Andersonville and Richmond, perpetrated within the present generation by professed Christians on defenceless prisoners of war, bleach to whiteness those of Lysander at Ægos Potamos, or the Spartan commissioners at Athens.—[EDITOR.]

Paul as the result of the Christian faith. "*It is best not to have been born; and next to that it is best to die.*"* A future life was but dimly seen—in fact hardly taken into account by him. It was generally held to be merely conjectural whether we should survive death at all, or if so, what would be the state of the soul—the existence of which, however, as an entity separate from the physique, he nowhere postulated. The reasoning of Plato was in favor of a future existence, yet with a visionary theory of transmigration through different forms of existence, even into the organisms of brutes†; in this respect strikingly like the doctrine of the Brahmans of India. The more rigid method of Aristotle excluded all that is merely hypothetical; and it does not positively appear whether he believed in a future existence at all.

In contrast with this melancholy view of the misery and hopelessness of human life expressed by Aristotle, the Christian apostle expresses not a *hope* merely but the *absolute certainty* of a happy immortality; and that all sufferings in this life win preparation for another and a better one.

* Quoted by Plutarch (Consolation to Apollonius).

† Plato's Phædo.

ART. II.—THE CHINESE IMMIGRATION QUESTION.

1. *The Foreigner in Far Cathay.* By T. MEDHURST.
2. *Overland Through Mongolia.* By ALEX. MICHIE.
3. *Geographische Mittheilungen in Asien.* Von Prof. VON RICHTHOFEN.
4. *Die Chinesische Auswanderung.* Von Dr. F. RATZEL.
5. *The Coolie.* By E. JENKINS.

THREE hundred and fifty years ago, one of the Spanish conquerors of Mexico jotted down, in his rudely-compiled diary, the following entry: "There be many who say that these Aztecs, the same which do now people Mexico, had their origin from the incoming of a great multitude from Cathay (China); and certain it is that upon this coast, nigh unto Quivira, have many wrecked vessels been found of Chinese fashion, having gilded poops. Also the neighboring nations say (as I myself with my own ears have heard) that their fathers have told them of the coming of a great company of unknown men, without beards, and clad in robes of fine silk; and that these men came over sea, from the quarter of the setting sun."

Little did honest Pedro Melendez dream that the semi-mythical event, which he dismissed so briefly, was one day to translate itself into a fact that would shake all America from east to west. Yet such actually is the case. The Chinese immigration is no longer a doubtful tradition, but an existing and a momentous reality. The American republic is once more invaded—not, as heretofore, by Hessian mercenaries, or Mexican filibusters, but by the far more formidable power of a great natural law. The overflow of the brimming Asiatic

world is rushing in to fill the vacuum offered by the half-peopled Pacific seaboard, and the tide of American progress, flowing steadily westward, has been suddenly met by a counter-current setting as strongly in the opposite direction. The question now is: Can this counter-current be arrested? and what will be the result if it cannot?

Taken altogether, it is not too much to assert that this phenomenon is absolutely unique in history. Numerous parallels have indeed been suggested—the Hebrew bondmen of Pharaoh, the Romans and their countless slaves, the Flemish weavers in England under Henry II, the Moors who remained in Spain after the fall of Grenada, the German population of Russia at the present day. But in all these cases, the parallelism goes no deeper than the surface. The repressive measures of Pharaoh were designed, not to drive the Israelites out of Egypt, but to keep them more securely in it. The dangers which threatened the Roman citizen from his slaves was not competition, but rebellion: slave-labor being naturally unpaid. The expulsion of the Moors was dictated less by commercial foresight than religious bigotry, and the hereditary enmity fostered by eight centuries of almost incessant warfare. Again, the Flemings of the Plantagenet era, and the Russo-German colonists of our own, were men of far higher civilization than those among whom they settled; whereas the exact converse is the case as regards the Chinese and the American.

At its first outset, this great public problem had a local, rather than a national significance. It might then have been summarily defined as the battle of Dime and Dollar—the antagonism of the native workman, whose motto is "A fair day's wages for a fair day's work," to the supple foreigner who was willing to do the same labor for a tithe of the same pay, and able to support himself upon his earnings, meagre as they were. Even upon this aspect of the case, the verdict of money-making America was not unanimous; for the capitalist, who paid for the labor, naturally wished to reduce its price; while the workman, whom he paid, as naturally desired to keep it up.

The first phase of the question, then, represented simply

the rivalry of the opposing bodies of workmen; but this stage of its existence is thoroughly outgrown. The current of immigration has swollen from a rivulet into a torrent. Statistical reports tell us of "one thousand and seventeen Chinese of both sexes landing from one steamer," and of "thirty thousand Coolies being shipped off to California every twelvemonth from the Chinese coast." It is no longer a question of mere competition, but of actual "crowding out." More than two thousand years ago, the great comic poet of ancient Greece pointed out to his countrymen, in a passage of matchless force and brilliancy, that the lower race must as certainly crowd out the higher, in course of time, as bad money drives out good. This truth is as unquestionable in our day as it was in that of Aristophanes; and hence the originally localized interest of the immigration question has merged itself into the wider and deeper significance of a great national problem, which is now engaging the attention of all classes alike, from the reflective Congressman who meditates repressive measures to check the "intrusive Mongolian element," down to the drunken "hoodlum," who flings stones and curses at the hated Coolies as they step ashore in San Francisco.

But in order to appreciate more justly the import of this singular phenomenon, it is worth while to cast a glance at the civilization and general characteristics of the immigrants and the country which produces them.

To the civilized observer, China presents the aspect of a political Pompeii—the petrified embodiment of what the world was twenty centuries ago. The laws, the customs, the mode of thought, the religious beliefs of the "Middle Kingdom,"* are substantially the same in our age of railways and telegraphs, of restless activity and universal communication, as they were in the days of Pericles and Brasidas. Its standard works upon history, philosophy, and morals, are the writings of a man who lived in the reign of Cyrus,† and who was him-

* Chung-Kwo—so-called by the natives.

† Kong-Foo-Tze, or Confucius, was born in 551 B. C., and devoted himself at a very early age to the study of philosophy. In 499 he attained the rank

self imbued with an almost fanatic reverence for the wisdom of ages even more remote. Even the geographical limits of the empire have remained stationary for ages, and the China of the nineteenth century incloses very nearly the same territory as the China of the first century.

Nor is this singular apathy confined to the world of politics. Upon the whole history of Chinese thought and Chinese invention, a fatal "thus far and no further" is indelibly stamped. The jugglers of Persia and Afghanistan are fond of exhibiting a trick which produces within a few minutes a fruit-bearing shrub from a jar of dry earth; but the shrub itself, though complete in every detail, hardly exceeds the size of a large bouquet. This is no inapt symbol of Chinese civilization. Ages ago, it grew rapidly to a certain point; and at that point it has remained ever since, while Europe has been striding upward from one discovery to another. Once again, the tortoise has beaten the hare, and the despised "foreign demons" are now far in advance of the men who possessed the three greatest inventions on record—printing, gunpowder,* and the mariner's compass—in days when wild hogs were munching acorns upon the site of London, and deer roaming through pathless forests upon that of New York.

For this strange paralysis, two leading causes may be assigned, the first of which is, beyond all question, the geographical position of the country itself. The title of one of Dr. George Maedonald's stories, *At the Back of the North Wind*, exactly defines the situation of China. It lies not merely aside from, but *behind* the current of human progress, which, flowing steadily westward from the earliest ages, has left the far east wholly untouched. The widest conquests of Assyria and Persia never even approached its borders. Republican Greece was probably ignorant of its very existence. Alexander

of Mandarin, and is said to have displayed considerable administrative ability. His death, which occurred in 478, was hastened by grief at the loss of his favorite pupil and intended successor. In addition to his published works, copious extracts from his conversation are still extant, compiled by his disciples after his death, under the title of "Analects."

* There is still, however, some question as to the Chinese discovery of gunpowder, the chief affirmative evidence being a doubtful passage of Marco Polo.

the Great's farthest advance eastward—the spot now occupied by the Central-Asian city of Khodjent—only brought him within sight of the great frontier-range of the Tien-Shan (Celestial Mountains), which he was never to cross. Rome knew the rival empire only through a vague tradition of “certain men called Seres, who live toward the rising sun.” Even the great tidal wave of Mohammedan conquest rolled past it unheeded; and Timour, the last and most formidable of Asiatic conquerors, was cut off by death when actually on his way to invade it. The two great irruptions of the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries cannot be called foreign invasions, inasmuch as both were the work of kindred races, many millions of whom were already settled within the confines of the empire. In a word, the eventful eras which have wrought such marvellous changes in the Western world, have left the Great Empire of the East precisely as they found it—a vast, tideless ocean of unprogressive humanity.

Another equally palpable cause of this phenomenon is to be found in the peculiar character of the Chinese people. Patient, docile, plodding, conservative to his very finger-tips, peaceful, incurious, unenterprising, intensely subservient to established usages, the Chinaman has always been a strenuous upholder of the “*Nolumus leges mutare*” principle, which was once the watchword of the Anglo-Saxon. War and foreign traffic, the two great agents of political change, have had no hold upon him whatever. The trade of China has been almost exclusively carried on within itself, and the temper of its people is essentially unwarlike. The extensive conquests made by them in former ages were, as Defoe and Gibbon have justly observed, uniformly achieved in self-defence. Confucius himself, when asked which of the three requisites of national strength which he had just defined, might be most easily dispensed with, answered, “military equipment.” The wisdom of the sage has been endorsed by the common-sense of the people. Among the rhyming proverbs of China is the following distich:

“How ti pu tso ting,
How jin pu tso ping.”*

*Of good iron one does not make a nail; of a good man one does not make a soldier.

Religious zeal has more than once carried an originally obscure nation into the foremost rank of history. The fierce propagandism of Mohammed's warrior-zealots bore the standard of the Prophet victoriously into every capital from Ispahan to Grenada. A similar impulse made the Spaniards masters of a large portion of the Old World, and sent them in triumph through the fairest regions of the New. But this powerful stimulus is wholly wanting to the phlegmatic "Kitat." Of the three sects which divide the Chinese empire among them, the creed of Buddha, with its gorgeous pageants, its stately ceremonials, its love of pomp and circumstance, may fairly be styled Chinese ritualism. The school of religion, or rather of religious philosophy, founded by Confucius, is nothing else but absolute materialism; while the faith of the Taonists (so far as they can be said to have any) represents the mediæval belief in witchcraft, evil omens, lucky and unlucky days, and other bugbears of the kind. Hence this trilogy of national creeds consists of a form of scholastic atheism midway between two extremes of superstition.

Nor are history and science a whit behind religion in fostering the national tendency to conservatism and isolation. The native annals, absolutely blank as to the great events of the surrounding world, chronicle with monotonous precision the comparatively unimportant movements of the various sections of Chinese nationality. The native maps give to China and the rest of the globe the respective proportions of a shawl and its fringe. Every amphibious "river-town," every petty Tartar village, is set down with scrupulous accuracy, while the whole non-Chinese world is represented by a few narrow strips of territory on the very border of the map, marked "Islands inhabited by barbarians." And as if to render this strange political quarantine as complete as possible, law has added its influence by classing emigration among the ten capital crimes of the Chinese penal code, and making it punishable with decapitation!

It cannot be denied that this peculiar system has had its advantages. It has given to the largest population ever united under a single ruler a coherency which still makes the Chinese

empire, despite all its weaknesses and corruptions, as real a political fact, after the lapse of forty centuries, as it was in the days of the patriarchs revered by Confucius. It has enabled China to survive the shock of two successive conquests, either of which would have annihilated any other Asiatic State. Neither Kublai Khan and his Mongols in 1233, nor the Tartar hordes of Mantchouria in 1644, availed aught against the tremendous passivity of Cathay. They conquered it, and they disappeared in it. So far from leavening the whole camp, the leaven itself was so completely absorbed as to leave no trace of its presence; and although a Mantchoo sovereign reigns in Peking, China is still as Chinese as if neither he nor his dynasty had ever been heard of. But "new blood" is as necessary to races as to individuals; and no nation can be thus turned inward upon itself without suffering for it. What China might have been by this time with the aid of foreign intercourse and foreign enlightenment, the boldest speculator can hardly conceive; what she is without it, any one can see for himself.

The isolation thus systematically preserved remained unbroken up to the very opening of the present century, or indeed somewhat longer. Foreign immigration was as strictly prohibited as native emigration; and the few European traders whose presence was permitted by the Imperial government were as jealously watched as Christian travellers passing the gate of an Eastern seraglio. But this apathetic seclusion was fated to be suddenly and violently disturbed. The "outer barbarians," so long despised and kept at a distance, began to make themselves felt in earnest at last. Two short but decisive wars taught the amazed Celestials that these remote savages, whom they had treated so contemptuously, possessed soldiers before whom the stoutest of the imperial "braves" fled like sheep; vessels capable of sending the largest war-junk to the bottom with a single broadside; generals able to march in triumph up to the very gates of Peking, and pillage the sacred palace of the "One Man"* himself.

These triumphs were not suffered to remain barren. Large

* One of the Emperor's native titles.

concessions were extorted by the conqueror from the conquered. A British Minister was received at the Court of Peking. Five great seaports were thrown open to foreign traffic, and a railroad was constructed from Shanghai to Woosung. This latter instrument of evil was indeed destroyed by the fatherly solicitude of the Chinese government before it had time to injure the national morals; but such blows could not fail to produce their natural effect. That "confidence of the people in their rulers," which Confucius pronounced to be the sheet-anchor of national welfare, was shaken to its very foundations. The bonds of imperial rule, already loosened by the Taiping Rebellion, gave way altogether for the time being; and one of the immediate results was an emigration movement on a grand scale, such as those which followed the two great irruptions of the thirteenth and seventeenth centuries.

The character and causes of this movement deserve some attention. Some critics have rather hastily defined it as "an escape from the tyranny of a corrupt system;" but this view of the case is hardly borne out by facts. All who know anything of the Chinaman, are well aware that so long as he can save money, or even earn enough to keep himself alive, he will live resignedly under a tyranny like that of the Czar Nicholas, and a system as corrupt as that of the later Cæsars. One sentence of a Chinese historian gives the real explanation. The bravest and most skilful of the Taiping leaders, who spent the brief interval of imprisonment which preceded his execution in compiling the best native account of the great struggle which we possess, has left on record that however the chiefs might be stimulated by personal ambition, "*the object of the common men was simply to procure food.*" Volumes of rhetoric could not surpass the grim significance of this single sentence, which contains the secret of most of the world's darkest tragedies. "The three great essentials of national strength," said the father of Chinese philosophy, "are food, munitions of war, and confidence in the existing government." Food and public confidence having failed together, the munitions of war came into play in the hands of the Taipings; and when this resource too was destroyed by

their overthrow, the sole remaining hope of the starving and desperate men lay in flight. But whither?

One glance at the map of China will make this rush to the American seaboard intelligible enough. The central portion of China proper, formed by the alluvial basins of its two great rivers, the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-Tze, is the most densely populated part of the empire. The aggregate number of inhabitants is variously stated, from three hundred and sixty-one millions to four hundred and fourteen millions, the latter being probably the truer estimate; but in any case, it appears tolerably certain that Middle China contains three hundred and ninety-five souls to the square mile, over an area not much smaller than Europe. When to this enormous overcrowding is superadded the fourteen years' ravage of the Taiping Rebellion, it is easy to imagine the frightful sufferings of the defenceless population. Flight was inevitable; but on the north lay the bleak moorlands and gloomy forests of Siberia. To the west and north-west extended the vast deserts and snowy mountains which separate China from Asiatic Russia. To the south, the more promising tracts of Annam and Siam were already crowded with Chinese refugees from the north-western province of Yunnan. But one alternative remained—to cross the sea; and they did so.

This, however, is only one side of the question. To the number of those who have left their country voluntarily, must be added the far greater number that have left it by compulsion. Since the opening of the "Coolie Trade" at Macao, in 1848, (although it existed even earlier in a modified form) thousands upon thousands of Chinese have been sent across the Pacific, either by lawful capture in war,* or by the well-known custom of staking their personal freedom at play; or, finally, by that systematic kidnapping for which the eastern seaboard of China has become so unenviably renowned, that the common phrase in the English merchant-navy for entrapping a man on board ship when intoxicated or otherwise incapacitated, is "to Shanghai him."

Such, then, is the situation. The Mongolian is invading

* The sale of prisoners is an immemorial usage in China.

the territory of the Anglo-Saxon, and the Anglo-Saxon is standing up to resist him. One of the leading clauses of the projected "Constitution of California" is that which pronounces that "the presence of foreigners ineligible to become citizens of the United States of America, is dangerous to the well-being of the State."* This, as we shall have occasion to show later on, is a palpable misapprehension as applied to the present case; but, nevertheless, it sufficiently proves the serious view which is now taken of the immigration movement.

It must be remembered, in excuse for this anxiety, that no race upon earth is so thoroughly clannish as the Chinese.† Several generations are frequently to be found living under the same roof; and this tendency to cohesion has given to China proper, in proportion to its size, a greater number of large cities than any other country in the world. And what the Chinese are at home, they are abroad. Like the Jews of eastern Europe, they stand by each other instinctively against all "outsiders," forming, as it were, a kind of natural Trades' Union. Hence a crowd of Chinese immigrants is not a mere concourse of individual atoms having nothing in common, but a vast coherent mass, actuated by one impulse.

Under other circumstances, this fact would be matter of rejoicing rather than of alarm. Once and again in the history of the world have such migrations rendered incalculable service to humanity. The emigration of the Greek colonists in ancient times spread civilization in its highest existing form along the whole seaboard of the Mediterranean. The emigration of the English Puritans to America, in the first half of the seventeenth century, laid the foundation of the greatest republic in the world. The Huguenot emigration from France, which followed the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, filled Holland and England with experienced craftsmen and

* A leading New York journal has called attention to the absurdity involved in the coexistence of this article with a succeeding one denying the right of voting to the Chinese, and thus creating the "ineligibility" in question. See *N. Y. Times* for March 17th; art. "Californian Constitution."

† "It is a common thing," writes a veteran resident in Middle China, "to find nearly all the people of a village bearing the same name; and the villages themselves are often called 'Chang Kia' (Chang family)," etc.

valuable citizens. The Irish emigration of 1689-90 gave to continental Europe many of its bravest soldiers and most skilful generals. The German emigration of our own time, to North and South America, has materially augmented the industry and productive power of both. But in all these cases, the self-expatriators were men who carried with them not merely their own stout heart and sturdy hands, but also the strength of civilization, the self-reliance of reasoning minds, the honest desire to improve and elevate their condition. What does the Chinaman, under similar circumstances, carry with *him*? Let us hear the testimony of an eye-witness:

"The want of cleanly habits presents one of the most disagreeable features of the Chinese life and character. Houses, even those of the rich, have generally a dusty and untidy appearance. Under-clothes are not often changed. Clean bed-linen is unknown. Parasitic vermin are too common to be a disgrace, and offensive sights and smells are so familiar to the people from infancy that they do not seem to be affected by them as we are. * * * * Poverty and demoralization are constantly increasing. The native officers have become unblushingly familiar with practices of exaction and receiving of bribes; and not a few make use of them to the extent of amassing immense fortunes. Offices are sold in order to replenish the public coffers; and disappointed scholars, who are thus shut out from the hope of preferment, help to spread discontent among the people. Ill-disposed, turbulent, and ambitious persons organize bands of robbers, which are recruited from those who have been pinched by wants or outraged by oppression, or from those who have been taken captives by violence, but choose to cast in their lot with the captors, rather than to return to desolated houses and a life of privation." *

This is plain-speaking indeed, and doubly significant as the utterance of a man whose sacred profession and natural kindness of heart, manifestly impel him to speak, as favorably as possible, of the race among whom he has spent ten years of zealous missionary labor. In the statements of another

* *China and the Chinese*, by Rev. John L. Nevins.

authority, somewhat less optimistic in his views, the picture is more strongly colored :

“ The houses of the lower classes are dark, dirty tenements, low and narrow, without flooring or windows ; and the few apartments which they contain are wretched in the extreme. The only door is a mat slung upon the lintel, and the whole family often sleep, eat, and live, in a single room. Pigs, dogs, and poultry, dispute the space with children and furniture (if a table and two or three stools and trestles, with a few pots and plates, deserve that name) and all the details of cooking and working are carried on in or near the room in question. The filthy streets without are a counterpart of the gloomy, smoky abodes within. Some, poorer still, are forced to put up with huts of thatch and matting (through which the wind and rain find free course) upon the bare ground. * * * Few Chinese streets exceed ten or twelve feet in width, and most of those in Canton are less than eight. There are no public squares, nor any open spaces except the small areas in front of the temples, to relieve the closeness of the lanes. At all times, the porters who pass with their burdens are impeded by the crowd of passengers who throng the thoroughfares ; and the latter, in their turn, are forced to go in single file, lest they should tilt against the porters. Ventilation is necessarily imperfect where the buildings are packed so closely ; while the offal and other refuse carried through the streets by the scavengers, still farther pollutes the air. Drainage is only partially attended to. The sewers are often choked, or their covers broken, the contents exuding themselves over the pathway ; while the ammoniacal and other gases which all this filth inevitably generates, greatly aggravate the ophthalmic diseases so prevalent among the Chinese.”*

This description, indeed, is avowedly taken from the condition of the Chinaman at home ; but it might stand almost without alteration as a picture of his condition in foreign countries likewise, as those who have seen the Coolie settlements of Trinidad and British Guiana, or the “ Chinese Town ” in San Francisco, will readily admit. Go where he

* *The Middle Kingdom*, by S. W. Williams.

will, the Celestial carries China along with him. In every part of the earth, from Melbourne to Singapore, he preserves his opium-pipe and his joss-house, his stifling tavern and his barbaric theatre, his habit of quartering in the same room with himself his sister, mother-in-law, uncle, cousins, aunts and grandchildren, as unchanged as if he were still in Foochow or Canton.

To be "crowded out" by a race of this pattern is certainly no inviting prospect; but more than one competent judge has lately ventured to question the reality of this danger. "Estimating," says Col. Knox, in his recent work on the Chinese question, "the number of Chinese in the United States at two hundred and fifty thousand, and our whole population at a round forty millions, we can see no immediate danger to our prosperity or safety. Our annual increase is quite as great as any Chinese immigration in its most flourishing period, and there is little probability that their numerical proportions will ever be much larger than at present. As is well known, not one immigrant in a thousand brings his family. The American Consul at Hong-Kong informed me, that while nearly twenty-five thousand Chinamen went from that port to San Francisco in one year, there were less than two hundred women; and this was about the proportion ever since the emigration began. We have only to reverse our treaties, so as to prevent the advent of new immigrants, and leave the return of those now in America, quite out of consideration."

This view of the case is supported by other authorities. "Thousands of emigrants," says the veteran missionary already quoted, "visit our shores, but the greater number return to their homes. The influence of these emigrants is less than might be at first supposed. Although their numbers seem large to us, they are, in proportion to the population from which they come, almost nothing. They are principally from the province of Kwang-Tung; and a single city of that province—Canton—might have furnished every emigrant who has ever come from China to our country, without appreciable loss or diminution of its inhabitants. Moreover,

the great body of these emigrants are persons of very little position and influence in China. They go home and entertain their friends with the story of their adventures for a short time; and then it loses its novelty, and they settle down to the quiet routine of their every-day life."

Another good authority upon the Chinese question holds similar language:

"When their immigration had reached the number of eight or ten thousand souls, it was already feared that California was threatened with a Mongolian invasion; but it soon became evident that far the greater number of emigrants had not come thither for the purpose of establishing permanent settlements, but in order to make money as soon as possible, and then return. The better the opportunities offered them by California to attain this object, the sooner they will quit the territory. So long as a backward-flowing stream of return emigration is opposed to the stream of immigrants, as has hitherto been the case, the apprehensions above alluded to, are apparently unfounded." *

It is needless to multiply testimonies. All who know the Chinaman, are familiar with his strong love of home, fostered by his superstitious reverence for the graves of his ancestors, his catlike attachment to one race, and the clannish spirit arising from the native custom of clubbing together in families. Like the Swiss of former times, he yearns for his home, even while wandering away from it; a feeling strikingly expressed by the popular Chinese proverb: "He who, having attained wealth and honors, does not return to his native place, is like a finely-dressed man walking in the dark." Nor is this strange nostalgia confined to the living; it extends its influence even over the dead. No matter where a Chinaman may die, in Chinese soil he must be buried, if human effort can encompass it; and surely no more convincing evidence than this can be required of the strength of the links that bind this singular race to their fatherland.

But this, it may be argued, covers, after all, only one side of the question. No one doubts that there are many Chinese

* *Chinese Emigration*, by Friedrich Ratzel.

emigrants who return to their homes as speedily as possible ; but there are, none the less, many others who do not. Established usage, attachment to one place, the love of home and country, the superstitious respect paid to the abodes and the graves of parents and kinsfolk—all these are doubtless powerful enough with men whose whole early life has been spent in China, but can scarcely have the same hold upon those who have never seen China at all, or have seen it only when too young to receive any abiding impression. It is absurd to expect that a vague and shadowy tradition should be able to counteract the influence of such considerations as permanent employment, ever-increasing profit, and security against war or brigandage. Under such circumstances, it is only natural to anticipate a steady increase in the Chinese immigration throughout western America, and a proportionate augmentation of the threatened danger of "crowding out."

These arguments are not without a certain show of plausibility, and might be held conclusive, were it once fairly established that California is the sole or even the best field of enterprise now offered to Chinese immigration. But such is by no means the case. At this moment, no fewer than five openings are presented to the industry of the Chinaman, any one of which promises him a better and more permanent chance of success than he is likely to find in the western States of the Union. These are: 1. Austradia; 2. The Indian Archipelago; 3. Central America; 4. The West Indies and British Guiana; 5. The Spanish republics of South America, and the empire of Brazil.

These, it will be said, are mere assertions; but let us appeal to the facts themselves. It may safely be asserted that every foreigner who settles in a new country, if he wishes to maintain himself there, must be able not merely to rival, but to surpass his adopted countrymen in the occupation which he follows. This has confessedly been accomplished by the Chinese laborers against whom the anti-immigration outcry was originally directed; but these are precisely the men who are wont to take the first favorable opportunity of going home again. Those who come here to remain, on the other hand,

may be broadly divided into two classes, viz.: small traders, and small farmers. The ability of the Chinese in both departments has long been proverbial; but so too has that of the American. And it may reasonably be doubted whether any Chinese immigration can produce men capable of ousting, by mere force of competition, the farmers and retail-traders of the West. In any case, the Chinaman is much too shrewd to persevere in a doubtful experiment, while so many other fields of enterprise, equally rich and far more accessible, lie open before him.* The latter we shall now proceed to examine in detail.

Let us first take Australia. This continent, the earliest of China's more distant openings for emigration, is in many respects one of the most promising. Far from being overcrowded, like farther India and some portions of the Indian Archipelago, it is almost destitute of inhabitants, the population of its immense area of two millions, nine hundred and seventy-five thousand square miles, being only one million, nine hundred and sixty-five thousand, two hundred and ninety-four, an average of one man to two square miles! Such an opportunity could not fail to attract the sharp-eyed Chinese. With the first news of the discovery of gold, they poured into that country by hundreds and thousands, and making straight for the principal diggings, devoted themselves, not to the precarious trade of gold-seeking, but the surer as well as easier occupation of opening small stores, in which flour, coffee, clothes, mining implements, and above all, strong liquor, were sold to the diggers at exorbitant prices. In this way many of these sharp dealers amassed considerable sums of money, with which they established themselves in business in the large towns along the coast. Every one of these—Sydney, Melbourne, Perth, Adelaide, Brisbane—has now its colony of Chinese shopkeepers, pursuing industriously their system of "small profits and quick returns," and skilfully playing into each other's hands on every opportunity.

* It may be urged, in contravention of this argument, that along the whole eastern seaboard of China, even the American traders are being rapidly supplanted by the natives; but this proves nothing. There, the Chinese are on their own ground, with all the advantages of numbers, experience, and combination, while in California the cases are reversed.

For a time these unobtrusive workers passed unheeded ; but as their numbers and prosperity increased, they began to encounter the same opposition which has since developed itself on a much more extended scale in California. Of late years, it has been no uncommon thing to see a Chinaman pursued along the streets of Melbourne and Sydney by a savage dog, or pelted with "cobble-stones" by the roughs of the town. But this petty persecution has no effect in checking the progress of the persevering Celestial. He bears these and other disagreeables with the stolid patience of his race, while scraping together every cent that he can save, till he has laid by enough to transfer himself and his business elsewhere, or to purchase an allotment of land "up country." Wherever one Chinese farmer plants himself, three or four others are sure to follow ; and thus a Chinese colony soon springs up, which, managed with unflagging industry, and with the agricultural skill which every Chinaman appears to possess by right of birth, are often found to prosper, while the "runs" of the white settlers around them are fast going to ruin.

In Farther India and the Eastern Archipelago, the movement has declared itself even more decided. The former is crowded with Chinese immigrants from Yunnan and the other south-western provinces ; not hand-to-mouth roamers, here today and gone tomorrow, but men of means and industry, permanently settled upon the soil. At Saigon, the capital of French Cochin-China, the Chinese traders are already monopolizing the greater part of the local traffic, having ousted more than one foreign house which endeavored to compete with them. The same thing may be said of the Siamese ports, in which more than one lucrative branch of trade is now entirely in Chinese hands. At Singapore, again, there are actually one hundred thousand Chinamen to about one thousand Europeans ; and, thanks to their unmatched power of mercantile combination, they are steadily eating out the few foreigners who still venture to compete with them.

Even in Java, despite the severe restrictions imposed by the Dutch authorities upon Chinese immigration, there are great numbers of Celestials who have penetrated into the

interior, settled there, married native wives, and absorbed no small portion of the local traffic. They literally swarm in the Burmese ports of Moulmein and Rangoon, between which latter place and Singapore they have already established a regular line of steamers, which is becoming increasingly profitable every year, and competing successfully with the British India Steam Navigation Company. "Westward beyond Burmah," says a recent writer on the subject, "the Chinese have not yet penetrated in great numbers, but they are far from unknown. They are in Ceylon, and in Calcutta, Bombay, and other cities of British India, and some of them have strayed to London and a few of the continental cities. In Bombay and Calcutta they have a monopoly of the manufacture of bamboo chairs and baskets; and many of them have set up as tailors, boot-makers, and the like, to the disgust of their competitors."

Nor is this disgust wholly unreasonable; for it is surprising to see how, even in countries like Java, where they are subject to the most hampering restrictions, they contrive, little by little, to get various branches of traffic almost entirely into their hands. That once done, any foreigner who may try to "break the ring" is sure to get the worst of it. Not long since, a foreign firm in Batavia, seeing a profitable opening for rice, imported a cargo from Siam in the hope of a paying sale. But when the rice came, its importers were dismayed to find that, thanks to the influence of the Chinese "trade-union," it could not be sold at any price. After being vainly kept in hand for some time, it was at length disposed of at a loss; and this was the last effort of the firm in that direction.

In Central America, again, and more especially in Guatemala, the largest of its States, the prospects of Chinese colonization are even more promising. In a population of one million one hundred and eighty thousand, Guatemala numbers only twenty thousand white men, the rest being either Indians or half-castes. It would be hard to imagine a better opening for the shrewd and patient Celestial, not the least of whose many advantages over the Anglo-Saxon is his habit of considering no occupation too humble for him,

provided that he can but make money thereby. He begins by settling in one of the ports of the Isthmus, and offering himself, at a markedly low salary, as a *comprador*, or intermediate agent between buyer and seller. In this way he amasses a little money, and presently sets up in business for himself. Other Chinese join him, and after a time the native merchants begin to perceive with dismay that their ex-employé is cutting them out altogether. With the additional advantage of being within easy reach of their countrymen in California, by means of the coasting steamers between Panama and San Francisco, there is not much question as to the ultimate success of the Chinese in that quarter.

In British Guiana and the West Indies generally, the Chinaman has hitherto been known chiefly as a laborer, the former district comprising, in its population of one hundred and ninety-three thousand, no fewer than sixty-five thousand Coolies, of whom more than one-half are Chinese. But here, as elsewhere, the Chinese trader has followed in the track of the Chinese workman. Any one who has resided in Trinidad must have been struck with the number of Chinamen settled upon the island, and more especially in the south-western part of it. In more than one place, all the taverns are in Chinese hands, and whole villages are peopled with Chinese shopkeepers and Chinese laborers. Mr. Edward Jenkins, the author of *Gina's Baby*, has told us, in a well-written and comprehensive little volume, how prosperous the Chinese might become, under a better administration, in Guiana and the islands of the Spanish Main; and the steady increase of their numbers in this quarter shows that they are themselves of the same opinion. Indeed, there can be no doubt upon the question as far as it relates to a region where every piece of work which the white man is too indolent, and the negro too independent, to perform, falls, as a matter of course, into the hands of the Chinaman, to whom nothing comes amiss which contains a promise of "little piecee dollar."

But it is in South America, above all, that the most favorable opening for Chinese immigration presents itself. Their first appearance in Brazil was not unlike their entrance

into California. Some years ago, the present Emperor conceived the project of growing tea on a large scale in the neighborhood of Rio de Janeiro, and imported a number of Chinese to superintend the plantations, and instruct the natives in the best methods of culture. So far as the experiment itself was concerned, the attempt ended in total failure. The Chinese, having earned as much money as they required, went home in a body; the Brazilians learned little or nothing, and the half-effaced remains of some of the plantations, a few miles from the city, are now the sole memorial of the scheme. But other Chinamen came in the places of those who had departed, and many of them came to remain. Indeed, considering the vastness of the country, the habitual indolence of the natives, and the impossibility of adequate justice being done to the magnificent natural resources of the empire by a population of nine millions, scattered over an area larger than that of Europe, it would be hard to find a more promising field for Chinese shrewdness and Chinese industry.

The same thing may be said with regard to the Spanish republics of the western coast, where circumstances appear to have combined in favor of the Mongolian immigration. The rapid spread of railways through every part of the seaboard offers constant employment to Chinese laborers. The incessant springing-up of new towns and new settlements in the interior affords ample scope for the enterprise of Chinese store-keepers. The steady growth of the coasting trade opens a rich field to Chinese merchants. In Chili, in Bolivia, in Peru, in Ecuador, all three classes are already to be found by hundreds and by thousands, and others are continually arriving. Indeed, the very climate itself appears to fight for the Chinaman against his native and foreign rivals. The majority of the latter are to be found in the great towns along the coast, where the fresh sea-breeze tempers the destroying heat of the tropics, and where fever and cholera are less frequent visitors. Very few of them venture to defy the scorching sun of the great plains, or the damp, vapor-bath closeness of the wooded lowlands; and still fewer of those who do so, ever return. The Chinaman, on the other hand,

temperate, enduring, cool-blooded, goes where he pleases, and braves with impunity both heat and malaria. Acclimatized in the swamps of the Hoang-Ho and the Yang-Tze, he cares nothing for those of the Magdalena or the Orinoco. Familiar with the sun-parched plains of Central China, he settles fearlessly upon those of Venezuela and Peru. The superiority of the yellow race over the white in this respect was strikingly exemplified during the construction of the Aspinwall-Panama railway, where the European laborers employed at the outset, perished by thousands upon thousands, while the Chinese who succeeded them completed the work almost unscathed—a lesson which their countrymen have been nowise backward in laying to heart.

In these and other mercantile crusades, the Chinese are incalculably aided by their unsurpassed power of commercial organization, and by their traditional custom of supporting instead of opposing each other on every opportunity. Where every foreigner engaged in commerce is, so to speak, a guerilla, with his hand against every man, and every man's hand against him, the Chinese, on the contrary, is a soldier of a vast and well-disciplined army, every unit of which acts in perfect harmony with the rest. The much belauded trades' unions of England are as nothing to those of China. Instead of every man for himself, the Chinese maxim is "Every man for the system;" and it is a maxim which is thoroughly carried out. While the Frenchman is opposing the Frenchman, the German underselling the German, and the Englishman outbidding the Englishman, the knowing Celestial, like the Jew of St. Petersburg, or the Greek of southern Russia, stands by his countryman against all outsiders. What the Confederation of the Swiss Cantons once was in history, the Chinese "guild system" now is in commerce—a union of "one for all, and all for one."

Nor is the tenacity of this organization inferior to its ingenuity. Once and again have the foreign merchants of the East-Indian Archipelago attempted a counter-combination: and in every case they have been signally worsted by the perseverance of their shrewd and patient antagonists. "Had the foreign merchants," says Colonel Knox, "begun originally to

deal directly with the natives, they might have done so to this day ; but, having once adopted the *comprador*, he became a link in the chain of guilds and unions, and could not be set aside. Suppose I am in business in Shanghai, and determine to do without a *comprador*, and attend to my own purchases. I go to a native merchant and ask him for his tea-samples. He shows them, and I ask the price of a thousand chests. 'No have got,' is the reply ; 'no can catchee.' I go to another and another, with the same result ; no one has a pound of tea to sell to *me*. The guild has ordered it ; and until I deal through a *comprador*, I can do nothing in tea, or silk, or wax, or any other Chinese product. So it goes with all that one buys or sells in Chinese ports, and so it goes with nearly all one's dealings with Chinese merchants. Their guilds are the most comprehensive and most perfect in any part of the world."

Another great advantage possessed by the Chinese trader in his competition with the foreigner, is his power of contenting himself with an infinitesimal profit upon each transaction. Where the "outer barbarian" must see the promise of a clear gain of twenty-five per cent. to make a bargain worth handling, the Celestial is perfectly content if the smallest possible margin be left over and above his actual outlay. "The native merchant," writes an observant traveller, "is satisfied with a very small profit, such as would not tempt a foreigner, and thus the foreigner is ousted. I know of one transaction (a shipment of flour from San Francisco to Hong-Kong) in which the net profit was exactly half a cent. per sack, and the merchant was quite content. In another case, a Chinese had bought twenty-five thousand dollars' worth of goods, and sold them next day for an advance of one hundred dollars. 'My makee good pigeon (business) allee same like that,' said he in my hearing, and the twinkle of his eyes showed that he was satisfied with the operation, and ready for another like it."

It remains for us, in conclusion, to notice a misconception, to which we have already adverted, viz. : that clause of the Californian Constitution which declares that "the presence of any foreigner, ineligible to become a citizen of the United States of America, is dangerous to the welfare of the State."

If the framers of this protest (which is manifestly directed against the Chinese), really believe their own assertions, it is somewhat strange that they should have taken pains to perpetuate the ineligibility of which they complain, by providing, in another clause, that no Chinaman shall have a right to vote. But in spite of this glaring contradiction, the underlying idea is easily discerned. It is equivalent to saying: "Any man who has been established on the soil of the United States long enough to have acquired the right of voting, will have become, thanks to the leavening power of the American race, a *bona fide* citizen, as zealous for the well-being of the Republic, and as thoroughly identified with its cause, as if he had been born in it. These are the men we want, and none but these."

At first sight, all this appears plausible enough; but although the major and minor premises of the syllogism, are undeniably correct, the deduction is a flagrant *non sequitur*. "All persons who enter the United States, become Americanized; the Chinese immigrants have entered the United States—therefore the Chinese immigrants must inevitably become Americanized." But surely this is granting a little too much weight to mere assumption. Taken *per se*, this argument is tantamount to saying that a man who falls into the Atlantic must at once become a fish. No one can doubt the value of the Chinese, as peaceable and industrious citizens, were their complete Americanization really possible. But *is* it so?

There are some nations, whose usages and natural characteristics merge themselves readily enough into those of foreign races. There are other nations, whose individuality is so strongly marked, that it seemed as if nature herself had designed it to be perfect and indelible. Foremost in this latter category, stands the Jew; but the Chinaman is very little behind him. Those who talk of Europeanizing or Americanizing the Chinese emigrant, forget that this implies not the mere substitution of one set of comparatively immaterial usages for another, but the flat transgression of every rule, every habit, every canon of etiquette, every social and religious belief,

which he has known and revered from his youth upward. The story is well-known of the European traveller, who was amazed at being cautioned by a Chinese friend, against "the ill-bred familiarity of taking off his hat on entering a native house;" but this only one out of the countless instances, of the singular fashions, in which every Chinese usage, exactly reverses the corresponding western custom. Ladies wear trousers, gentlemen flowing skirts. The compass points to the south, instead of the north; boats go stern-foremost, and books commence at the end in place of the beginning. Boys study philosophy, while old men fly kites. Shaving is not practised upon the face, but upon the crown of the head. Dates begin with the year, and end with the day of the month. Perplexity is expressed by scratching not the head, but the hip; and the sign of the deepest mourning, is a dress of pure white. The place of honor at a dinner-party, is upon the left-hand of your host; and the human intellect is believed not to reside in the brain, but in the region usually assigned among us, to the functions of digestion. Horses are mounted from the right side instead of the left; men are employed in needlework, while women propel rowing-boats; and signatures, instead of ending with the family name, commence with it.

Nor is this strange exactness of contradiction the sole or even the chief obstacle to the recasting of the Chinaman in the mold of modern civilization. There are, it is true, other races whose habits and feelings are equally opposed to the requirements of the latter. Much has been said and written, justly enough, respecting the difficulty of forcing any improvement upon the ingrained conservatism of the Turk, the Russian, or the Hindoo. But there are many Turks, many Russians, many Indoos, who fully recognize the imperfections of their own national customs and institutions, although the force of habit, combined with hereditary indolence, still binds them to the *laissez-faire* creed which has so often retarded the world's progress, that "what was good enough for their fathers is good enough for them." With the Chinaman it is far otherwise. His idea is, not that it is too much trouble to undertake the reform of his traditional customs, but that those customs

require no reform whatever. That the institutions of China are incalculably superior to those of any other country upon the face of the earth has been, for ages past, the cardinal point of every Chinaman's faith. The civilized Europeans, who prided themselves upon being the apostles of enlightenment to Chinese ignorance, were themselves regarded by the native population very much as Solomon's courtiers regarded the Queen of Sheba—as barbarians who had been drawn from the uttermost parts of the earth by the fame of Chinese civilization, and might be graciously permitted to enjoy a passing glimpse of it.

So deeply was this feeling implanted, that when the English first occupied Canton, few of the Chinese could be prevailed upon, even by the offer of high pay, to act as the servants and messengers of the despised "barbarians," or even to hold any intercourse with them at all. The creed of the ancient Athenian, with all its ineradicable pride of race, is revived in that of the modern Chinese. "I congratulate myself," says Tien-Kishih, a popular Chinese essayist, "upon my having been born in China, and constantly think how it would have been with me, had I been born beyond the seas, in some remote part of the earth, where the people, far removed from the civilizing maxims of the ancient kings, are clothed with the leaves of plants, and eat wood, and dwell in the wilderness, and live in holes of the earth. In such a condition as this, although born in the world, I should have differed in no wise from the beasts of the earth. But now, happily, I have been born in the Middle Kingdom; I have a house to live in; I have food, drink, and elegant furniture; I possess clothing and caps, and infinite blessings. Truly, the highest felicity is mine." Men who are in the habit of thinking and writing in this way, are hardly likely soon to be very amenable to foreign influences.

Such being the case, it seems evident enough that a race of this description would be infinitely more "dangerous to the well-being of the State" by possessing votes than by being without them. For any State to derive an advantage from its citizens, whether native or adopted, it is necessary that they

should be wholly devoted to her interests, and imbued with her spirit; that, in a word, they should be "citizens" in the fullest sense of the term; whereas it needs no very profound sagacity to perceive that the only interests to which such men as we have described would be devoted, are their own and that of their Chinese countrymen. Let us suppose, to take a parallel case, that the French Huguenots who sought refuge in England toward the close of the seventeenth century, had remained essentially distinct from their adopted countrymen, forming a separate body, and pursuing their own interests in opposition to those of England. This is precisely what the Chinese immigrants might be expected to do under similar circumstances; and were their clannish spirit, amazingly perfect organization of guilds and trades' unions, and natural aptitude for business and economy, once strengthened by the power of numbers and the privilege of legislation, they might easily form a combination which the most energetic anti-Chinese politician would find it hard to combat. The non-voting Chinaman might be "dangerous to the State," but the voting Chinaman would be infinitely more so.

It must not be forgotten, however, that the difficult problem with which our age is thus called upon to grapple, is a self-produced one. Like a second Frankenstein, modern civilization has created for itself the phantom which is now haunting it. The government of China has always discouraged and repressed emigration, even to the extent of making it punishable with death. The stipulation that the Chinese subject should be permitted to settle abroad was forced upon the empire, in 1860, at the point of the bayonet; and now the civilized world, finding the consequences of its own act more serious than it had anticipated, is casting about for some means of undoing it. But however the question may be ultimately decided, there can be no doubt whatever that the Chinese race has a great part to play on the stage of the future. The able critic, who called China "the Dead Sea of humanity," uttered an epigram of twofold significance. Those who have stood upon the shore of the famous lake, and watched the black swirl of the Jordan rushing headlong into its pulseless

crystal, have seen the most appropriate symbol of the two great families of the human race. The history of the Indo-European races flows like a mighty river: turbid, indeed, violent, dark with wars and revolutions, but still fertilizing, full of life, forever moving onward. The Semitic world lies like a tideless lake: vast, deep, beautiful to look upon, but inert and useless as a buried treasure. That the two may accomplish their appointed work they must thoroughly coalesce; and the time of this fusion, if not actually arrived, is evidently very near at hand.

ART. III.—THE RATIONALE OF PANICS.

IN *The Ratio of Capital to Consumption*, published in the NATIONAL QUARTERLY REVIEW for July, 1879, we endeavored to prove and to formulate a neglected law of political economy. We say neglected advisedly, because in almost any discussion concerning production and consumption, premises are asserted which logically imply this law; but as the law has never been formulated or even distinctly stated, at least in such manner as to attract public attention, its results have been, to a large extent, unrecognized. Whatever influence it has had upon the ideas of economists has been partial, and, therefore, confusing. We shall find, in the course of our investigations, that many unsolved or unsatisfactorily solved economic problems present little difficulty when the action of this law is clearly recognized.

As we propose, in a series of papers, to apply the principle of the ratio of capital to consumption to the elucidation of some of the more prominent social and economic questions of the day, we may be excused for recapitulating what we believe was proved in the essay referred to. As that is the major premise of the deductions that will be made, it is important that it should be clearly apprehended.

We claim, then, to have demonstrated, that the sum total of a nation's invested capital must bear a definite proportion to its actual consumption; and that any addition to this fixed sum can only be temporary, as any period of excessive saving is necessarily followed by a period of lessened production, which continues until such excess is consumed in one way or another.

We have also shown that the evil effect of over accumulation is not wholly rectified by the forced readjustment between

production and consumption. The possible totals of both production and consumption are lessened by the present spasmodic method of accumulation; and as accumulations themselves depend upon the possible consumption, the possible wealth of the nation is also a lesser sum than it would be if over accumulation could be wholly or partially avoided. Not only is a considerable portion of the nation's production as really wasted, as when any of its products are destroyed by fire or by shipwreck; but both its producing and consuming powers are largely curtailed by the enforced idleness of many of its laborers during the periods of stagnation which follow over accumulation.

We found that the ratio between investments and consumption could be affected in three ways:

First. By loaning the excess of accumulation to other nations.

Second. By the creation of new wants, which will tempt the thrifty classes to expend a portion of what they would otherwise invest.

Third. By restricting the opportunities for excessive accumulation, by both legal and moral means.

Having now briefly stated the salient points of our previous essay, it will be well to state in turn, the commonly received opinion on these subjects.

It has hitherto been taken for granted, that national accumulations were only limited by the willingness of the individuals composing the nation to save; that national wealth is simply the sum of the individual fortunes, included in it; and that it could be increased indefinitely, if individuals could be induced to acquire habits of greater frugality. It is commonly asserted, both by the public press and by economists, that we now suffer from reckless expenditure, during our past prosperity; and this, in spite of the patent fact, that it was then, that savings and investments were great; and that we possess today large numbers of empty houses, idle factories and bankrupt railroads, together with large stores of provisions, clothing and raw material, for which there is no paying demand.

In harmony with these views, economists hold that the demand for investment is as efficient as the demand for consumption. They even claim it to be more efficient, as it enables the demand to be repeated indefinitely, besides leading to a further increase of demand, through the expenditure, either for consumption or further investment of the profits resulting from it.

Now, in so far as such investment employs labor that would otherwise lie idle, or be less productively employed; and in so far as the growing wants, or changing habits of the community, demand such investment for their supply; and in so far as such investment continues to be profitable, this may be true. But, in so much as such investment supplants previous investment, or is intended for the production of commodities already sufficiently supplied; and in so much as it becomes unprofitable itself, or causes other investments to become so, it is not an efficient demand in any other sense, than that caused by fire and shipwreck. Like them, it is an arbitrary destruction of unenjoyed products; and like them it eventually lessens the efficient demand of those upon whom the loss falls. That the efficient demand is really lessened by such losses, will be evident, if we suppose the community to suffer very unusual casualties of this kind. Suppose, for instance, that half the annual product of a nation was so destroyed, then it is evident that the efficient demand for consumption would be greatly curtailed, although that for investment might be somewhat increased. But unlike fire and shipwreck, over accumulation entails a further loss to the community in the enforced idleness by which alone it can be readjusted. Without increasing the demand for consumption it completely destroys that for further investment.

It is a mistake to claim that any demand can be more efficient than that for consumption. The repetition of demand claimed for investment is at the best temporary, and eventually necessitates an equal decrease of demand.

It also involves a confusion of ideas to suppose that the profit of the capitalist leads to an increase of demand. Profit is not an addition to production, but only a part of it.

The efficiency of demand is exactly measured by the amount of useful production. It makes no difference into what proportion production is divided between labor and capital. The demand, if wholly for consumption, is exactly the same, whether profits are large or small; while that portion, either of profits or wages, expended for investment, which proves eventually to have been unnecessary, lessens the demand. Efficient demand cannot be greater, though it may be less, than the production which gives it its efficiency.

It is indeed true that a high rate of profits, by inciting to industry, increases production; but unless such increased production is consumed, instead of invested, except to a very limited extent, the gain is wholly lost by a readjusting inactivity. The demand for investment, and that arising from the profit of investment, may be as efficient as that for consumption, provided that absolutely no mistakes have been made in such investment; but it can never be permanently greater or more efficient.

Though not a more efficient demand in itself, investment may lead to an increase of demand, when it adds to the effectiveness of human labor, and thus increases the productive power, which is the measure of efficient demand. But the excessive investment, here objected to, never does this. If it did, it would cease to be unprofitable, unnecessary or excessive.

But, say the economists, the evil is not over production or over investment, but misapplied production and investment. The proper needs of humanity are far from being satisfied, and if investment and production had been directed to supplying them, instead of the needs already satisfied, these evils would be avoided.

This position we dispute. We hold it to be the main fallacy, which has hitherto obscured the real relations of capital to consumption. It supposes an ideal state of society, which can never be more than approximated. It demands for the rectification of the abuse of accumulation a knowledge of the needs of society, which society never has had and never will have. If a proper direction of productive energy is the only means by which this great waste can be lessened, we can never hope

that it will be appreciably affected. The more prosperous and frugal a society is, the more disastrous will be its economic mistakes. The greater the need of this remedy, the more inapplicable it is. The amount of capital unwisely invested increases in a greater ratio than the total amount seeking investment. The more clearly the wisdom of investments is perceived, the more will the best investments be first monopolized, and the worse will be the character of the remainder. An unusual amount of investment is certain to contain an unusual proportion of misapplied investment. Moreover, self-interest is already applying this remedy to the utmost extent of human ability. It has so far failed, and must ever largely fail, to correct the evil. It is hopeless to expect more of it than it is already accomplishing.

But the real fallacy of this view is, that it takes for granted, that as long as any human desires are ungratified, wise investment is possible. This ignores the very definition of efficient demand, which can only come from one who possesses an equivalent, which he offers in exchange for the thing demanded. Now, we contend that there are no "imaginable things," to use the expression of economists, for the production of which over accumulations can be profitably employed. The only means by which production and investment can be better directed, is by the creation of new wants, or, what is the same thing, the increase of old ones. How this affects the ratio of capital to consumption, we have already pointed out. It certainly justifies the accumulation of sufficient capital for their satisfaction, but not one dollar more. When advancing civilization presents a new want to be satisfied, an augmentation of capital is called for, in very nearly the same proportion as consumption is thereby increased. If the new demand merely supplants an old one, an equivalent amount of capital is rendered useless, and ultimately destroyed. In that case losses balance savings, and there is no permanent augmentation. Now, the laboring and tradesman classes already consume all, or nearly all, of the share of products that falls to them. It is only as such new wants increase the consumption of the saving classes, that it enables an ultimate increase of capital to be

made. That is, it is only by diminishing savings that any further saving is rendered possible.

The claim that production and investment are merely misdirected, entirely ignores the existence of a class whose main object in life is not consumption but accumulation. Such a class will insist on investing a large portion of their incomes and will not allow their consumption to exceed a certain percentage of the share of products that falls to them. This class certainly exists in proportion inconsistent with the proper balance of society, and one cannot appeal to them with new wants. New wants with those who already expend all or nearly all of their income, will merely result in the substitution of one demand for another.

It should also be noticed that as far as the appeal of new wants is successful, it is so because it increases consumption and decreases investment, which is what we contend for and our opponents oppose. We see, therefore, that savings, in amount such as are now made by every civilized nation, are of necessity misapplied, and that it is impossible to retain them by any practicable scheme, except consumption, because such savings would not be made at all if investment and production were properly directed.

To say that the evil is solely this result of misapplication, is an abuse of terms, which confuses the whole subject, and hides the fact, that much of human effort is wasted in the endeavor to be richer than the actual state of civilization allows. The question at issue is not, whether growth in civilization demands accumulation, but whether such accumulation should be or can be more rapid than the growth.

The view to which we object, also insists that the only remedy for the evil is the creation of new wants, while we have shown that two others exist, viz.: foreign instead of home investments, and lessening the disparity between individual fortunes.

This dictum of economists also presents capital in an erroneous light. It is held to be an end in itself, and to be desirable independent of its uses; whereas, it should be considered only as a means, and as possessing absolutely no

value, except as the tool of production. Any excess of it is as useless as two hammers to drive one tack. Consumption—the full enjoyment of every desire, physical and mental—is the proper aim of human endeavor. Saving *per se* is an evil, and can only be justified, in the individual or the nation, when thereby a greater consumption is eventually to be enjoyed. Anything beyond this is an economic mistake.

To say that the cause and the action of panics are imperfectly understood, is to state a well-recognized fact. There is hardly any phenomenon of social life about which ideas are more confused, or for which society is more anxious to find a remedy. Every class in the community would willingly accept very considerable sacrifices to escape their disastrous results. If the law we have stated enables us more correctly to apprehend their causes, and points to remedies, however partial and difficult of application, it is certainly worthy of careful investigation.

The consideration of this law has already sufficiently explained the alternation of successive periods of commercial activity and stagnation. But panics are something more than periods of stagnation. A consideration of the credit system is necessary for their explanation. We shall find that the law that capital cannot safely exceed fixed limits, will help us to a clearer appreciation of the action and effect of credit than can be obtained without it.

Gold and silver, leaving out of view their use as commodities, subserve a double purpose. They act as the standard of value, and as the medium of exchange. If they had never been supplemented by credit, their value would be many times greater than it now is. While their production would have been greatly stimulated, and while we would possess several times the amount we now do, the money prices of other articles would be but a small fraction of what they now are. The introduction of credit has rendered unnecessary a great amount of labor that would otherwise have been expended in their production, and has saved a very considerable loss that would have occurred through their greater destruction by accident and wear. It has also yielded a further gain in the

convenience, or lessened the labor, by means of which exchanges are effected.

What concerns us more nearly, however, is the effect of credit upon prices, and through them upon production, consumption and accumulation. Credit, no matter what its form, does not increase capital, but it does increase the availability or effectiveness of capital. It facilitates exchange, stimulates production and places the existent capital in the hands of those most disposed to make investments—thus leading to a more rapid accumulation of capital. But in the end, supposing the same state of civilization to be reached without it as with it, it decreases the possible accumulation of capital, both because of the smaller amounts of the precious metals that the community will accumulate, and because a smaller amount of more available capital will suffice for the needs of production—that is, under the credit system—as capital will be more active, a smaller amount will be needed; and the normal ratio of capital to consumption is lessened. Beside the economies already noticed then, the credit system confers an immense benefit upon society in that it lessens the relative amount of savings and investments that the growing needs of society demand. At least this is a benefit, according to the views of capital and consumption here taken, though those who differ from them must hold it to be an evil.

If gold and silver were our only mediums of exchange, the fluctuations in prices that depend upon their relative amount, would be greater than they now are. Any increased demand upon them as mediums of exchange may now be met by an extension of credit, or an improvement in its methods which may carry the community over the period of their scarcity. The production of the precious metals is very variable in amount, but the effect of their greater or less production upon prices is largely modified by the credit system, because it now performs the greater portion of their functions. But the fluctuations in prices, that depend upon the greater or less activity of exchanges, would be much less if we had no system of credit. The demand upon gold and silver, if we depended upon them alone, resulting from any increase of prices or

unusual activity of exchanges would be immediately felt, and their value relative to other commodities increased, which is to say that the prices of other commodities would soon fall, and the activity of exchanges be checked. As the fluctuations that depend upon the activity of exchanges are vastly more numerous than those depending upon the abundance or scarcity of the precious metals, it is evident that fluctuations are very much more frequent, sudden, and greater in amount under the credit system.

While it allows greater latitude for fluctuation in prices, any extension of credit, no matter what its form—whether it be an increase of currency, an extension of bank credits, or the greater facility with which time purchases are made—raises the prices of all commodities, not only by the creation of a greater demand, but by its disturbance of the ratio of the amount of the commodities to the amount of their medium of exchange. That is to say—the increase of credit tends to raise prices by depreciating the value of the medium through which commodities are exchanged, and also to raise them, through the stimulation of demand that results from the additional facility it gives to exchange.

Any rise in prices is primarily and mainly a benefit to the capitalist, who possesses the commodity enhanced in value. It is a profit to him, additional to the legitimate return for the use of capital he was before receiving, for producing or transferring that commodity. Such profit represents no gain of any kind to the community, but only a transfer from the pocket of the consumer to the pocket of the capitalist, exactly equal to the increase in the price of the commodity. A general rise in prices simply means that capital receives a larger, and labor a smaller proportion of the total production, than they were receiving before it took place. As such rise always stimulates production, the amount to be divided is greater, and the absolute share of the laborers may be and usually is larger than before; but their relative share is less. Capital receives nearly all the benefit of the increased activity.

We see, therefore, that the effect of the credit system, when

it commences to act upon a normal ratio of capital to consumption, is to stimulate prices and increase profits, and to hasten the over accumulations that are inevitably made from excessive profits, and which necessitate a following period of inactivity and decline.

But it has a further effect. Not only does the credit system shorten the rhythm of activity and idleness, but it renders the fluctuations more violent. If every article was paid for by its purchaser at the moment of purchase, the benefits of a rise in prices would be distributed among all the holders of property, each of whom would gain a slight increase of income; but, when the articles enhanced in value have certain fixed claims against them, the proportional benefit to their possessors is thereby increased. A rise in price of ten per cent. gives an extra profit of ten per cent. on articles fully paid for; but if the purchase money is yet half due the profit is twenty per cent. on the possessor's real interest in them. When credits are very much extended, a rise in prices, instead of making small additions to many incomes, makes larger additions to fewer incomes. The larger sudden additions to incomes are, the larger will be the proportion of them that would be invested, and the smaller would be the increase of expenditure. Thus again we find that credit hastens over accumulation.

Having now reached the top of the wave, we will follow it over the crest to its decline. Higher prices can only be maintained when they are the result of permanent causes, and such causes must not only be permanent but world-wide. We have already seen that there are such causes, and that they can all be resolved into the permanent increase of the proportion, which the medium of exchange, whether gold or credit, bears to the amount of commodities seeking exchange. The world has experienced such an increase for several centuries and still continues to experience it. It has been, and is both the cause and result of advancing civilization. But any advancement in prices must not only proceed from permanent causes, but from causes that equally affect those portions of the civilized world that exchange any considerable proportion of

their production with others. When any single nation, by increasing its mediums of exchange, or from any other cause, raises the money prices of its commodities more than its neighbors, it immediately places itself at a disadvantage as compared with them; and they are enabled to undersell it both in its own and foreign markets. The productions of a nation so situated must accumulate within its own borders. It will also accumulate foreign productions, which will commence to occupy even its home market. Such a nation is then forced to reduce its production. Until it does so its imports will exceed its exports; or, in other words, it will borrow of other nations, and must pay a portion of its income to them as interest. If it does not pay the balance due, in gold and silver, and its creditors do not choose to make a permanent investment of their advances, the rate of exchange will be against it, which again places it at a commercial disadvantage. If they do permanently invest such advances, foreign capital is brought into competition with home capital at the very time that excessive profits and investments have made capital superabundant. The only escape from and the inevitable result of this state of things is the general reduction of prices. The higher and more rapid their rise has been, the lower and more sudden their fall must be.

But this fall is no more a loss to the community than their rise was a gain. The property of the community, except as affected by a slight relative increase of consumption, is exactly what it was when every one was apparently wealthy. Like the rise in prices, the decline is a mere transfer of values; but now it is the consumer who gains, and the capitalist who loses. The only loss to the nation is on the relatively small portion of its production it exports; as its gain in the rise was also on its exports. This loss is trivial, and is balanced by a previous fictitious gain. The real injury to the community is the very serious loss of its labor, forced to be idle during the period of depression.

The effect of credit on this transfer of value is to distribute the loss in a manner very different from its natural proportions. If there were no indebtedness, the losses consequent upon the

fall in prices would be distributed *pro rata* among all the possessors of commodities. But if, as before supposed, these possessors were indebted for half the purchase value of their goods, the loss to them is doubled, while the lenders lose nothing unless the decline is so great as to invalidate their security.

If this loss were distributed as evenly as it would be if the credit system did not exist, it would cause little suffering and no alarm, because no one could become insolvent. The worst that any would suffer would be a slight reduction of capital and income, to which they could readily adjust their affairs. But the loss being concentrated upon a few, who are indebted in certain fixed sums, it renders so many of them insolvent, that lenders, becoming alarmed for the adequacy of their security, contract credits as much and as suddenly as they possibly can. Now this process not only forces a further decline in prices, by stopping all the demand that proceeds from investment, but also by forcing holders of property to sell at any price, in order to obtain means for the repayment of indebtedness for which they can no longer obtain credit. It also forces prices down, by lessening the proportion of the mediums of exchange to the amount of commodities seeking exchange. The fearful disturbance of the social organism that the severity of this process causes, has been too vividly experienced by us all to need further elucidation. We have merely to remark that the effect of the credit system is to depress prices in a time of depression more than they otherwise would be, as well as to raise them in times of prosperity higher than they would otherwise go. Neither their rise nor fall is a gain or a loss to the community; but the widening of the fluctuations is an evil, in that it increases the idleness, or loss of labor, which is the real and only injury that panics cause.

But prices in any nation can no more be kept permanently below prices in other nations, than they can be kept above them. Nor can they long be kept at a point that forbids profit. The loss being merely a transfer from the property to the consuming classes, the consuming power of the latter, though absolutely less, is, relatively to production, greater

than before. Over accumulations cease—profits being too small to allow them to be made. Exports once more exceed imports; the suffering nation, again able to produce as cheaply or cheaper than its neighbors, repays its foreign indebtedness, and resumes its control of home and foreign markets, and the rate of exchange is again in its favor. The nation reenters upon a period of prosperity and advancing prices, in which it proceeds with accelerating progress, again to suffer from its economic mistakes.

We are now entitled to state, that panics are the sudden and violent readjustment from an abnormal to a normal ratio of capital to consumption. Their cause is solely the disturbance of this ratio. The only effect of the credit system is to accelerate the rhythm and increase the extent of the fluctuations above and below the point at which the ratio harmonizes with the present state of society.

If the large profits resulting from a rise in prices were expended wholly for consumption, and not for investment, the rise of price would be maintained, for the demand would always equal the supply, however great the latter might be. In such a case the nation would be independent of its neighbors, because its home demand would be sufficient for the utilization of its whole production. As further investments would not be made, or if made, would continue to be profitable, a collapse of credit, however extended it might be, could not occur. Such a balance of production and consumption is of course chimerical. It is too ideal a state of society to be hoped for, or expected. It is quite within the province of reason, however, to show that some approximation to it is possible.

As the result of our investigations, we are also entitled to state, that the benefits we derive from the credit system—when the point has been reached in a nation's history at which a tendency to over production begins to show itself—can all be resolved into the reduction of the proportion which capital normally bears to consumption; and its evils, into the intensification of the temporary fluctuations it causes in the ratio of capital to consumption.

The permanent rise in prices, which, as before explained, we owe to the credit system, may perhaps be considered as an exception to this remark. Any permanent advance of the point about which prices tend to fluctuate prolongs the period of large profits in which it takes place, without prolonging the following period of reaction. It would seem, therefore, that it must also increase the totality of production; and the augmentation of capital, such increase of production, when utilized, demands and justifies. We have seen, however, that this is not an advantage, unless the totality of consumption is also increased. That it does this is not so clear, but may still, we think, be asserted. Increase of production is always attended by some increase of consumption. But the proportion between the two is much less disturbed by a gradual than by a sudden rise of prices. A sudden increase of income will yield a larger percentage for investment than a gradual one of equal extent. The more gradual it is, the closer will the increased expenditure approximate to the increased income, and if it be very gradual, may almost or quite equal it. Now, this permanent rise in prices is very gradual indeed, having extended over several centuries, and it has undoubtedly been wholly utilized in consumption, and not wasted in uncalled for investment. But if this explanation is the true one, this benefit which we derive from credit is analogous to the others, in that it results from an increase of consumption, without any more than a corresponding and fit increase of capital. Although it does not decrease the normal ratio of capital to consumption, it increases consumption without disturbing it.

Our principle has now afforded us a reasonably full and accurate explanation of the cause and action of panics as affecting individual nations. It might seem, at first sight, that where all nations advanced with nearly equal rapidity, and at the same time towards higher prices and more extended credits, that the result would be a permanent rise of prices from which no reaction could possibly follow. Steam and electricity are making one commercial community of the nations. Economic relations are now so intimate and so

sensitive, that we may hereafter expect that the alternations of activity and stagnation will become more and more uniform, both in extent and time, for all communities. As two vibrating chords, when brought together, tend to vibrate in unison, so the commercial rhythms of separate nations tend to uniformity as distances are annihilated. This uniformity of rhythm, in proportion as it is perfect, removes the restraint upon each other's inflation of credits and prices, which has been hitherto exercised. But it never can be perfect, and always will allow some portion of the restraining influence to be exerted. Although it may lengthen the rhythm of activity and idleness, it can never destroy it; but will rather tend to its intensification. We may expect these states, when universal, to be longer in their continuance and more extreme in their intensity; but they will continue as before in all other respects. Their real, indeed their only cause, is over accumulation. The only difference is, that the relief from their burden is longer deferred, and more tedious when commenced, where the difficulty of distributing the over accumulations among foreign nations is enhanced. This cannot be done effectively where all are suffering, in nearly equal degree, from the same cause.

It has hitherto been claimed that a "general glut" was impossible; that the world could not have too much of everything. But facts are stubborn things, and something very like it has come to pass. A general glut is only another name for over accumulation, and we have seen, not only that this is possible, but that the tendency of society towards such a state is constant, so long as it possesses an undue proportion of the accumulating class. We have also seen that the credit system intensifies the tendency to over accumulation, both in its beneficial effect of lessening the necessary proportion of capital to consumption, and in its evil tendencies of stimulating the fluctuations of prices, and confining the consequent gains and losses to fewer individuals without lessening their amount. All these causes act over the whole area as certainly and as systematically as over any particular portion. The only difference that their universal rhythm makes to any particular nation is, that it takes

away, to the extent in which it occurs, the opportunity of relieving the home markets, by exporting the surplus, which is depressing it, to other nations, that will not or cannot take it when they are oppressed, in like degree, with a superabundance of capital. Except as modified by this one circumstance, the readjustment of capital to consumption proceeds exactly the same when the periods of alternating activity and stagnation coincide, as when they are independent. The cause of panic and depression is not in the least altered by the periodical coincidence of industrial activity. Decline in prices must follow over investment and under-consumption; and collapse of credit must follow decline in prices, so long as the consequent transfer of property from the capitalist to the consumer is at the expense of a few of the capitalists, instead of being distributed *pro rata* among them.

ART. IV.—WILLIAM MAKEPEACE THACKERAY.

Thackeray.—By ANTHONY TROLLOPE. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

THE reading public has been watching, with more than ordinary interest, the appearance of the volumes of the *English Men of Letters* series; and now that the greater number of them have been given us, it would seem as if the time were come for an opinion as to their merits.

Perhaps no single volume of the series has been expected with greater eagerness than the *Life of Thackeray*; and when expectation has been raised so high, it is perhaps not unnatural that disappointment in some respects should follow its appearance. In the years that have passed since the death of the great novelist, there has been a growing desire to know something of the *man*, beyond the interpretation of himself through his works; a wish to learn what influences moulded his character and gave coloring to his genius; his every-day life, his intimates, his manner of working, and all those little details so dear to friendly readers, which may be said to belong legitimately to the public.

And when it was found that Mr. Trollope, a writer of distinguished rank, the associate of Thackeray, in literary labors, for a considerable period—his friend in some sense—was to give us an account of that life, we plumed ourselves, and made ready as for a feast of good things.

But now that we have read and reread the book, in hope to find our impressions removed, or even modified, we are forced to lay it aside with the thought that Mr. Trollope, with all his honest admiration for Thackeray's genius, his masterly analysis of Thackeray's writings, and his desire to do justice to Thackeray's life and work, has yet failed to understand

Thackeray himself. It is a singular fact that men of the highest ability in certain departments of thought should so often prove unfitted for biographical writing; and we all know that the most complete biography in the world was written by a man far removed from the realm of genius. Certainly, Mr. Trollope's essay has but served to confirm the idea that a man may possess the most brilliant qualifications as an author, and yet lack totally the power of presenting to the world a great character like that of Thackeray. As to the style in which the book is written, the conclusion is inevitable that Mr. Trollope has not, to say the least, thereby added to his reputation. It is sometimes careless to the verge of slovenliness; scattered here and there we find expressions long since relegated to life-below-stairs, certainly not usually considered presentable in the drawing-room. It is a little startling, for instance, to be gravely informed, in a passage relating to one of Thackeray's triumphs in authorship, and the requirements for success therein, that the essential requisite is *elbow-grease*,* though we hasten to confess that this is the worst specimen we have to offer. A milder objection may be registered against the use of the old proverb, "One man's meat is another man's poison;"† but we could tolerate that, did the exigencies of the case seem to demand such toleration. The air of writing down to a lower level than his own is occasionally rather trying, and he is sometimes didactic or explanatory to a degree that is almost laughable. There are inaccuracies, now and then, in the structure of sentences, which do not belong to Mr. Trollope in his proper sphere, and we note them in spite of ourselves, with the feeling that he has by no means done his best,—and perhaps a something akin to indignation that, with such a subject he should have allowed himself in anywise to fall below his best.

The book has a flavor of having been written to order, and so, as a matter of course, is unworthy, in one sense, of both writer and subject. The *Life* we want is yet in the future, and to some other pen than Mr. Trollope's must we owe a true picture of that noble soul—so strong, so gentle, so humble, yet so proud.

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 119.

† *Ib.*, p. 188.

For the lack of details in regard to Thackeray's private life, we have no desire to blame our author, since we are told, in the opening chapter, that it was his well-known wish, sacredly regarded by his children, that none of his personal papers should be used for this purpose; but surely there must be many things of interest which an acquaintance of years would have enabled Mr. Trollope to relate without trenching upon that reserve. He tells us that Thackeray "had had his taste offended by some fulsome biography."* Certainly, if he could have known into whose hands his own should fall, he would have had no fears for himself on this score. It would rather appear, indeed, that the writer, in his avoidance of too much praise, had taken the opposite course, and given an impression of his subject far less kindly than his own estimate. And while we attribute this, in part, to that dearth of personal reminiscence to which we have alluded, we think he has also been mistaken in excluding all the material which has been given, from time to time, by friends and contemporaries. Those anecdotes, many of them of a trifling nature, and scattered through the pages of various periodicals, have in them so much of the *personnel* of the man, that if brought together as Mr. Trollope could have arranged them, they would certainly throw a much clearer light upon Thackeray's self, than has been done without their aid.

The incidents of the novelist's history may be briefly told. He was born in India, in 1811; and coming to England when a little child, saw the great Emperor at St. Helena. In his lecture on George III, there is a line or two in which he mentions this; and it was probably the earliest remembrance of his life. Arrived at home, as the English so pleasantly say of England, his school-days were passed at Charter House. When a lad of eighteen, he went to Cambridge, but "was removed in 1830."† There is no explanation as to whether the removal was voluntary or otherwise. It is probable, however, that there was no discredit attached to it; for the fact would certainly not have been passed over by so

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 2.† *Ib.*, p. 4.

candid a biographer. That Thackeray did not have the training of an university education must be borne in mind, then, when we look at the work he achieved, and the way in which that work was done.

The first production of his pen appeared in a small paper, published at Cambridge, called *The Snob*; and one can hardly fail to recognize him in the assurance, upon the title-page, that it was "*not* conducted by the members of the University." At all events, he is known to have published in this paper a burlesque on the subject, "Timbuctoo," given for the Chancellor's prize poem for that year. It is interesting to find that the victor in that contest was Alfred Tennyson.

From the fact that the editorship of the *College Journal* was in some degree in Thackeray's hands, and that he did, in after years, write the *Book of Snobs*, our author is led into rather an extreme view of Thackeray's snobbishness. One would suppose that he made himself unhappy, "lest this or "that man should turn out a snob on his hands."* But we do not so regard it: it seems to us but one mode of expressing the overflowing *fun* of his nature, his keen sense of the ridiculous, and his wonderful observant faculty, making it inevitable that he should express it, and in his own way.

After leaving the University, Thackeray went abroad, and spent a few years in the pleasant, rather desultory, life which might have been expected of a young man without any pressing need for exertion, possessing refined tastes and warm appreciation of the varied treasures of art and learning to which the Continent affords such facility of access. His very decided ability and originality as an artist led him to think of adopting that profession; although Mr. Trollope distinctly asserts that he never could draw,—an assertion which will certainly create some degree of surprise in other minds besides our own,—and all the more so, that later we find Mr. Trollope saying: "I feel inclined to say that had he persisted, he would have been a second Hogarth."†

In this connection we may mention that the first meeting between Dickens and Thackeray was in 1835, when the latter

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 6.

† *Ib.*, p. 30.

horror of

proposed to Dickens that he should become the illustrator of Boz's first book. Our author surmises that the offer was declined. At this time, however, Thackeray was beginning the ascent of that "rugged road of writing," that seems, with all its roughness, to have the strongest of all attraction for its pilgrims, since one rarely leaves it when once fairly set out, until either success has crowned his efforts, or the way becomes too difficult for his strength, and he lays down hope and courage, and sometimes life itself.

Thackeray came into his fortune in 1832, and soon after lost it through various channels, the greater part being swallowed up in the conduct of two newspapers. He has made use of this circumstance in *Lovel the Widower*, in a passage so full of his characteristic self-ridicule, that we transcribe it with Mr. Trollope's commentary.

" 'They are welcome,' says the bachelor, 'to make merry
" 'at my charges in respect of a certain bargain which I made
" 'on coming to London, and in which, had I been Moses
" 'Primrose purchasing green spectacles, I could scarcely have
" 'been more taken in. My Jenkinson was an old college
" 'acquaintance, whom I was idiot enough to imagine a res-
" 'pectable man. The fellow had a very smooth tongue and
" 'sleek sanctified exterior. He was rather a popular preacher,
" 'and used to cry a good deal in the pulpit. He and a queer
" 'wine-merchant and bill-discounter, Sherrick by name, had
" 'somehow got possession of that neat little literary paper,
" 'The Museum, which perhaps you remember; and this
" 'eligible literary property, my friend Honeyman, with his
" 'wheedling tongue, induced me to purchase.' Here is the
" 'history of Thackeray's money, told by himself plainly
" 'enough, but with no intention on his part of narrating an
" 'incident of his own life to the public. But the drollery of
" 'the circumstances, his own mingled folly and young ambi-
" 'tion, struck him as being worth narration, and the more
" 'forcibly as he remembered all the ins and outs of his own
" 'reflections at the time—how he had meant to enchant the
" 'world, and make his fortune. There was literary capital in
" 'it of which he could make use after so many years. Then

“ he tells us of this ambition, and of the folly of it ; and at
 “ the same time puts forward the excuses to be made for it.
 “ ‘ I dare say I gave myself airs as editor of that confounded
 “ ‘ *Museum*, and proposed to educate the public taste, to
 “ ‘ diffuse morality and sound literature throughout the nation,
 “ ‘ and to pocket a liberal salary in return for my services. I
 “ ‘ dare say I printed my own sonnets, my own tragedy, my
 “ ‘ own verses. * * * * * I dare say I wrote satirical
 “ ‘ articles. * * * * * I dare say I made a gaby of
 “ ‘ myself to the world. Pray, my good friend, hast thou
 “ ‘ never done likewise ? If thou hast never been a fool, be
 “ ‘ sure thou wilt never be a wise man.’

“ Thackeray was quite aware of his early weaknesses, and
 “ in the maturity of life knew well that he had not been pre-
 “ cociously wise. He delighted so to tell his friends, and he
 “ delighted also to tell the public, not meaning that any but
 “ an inner circle should know that he was speaking of himself.”*

It will be seen that his first venture was not especially en-
 couraging ; and, having now to depend mainly upon his own
 exertions for support, he became a contributor to the *Times*,
 and probably to other papers. In 1836, he made his first essay
 as an independent author in a caricature of the ballet, entitled
Flore et Zephyr, under the *nom de plume* of Theophile Wag-
 staffe. It seems a strange thing to one who looks at the wonder-
 fully expressive illustrations of this folio in the light of his
 great fame, that it should not at once have given him a recog-
 nized position ; but at that day it can hardly be said to have
 been successful. Mr. Trollope speaks of the lithographs of
Flore et Zephyr as having been published, but says he does not
 remember having seen them except in the possession of
 Thackeray's old friend, Edward Fitzgerald. It is in view of
 the wit displayed in these sketches that Mr. Trollope makes the
 remark we have already quoted about “ the second Hogarth.”

Shortly after this publication, Thackeray became a
 contributor to *Fraser's Magazine*, and in November, 1837,
 appeared the *Yellowplush Papers*. The idea of this corres-
 pondence seems to have originated in a production by Mr.

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 8.

Henry Skelton on etiquette, called *My Book, or the Anatomy of Conduct*. We have never seen the volume, but it must have been sufficiently ridiculous. "Mr. Yellowplush" saw his opportunity, and all the world knows how he used it. *The Hoggarty Diamond* followed, and was regarded "as a great success." In connection with it we find a thoroughly characteristic proceeding on the part of Thackeray. When the story was offered to *Fraser's* the writer had not yet become so well-known as to render certain the acceptance of all he wrote; and, in this instance, he received notice, to his great disappointment and annoyance, that this particular tale was too long, with a request that he would shorten it. "Who else would have told such a story of himself to the first acquaintance he chanced to meet?"* asks Mr. Trollope. The absolute truthfulness of the man made it certain that he should do so, so foreign to his nature were all the shifts and shams to which smaller souls may sometimes stoop. Among authors, as among other classes of workers, there is a well-recognized fact that "nothing succeeds like success;" and human nature being but weak at best, it is not a matter of surprise that the best side should be shown to the world—and that a man should rather tell of his advances than of his repulses. But with Thackeray it was then and always quite the reverse. He would inform his friends that such a book was not read, or such a story was a failure, with as much candor as a brother author would display in announcing a fifth edition.

It was a brave thing for this young knight to enter the lists with such men as were already in the ranks of *Fraser's*; and one feels a thrill of delighted sympathy with his triumphs among them. When we remember that he stood beside such men as Coleridge, Carlisle, Barry Cornwall, Theodore Hook, and others of that brilliant corps, we cannot but feel that Mr. Trollope is in error when he lays such stress upon Thackeray's distrust of his own abilities. If by this it be meant that he was never boastful of his own powers, that he never became insolent through success, we can fully agree with the

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 16.

biographer; but that he wrote under the dread of failure we can not think. When we recall the circumstances of his life, the great sorrow that came upon him at the very outset of his career, the darkness that settled upon his home when he was not yet famous, the burden of ill-health under which he suffered for so many years,—and then remember the work he did in a period so comparatively short,—we think rather of the astonishing energy and perseverance of the man, and the earnestness of purpose which must have guided him. To him belonged, if ever to any man, the modesty of true genius; and this, added to a habit of half-playful self-depreciation among his intimate friends, may have sometimes seemed like distrust of his own power; but we cannot believe that the brain and hand that wrought such conquests on such a field as his were uncertain of the end for which they strove.

In the years of which we have just been writing, he was constantly engaged in contributing to various periodicals, among others *The New Monthly Magazine*. A set of such articles was published in 1840, under the title of the *Paris Sketch Book*. We may note here the fact that Thackeray is more at home in delineating French life and character, and in “broken English,” than any Englishman who ever wrote. Let any one who doubts this, read the wonderful dialect in which the Prince de Moncontour expresses himself, and the sweetness of Madame de Florac’s mistakes in idiom, in the *Newcomes*. Busy indeed must have been the years which produced so many of his minor works, the greater part through the medium of *Fraser’s*, which was in fact, his principal means of support. Among his earlier works we quite agree with Mr. Trollope that *Barry Lyndon* stands preeminent. For finished sarcasm and sustained power it is unequalled by any novel with which we are acquainted. Its irony is so keen, so intensely bitter at times that one fairly shivers before it; yet, perhaps in none of his books is exhibited in higher degree the masterly skill and artistic power of Thackeray, in carrying out the leading design of all his work, the teaching of good even by means of evil,—since, by subtle and incessant suggestion, he herein compels our thought to oppose the

insolent hardihood of the hero with the reality of true courage; the brilliant audacity of the adventurer with the modesty and dignity of real manliness.

In 1846 was begun *Vanity Fair*, and with its advent the seal was set to the author's fame. From that time the name of Thackeray took rank with the first of English writers. His place in literature is distinctively his own. His was a nature so large, so rich, so varied, that he must needs have a broad field for the expression of himself. Yet he was hemmed in by barriers on almost every side. In his glowing homage to the heroic in history, he yields to none; but the embodiment of that homage in forms of fiction had been given already to Scott. In warmth of sympathy for the down-trodden, in cordial recognition of unexpected good among the lowly, none could surpass him—Dickens held this in undisputed right. The subtle mysteries of our nature were keenly attractive to him,—but there Hawthorne held especial claim. In noble presentations of highest valor, joined with extremest tenderness, he would have thrilled and charmed his hearers,—but that is Hugo's province. The genius of Thackeray found its utterance in that sphere which, for want of a better term, we will call the mediocre. From the dead level of every-day life—*real* life—he has raised, by his wondrous skill graceful structures of sweetest meaning, quiet homes where our hearts may dwell, noble monuments of moral beauty which shall never be forgotten. And if, sometimes, he paints characters of hideous wickedness, it is as warning always, never in any light which could mislead, or render vice attractive. It is the *sin* he hates and holds up to our abhorrence; it is never the desire to punish, but to reform, that guides his pen. But, to return to the comparison with other masters of fiction: Scott admires or detests his characters; Dickens loves or hates; Hawthorne curiously explores into such deep places that with all his witchery we become bewildered as to which is speculation and which reality to him; George Eliot dissects coldly, skilfully, grandly, and without affection or emotion. The great heart of Thackeray is full of kindness towards his living, breathing, actual people,

and he wants to help them. He scorns what is mean and low in and of itself, but always conveys a possibility of higher things; always suggests the "better part," even in the midst of weakness and error. The reverent soul, recognizing the Divine purpose that overrules the perplexities of human existence, would lead us to know it also.

We have said that Thackeray was born in India. He came of good family on both sides, his father being Mr. Richmond Thackeray, son of W. M. Thackeray, of Hadley, Middlesex, both in the employ of the East India Company; and his mother, Anne Becher, daughter of a gentleman also in that Company's service. Several members of the Thackeray connection were clergymen, and one at least held a high position in the Church some few years since. Mr. Trollope, in noting this leaning towards the Church among the family, observes that such was never "the bias of our novelist's mind."* A little later, he remarks, in regard to the fact of Thackeray's mother's inclination to the strict principles of the Evangelical portion of the Establishment, that "such certainly never became the case with her son."† The two sentences, taken together, might be understood to convey some idea of antagonism, in the mind of the son, towards the English Church; but such, we think, can hardly have been the intention of the writer.

Mrs. Thackeray became a widow in 1816, and some years after married Major Henry Carmichael Smyth. It gives us a pleasant glimpse into the early life of her only child to know that there always existed the most cordial affection between his step-father and himself, and that Thackeray's home was always that of both Major and Mrs. Smyth, whenever it suited them. After the death of the former, Mrs. Smyth resided altogether with her son's family. In 1837, Thackeray was married to Isabella, daughter of Colonel Matthew Shawe. There were three daughters, of whom only the eldest, Mrs. Richardson Ritchie, is now living. One daughter died in childhood, and the third, Mrs. Leslie Stephen, has also lately passed away. In 1853, an adopted daughter was added

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 3.

† *Ib.*, p. 4.

to the group, the child of an old friend, who became as his own, in all respects. She married in 1862, and went out with her husband, a young officer, to India, where she died.

There is a pathetic history in the brief record, which comprises nearly all we know of the home circle of Thackeray; but, how infinitely sadder is the one fact which we hardly venture to touch, so awful is the shadow which it casts, so sacred should it be held from the careless hand, or curious eye of the stranger, the loss of his wife's reason. "It came from God, and was in no wise due to human fault. She became ill and her mind failed her."* In these few touching words Mr. Trollope tells us of it—and nothing more is needed. For a long time the husband refused to believe that she would not recover, until at length the hope had to be given up, and she was unable to continue with her family. She was placed under the care of kind friends, where she could be entirely quiet—and with whom she is quite content. Everything which the most thoughtful and devoted care could suggest has been and is still done for her; and Thackeray's tenderness and affection for the wife who was his for such a little while, is one of the most beautiful memories left to us of his life. Perhaps we have a right to judge of what she was to him, in some degree, from the favorite characters in his books—remembering how he delights in quiet pictures of home life, where the wife and mother sits in calm sweetness with soothing and rest in her voice and look, making a sanctuary of repose for the wearied brain or the troubled heart. And there comes to us an inexpressible pang with the thought that he whose nature craved this home life and valued it above all other elements of happiness, should have been so early deprived of the light of his fireside.

In 1853, Thackeray made his first visit to America. We all remember how warmly he was welcomed, and how favorable was the impression he left among us. It is greatly to be regretted that he did not give to the world his ideas of America. It would have been satisfactory to our pride to place such a book as he would have written besides the *Notes*

* Trollope's *Thackeray*, p. 20.

of another transatlantic writer; because, while displaying an equal candor, he would have done us fuller justice. In the few letters of Thackeray which have been published, there is abundant proof that he cordially reciprocated the kindly feeling shown to himself. It is well known that he desired to make his home temporarily at least in our midst; for soon after his return to England he asked for a secretaryship of legation, an appointment which would have been most acceptable on both sides of the water. In a letter addressed to a friend in Philadelphia, he says that there was such a post vacant at Washington, "and I instantly asked for it; but in "the very kindest letter Lord Clarendon showed how it was "impossible. First, the place was given away. Next, it "would not be fair to appoint out of the service. But the "first, an excellent reason, not a doubt of it * * * * So "if ever I come, as I hope and trust to do this time next year, "it must be in my own coat, and not the Queen's." Mr. Trollope adds: "Certainly, in his own coat and not in the "Queen's, must Thackeray do anything by which he could "mend his fortune or make his reputation. There never was "a man less fit for the Queen's coat." This is an instance of what we mean by Mr. Trollope's conveying a less kindly estimate than his own in his manner of speaking of Thackeray. He intimates here, as elsewhere, that this man whose conscientious regard for the minutest points of honorable and truthful conduct, is perhaps more strikingly conspicuous than in any other writer of his day, was seeking a sinecure office, for the sake of enjoying an unworthy self-indulgence which he repeatedly attributes to Thackeray as a leading fault of character. If Thackeray were idle or self-indulgent, we may seek in vain for a man self-reliant, strong, earnest and indefatigable.

On one occasion Thackeray was asked to give his honest opinions about America, his real impressions, with the assurance that if unfavorable, his questioner would not be offended. His answer was this: "You know what a virtue- "proud people we English are. We think we have got it all "to ourselves. Now, that which most impresses me here, is "that I find homes as pure as ours, firesides like ours, domestic

“virtues as gentle; the English language, though the accent
 “be a little different, with its home-like melody; * * * *
 “the Common Prayer-Book in your families. I am more
 “struck by pleasant resemblances than by anything else.” It
 must be remembered that he had an especially favorable
 opportunity for becoming acquainted with our people; his in-
 timates, on his first coming, having been among the circle of
 the Reeds of Philadelphia and their friends, persons of the
 best type of American scholarship and refinement. To one of
 these he wrote from Switzerland: “By Jove! how kind you all
 “were to me! How I like [your] people and want to see them
 “again! You are more tender-hearted, romantic, sentimental,
 “than we are. I keep on telling this to our fine people here,
 “and have so belabored your country with praise in private,
 “that I sometimes think I go too far. I keep back some of
 “the truth; but the great point to try and ding into the ears
 “of the great stupid, virtue-proud English public, is that
 “there are folks as good as they in America.”

To the wearisome repetition of the charge that Thackeray
 was more cynical than genial, more satirical than tender, one
 need only oppose the well-known fact of his love for children.
 Nothing delighted him more than the telling of fairy tales,
 inventing marvellous and grotesque situations for his charac-
 ters, and illustrating them by the drollest and most rapid
 pencil sketches. That deliciously absurd story, *The Rose and
 the Ring*, was written for the amusement of his own little
 ones when they were recovering from some childish illness.
 A characteristic anecdote is told by a friend: “He used to
 “come to my house, not the abode of wealth or luxury, almost
 “every day, and often more than once a day; * * * *
 “and I now see him, * * * * one day in Walnut
 “Street, walking slowly along with my little girl by the hand,
 “the tall, gray-haired, spectacled man, with an effort accom-
 “modating himself to the toddling child by his side; and
 “then he would bring her home. And one day, when we
 “were to have a great dinner at the Club, given to him, and
 “my wife was ill, and my household disarranged, and the bell
 “rang, and I said to him, ‘I must go and carve the boiled

“ ‘ mutton for the children, and take for granted you do not
“ ‘ care to come,’ he got up, and with a cheery voice said, ‘ I
“ ‘ love boiled mutton and children too, and I will come and
“ ‘ dine with them.’ And he did, and he was happy, and the
“ ‘ children were happy, and our appetite for the Club dinner
“ ‘ was damaged.”

In looking over the pages of his friendly letters, written with the unstudied freedom of familiar talk, we find endearing proofs of the warm heart which found room for sympathy with every form of human sorrow. In 1854, Mr. Henry Reed, the brother of one of his best loved friends, was lost upon the *Arctic*, and Thackeray at the first moment when dread had become certainty, hastened to offer his heartfelt condolence. Who can doubt that, even in the bitter anguish of that awful bereavement, such words as these brought some sense of consolation? He says: “It is the survivors one
“ ‘ commiserates of such a good, pious, tender-hearted man as
“ ‘ he seemed whom God Almighty has just called back to
“ ‘ Himself. He seemed to me to have all the sweet domestic
“ ‘ virtues which make the pang of parting only the more cruel
“ ‘ to those who are left behind. But that loss, what a gain to
“ ‘ him! A just man summoned by God,—for what purpose
“ ‘ can he go but to meet the Divine love and goodness? I
“ ‘ never think about deploring such; and as you and I send
“ ‘ for our children, meaning them only love and kindness, how
“ ‘ much more Pater Noster! So we say, and miss the beloved ones
“ ‘ whom we lose—all the same, with natural selfish sorrow,—
“ ‘ as you, I dare say, will have a heavy heart when your
“ ‘ daughter marries and leaves you. *You* will lose her, though
“ ‘ her new home is ever so happy.”

During the two years that elapsed between his journeys to the United States, Thackeray went abroad with his “little girls,” as he affectionately calls them, and shared with them the pleasures of travel so vividly portrayed in *The Newcomes*, which was then written. One of the striking features of that book is in the evidence constantly visible of Thackeray’s large-hearted appreciation of the grand and beautiful in foreign lands, remembering that he was an Englishman,—and,

in a foreign communion, remembering that he was an Anglican. We know of nothing finer in the vast number of descriptions of Rome—of St. Peter's—and all the interests connected with them, than his in the letters of Clive Newcome.

Nor was it only in the region of æsthetics that Thackeray found subject for hearty and outspoken admiration. He recognized with cordial words and honest commendation the works of literary contemporaries to an extent that would have been remarkable in a man of narrower spirit. Dickens has had no more graceful and beautiful tributes since his death than Thackeray paid to him on many occasions in life. And humbler names than his have been brought into light through Thackeray's kindly efforts; while the help that he gave to struggling literary men who were as yet unknown, or in toil and poverty, will never be fully known. He used to keep a fund in reserve, and a sort of "floating capital" which he lent to various persons whom he knew to be in need of it; and when returned as it *sometimes* was, he would pass it on to the next whom he wished to aid, never thinking of appropriating it to any other purpose.

We have already spoken of the ill-health which for many years rendered his life a sort of martyrdom; yet, so self-forgetting and unobtrusive was he, that few seem to have been aware of the fact. It used to be said that his manner varied at times to a startling degree, that a friend with whom he had parted a few hours before with all cordiality would be passed by with a mere bow at the next meeting. Who can tell how much of intolerable pain was hidden under the apparent coldness, with the knowledge of which he was unwilling to sadden others?

On his return to our shores, it was remarked that he had aged more in appearance than was to have been expected in the interval; but beyond this there was little change observed. In the former visit he had introduced to us his *English Humorists*; in the last he intended to deliver only his lectures on the *Four Georges*. Against his better judgment he was persuaded to repeat the first series; but as he foresaw, they were not successful. Having been heard in nearly all our

principal cities the audiences were small, and the venture was a failure, financially considered. The loser was a bookseller who had engaged Thackeray for a stipulated sum. The bargain was strictly carried out on both sides, and the lecturer was about to return to England. On the point of sailing, and when there could be no opportunity for declining to receive it, the bookseller had placed in his hands one-fourth of the amount paid to Thackeray; the latter feeling it unfair to retain it all.

As a lecturer Thackeray impressed one at first, chiefly by the absolute simplicity of his manner. There was no gesticulation, no attempt at effect. His beautifully modulated voice expressed every shade of feeling; more especially was this noticeable in his matchless reading of poetry. It has been said that his rendering of Addison's grand lines beginning: "Soon as the evening shades prevail," was a revelation as of a new world of meaning to his hearers.

His personal appearance was in keeping with the largeness of his thought. His figure was unusually tall, and his presence commanding, though there was in his bearing some awkwardness which yet did not detract from a certain noble dignity of manner. He was not especially a conversationalist; nor did he make any effort to shine in general society. His real charm was in the sphere of private life: his genial manner, without a trace of self-consciousness, his kindly humour and unmistakable sincerity making him a most agreeable companion. He hated being lionized, and especially disliked to be questioned in the "interviewing" style so horribly prevalent in our day. On one occasion he was annoyed by an inquisitive youth who wished to ascertain the estimate in which certain Americans were held in England. "Mr. Thackeray," said he, "what do they think of Tupper?" "They don't think of Tupper," was the quiet reply.

Another literary man was spoken of, and some one remembered that he was too fond of beer. "Yes," said Thackeray, "take him for *half-and-half*, he was a man."

In conversations about editors and their rights, he recalled the fact that an editor had altered the text of one of his

manuscripts, which Thackeray maintained no one could do to any good effect except the author himself. He said to the offending editor: "I have no objection to your putting your "hooks on my paragraphs, but I decidedly object to your "sticking your ears through them." A friend remarked: "He never forgave you of course!" "I never thought to "ask!"

After Thackeray's return to England, in 1856, he was constantly occupied in literary work. The idea of his splendid picture of the *Old Dominion* in colonial times, seemed to have been ~~found~~ before he left our shores, and *The Virginians* came out in monthly numbers in 1858. One can trace throughout its pages the kindly feelings which he cherished towards our country, and the grand conception which he always held of the character of Washington.

Everybody knows of Thackeray as the author of the *Four Great Works*, which some one has called the "quadrilateral of his fame;" but perhaps it is not generally remembered that there are also many volumes, some four and twenty in number, we believe, of miscellaneous writings of his, quite as admirable in their way, as these greater works, and full of his characteristic brilliancy and power, besides having a value of their own as evidence of his wonderful versatility. In connection with *The Virginians*, we must not omit to mention the delightful story of which it may be said to be in some sort the sequel, *Henry Esmond*. It is a book full of charm from beginning to end, and is really far more than a novel, from the historical interest which it possesses. The manners and customs of Queen Anne's time, the literary and military celebrities therein described, the character of Marlborough, the scenes in which the young Pretender bears his romantic part, and the absolute perfection of its style—being written throughout under the character of an officer of that day—all combine to render it one of the first novels of the world.

Of Thackeray's connection with *Punch* we are all familiar. There appeared some years ago an incident pertaining thereto, which we venture to relate as a pleasant evidence of the appreciation which the good people of Auld Reekie felt

formed

four great
works

for Thackeray in the earlier days of his career, and his own grateful and kindly recognition of friendliness always and everywhere. A gentleman, one day, passing the window of a shop in Edinburgh, saw a statuette in silver of *Punch* in full costume, a pen in his hand, his head forming an inkstand, and his cap serving as its lid. The passer-by had been for a long time desirous of finding a way in which to express his sense of obligation to Thackeray for the delightful hours passed in perusing his writings both in *Fraser's* and *Punch*, and the idea instantly occurred to him of presenting the image to Thackeray, knowing, as he did, that many others would eagerly join with him in buying the quaint little figure. Among those who aided him were Lord Jeffrey and Sir William Hamilton. The figure was packed and sent with a note explaining the affair. On the base was an inscription in which occur the following words: "*Arma virumque—Grati necnon grato Edinensis LXXX. D. D. D.*"

This was the reply:

"13 YOUNG STREET, KENSINGTON SQUARE, May 11th, 1848.

"My dear Sir:—The arms and the man arrived in safety yesterday, and I am glad to know the names of two of the eighty Edinburgh friends who have taken such a kind method of showing their good-will towards me. If you are *grati*, I am *gratior*. Such tokens of regard and sympathy are very pleasant to a writer like myself, who have some difficulty still in making people understand what you have been good enough to find out in Edinburgh, that under the mask-satirical there walks about a sentimental gentleman who means not unkindly to any mortal person. I can see exactly the same expression under the vizard of my little friend in silver, and hope some day to shake the whole octogint by the hand, *gratos* and *gratus*, and thank them for their friendliness and regard. I think I had best say no more on the subject, lest I should be tempted into some enthusiastic writing of which I am afraid. I assure you these tokens of what I can't help acknowledging as popularity, make me humble as well as grateful, and make me

"feel an almost awful sense of the responsibility which falls upon a man in such a station. Is it deserved or undeserved? Who is this that sets up to preach to mankind, and to laugh at many things which men reverence? I hope I may be able to tell the truth always, and to see it aright, according to the eyes which God Almighty gives me. And if, in the exercise of my calling, I get friends, and find encouragement and sympathy, I need not tell you how much I feel and am thankful for this support. Indeed, I can't reply lightly upon this subject, or feel otherwise than very grave when people begin to praise me as you do. Wishing you and my Edinburgh friends all health and happiness, believe me, my dear sir, most faithfully yours,

"WILLIAM M. THACKERAY."

The man who wrote that letter was no cynic, neither was he a writer who did his work upon compulsion, who wanted an official position to rid him of the need of labor. He recognized his commission as a "preacher" to mankind; he seeks to speak the truth, to do his appointed work in the way which has been also appointed him.

When success came to him, and his position in the world of letters was as brilliant as his highest ambition could have aspired to, he did not lay aside his habits of industry. He worked until the very last—and his career is but another refutation of the unthinking notion that genius may dispense with the hum-drum of toil. An all-wise power has ordained that in this life no really good thing can be obtained without its due measure of honest effort.

However widely opinions may differ upon other points regarding Thackeray, there can be but one verdict as to his style. So perfect is the art, that one forgets that it is art at all. Never diffuse, never careless in execution, never incomplete in imagery, his sentences move so smoothly from first to last that we scarcely pause to notice how limpid is the stream. His periods are like gems, clear-cut and finely polished, which reflect light from every portion of the surface. "He has become an English classic," says one of his friends—and the world recognizes his claim.

It has been made a ground of objection to him as a painter of our times, that he does not depict a perfect woman. Why should he, since she does not exist? We have enough and more than enough of romantic and impossible perfection in the works of others; let us welcome gladly a truer and more natural type. And how kindly does his genial touch portray the faults of the real women he does paint: Lady Castlewood, Mrs. Lambert, Hetty and Theo, Ethel Newcome, and even little Miss Honeyman. Are they not real people, and do they not act precisely as they might be expected to act, being real, and not simply creations of the artist's fancy? And the critic must admit that he has given us only one Becky Sharp. Which of us does not know some one closely related to that clever female, a cousin-german, so to speak?

Surely no one can deny his tenderness towards women who has ever read *The Virginians*, or *Pendennis*; or who has followed poor Amelia through all the thankless drudgery of her widowed life at home, and her heart-rending struggles when forced to resign her boy to the keeping of stern old Osborne.

Of all the men whom we owe to the pen of Thackeray, our affection belongs especially to dear old Thomas Newcome. One feels that the mind which conceived that exquisite portraiture has done us the added favor of making known the features of Sir Roger de Coverley, of whom he speaks so charmingly in that delightful lecture on Addison: "Out of that sweet weakness, * * * * and out of that honest manhood and simplicity we get a result of happiness, goodness, tenderness, pity, piety." The words might be interpolated among the pages of that most lovable of Thackeray's books, *The Newcomes*, so true is the picture of the good Colonel. When Arthur Pendennis reappears in this volume as the guest and friend of Colonel Newcome, we feel like welcoming him into good company. We make excuse more readily than ever for his early follies, his vanity and worldliness, his infatuation for Blanche Amory, his general absurdity in short, feeling that now he has attained to the real manliness of which he was always capable, since he so recognizes and

does homage to that noble nature. In all story-telling there is nothing more pathetic than the history of the fortunes of Thomas Newcome. Our hearts are won from the day on which, after his return from India, he has brought home his boy to live with himself, and leaves Clive sleeping in his room. His friend Binnie asks him, laughingly, if he has "been breathing a prayer over his rosy infant's slumbers?" With a flush on his brown cheek, he answers gravely: "And if I have, James Binnie, I hope I've done no harm. The last time I saw him asleep was nine years ago, a sickly little pale-faced boy, in his little cot; and now, sir, that I see him again, strong and handsome, and all that a fond father can wish to see a boy, I should be an ungrateful villain, James, if I didn't—if I didn't do what you said just now, and thank God Almighty for restoring him to me." Through all the varying chances of his career we follow him with increasing interest and affection; his bitter disappointments, his pain at finding that with all his gold he cannot buy happiness for his son; his kindly efforts for others, so selfishly accepted or carelessly rejected; the loss of his wealth, regretted not for himself, but for those whom he has so unwittingly injured; and then the sordid tyranny endured at the hands of the "Campaigner;" tyranny so heartless, so revolting, so meekly borne; the taking refuge among the pensioners of the old hospital, accepting it with such patient cheerfulness, ay, with gratitude, because he feels it to be ordered by an All-wise Hand; surely, it is enough to move the most stoical among us. The closing scene must be told in Thackeray's own words: "At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little and quickly said: '*Adsum!*' and fell back. It was the word we used at school when names were called, and lo, he whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name and stood in the presence of The Master."

The page is blurred by the mist of our tears, and we bow the head as though in the presence of the dead.

In quoting the passage just given, Mr. Trollope (or the printer) has altered the force and meaning of the concluding sentence by using the words *His Maker*,* instead of those in the text. He has also made the mistake of calling Mrs. MacKenzie the *step-mother* of Clive, and alludes to Charles Honeyman as having married the sister of Colonel Newcome †—the reverse being the real state of the case; Colonel Newcome having been led, through the kindness of his heart, to marry the widowed sister of Charles Honeyman. We think that Mr. Trollope has also erred in his estimate of poor Miss Quigley. He holds her far-off ideal love for the “dear Colonel” in a very contemptuous light; whereas, we regard it as an honor to her head and heart. But these are trifling points and do not affect the general excellence of his analysis of Thackeray’s writings. No other writer has given us anything approaching the able and appreciative view which Mr. Trollope does of the works of the great novelist. On one point we must disagree with him, however, in toto. Every reader of Thackeray will have noticed those little “asides” in which he seems to turn for a moment from the subject in hand, to address himself as by an impulse of confidential feeling, to the reader. Mr. Trollope calls this an “affected familiarity”—and speaks of it as an “ear-mark,”—“his most besetting sin in style,”‡ &c. Now, to us, these whispers into one’s private hearing, form one of the distinctive charms of Thackeray’s writings, and go far to produce that sentiment of personal affection which he awakens in our mind to a greater extent than any other novelist of our times. Mr. Trollope combats successfully and satisfactorily the idea that Thackeray was a cynic in his own nature, but thinks that he allowed himself to dwell too much upon the faults of humanity, so that his mind became too strongly imbued with a satirical cast. If so, Thackeray himself would have been the first to regret it. In those lectures, so often mentioned already, we find the following passage, which seems to us the key-note to all he did or attempted: “I cannot help telling the truth as I view it, and describing what I see. To describe it otherwise

* Trollope’s *Thackeray*, p. 118.

† *Ib.*, p. 114.

‡ *Ib.*, p. 197.

“than it seems to me would be falsehood in that calling in
“which it has pleased Heaven to place me; treason to that
“conscience which says that men are weak,—that truth must
“be told,—that fault must be owned,—that pardon must be
“prayed for,—and that love supreme reigns over all.” He
aims to make men think, to lead them to look within, to
search out the springs of deeds done before men, to cast away
the unworthy, to cherish only the genuine, the true. He is
more than a novelist; he is a friendly moralist, who laughs at
and with us over our common failings, but never loses sight of
the higher plane which he would have us reach. He is no
fierce satirist, gloating with savage glee upon the weaknesses
and faults of men, like Swift;—he is no sentimentalist, weeping
theatrical tears in public and calling upon the world to admire
his exquisite sensibility, like Sterne;—he is eminently and
especially free from affectation in any form; and this seems to
us one of the leading elements of his influence. While
breathing an atmosphere of reality we become, for the time,
real; while looking at pictures so true we unconsciously
become a part of what we see, and respond to the unerring
touch which paints us *as we are*.

A strongly marked feature of Thackeray's character has
been ignored by his biographer, namely, his reverence; and
this seems the more singular as it is so distinctly traceable
in all his higher writings. The expression of it in direct
words is rare—for it was habitually repressed; but there are
passages in which the earnestness of feeling breaks through
the reserve of habit. There is only one which we will quote
in illustration of our meaning; but all readers of Thackeray
will recall evidence of what we mean from other sources.
This occurs in a paper entitled, *Madame Sand and The New
Apocalypse*, which was called forth by some of the daring
utterances of Heine—and the utter wickedness of “Spi-
ridion:”—

“O awful, awful name of God! Light unbearable!
“Mystery unfathomable! Vastness immeasurable! Who
“are these that come forward to explain the mystery, and
“gaze unblinking into the depths of the light, and measure

“the immeasurable vastness to a hair! O name that God’s people of old did fear to utter! O light that God’s prophet would have perished had he seen! Who are these now so familiar with it!”—It sometimes occurred that these flashes of feeling found voice among his intimates, but they were quickly repressed; his innate horror of anything like display making him ashamed not of the feeling but of its utterance.

And now we must bring our brief sketch to a close—with the regretful sense that so much remains to be said upon which we have not touched. There comes to our mind the thought that some day there may be done for Thackeray what has been done for Sydney Smith, for Ruskin, for George Eliot, and others of the community of literary greatness, in the collection of the gems of thought from his works, so as to place them within the reach of many who scarcely know him. In the rush and whirl of our busy life, here in the New World, there are numbers who, though possessing in full measure an appreciation of all true excellence in literature, are yet so cumbered with daily cares, that the systematic study of a great author is an almost unattainable luxury. To them such books as those we have mentioned, *The Wit and Wisdom* of Sydney Smith, *The Beauties* of Ruskin—and others, are treasures of priceless value. Why should we not have the *Wit and Wisdom* of Thackeray, whose honored name is dear to English-speaking people everywhere, and whose fame is spreading into a stronger and steadier light as the years go on?

Thackeray’s death occurred in 1863. Toward the close of the year, his state of health became alarming, and he was about to place himself under more decided treatment than had been as yet considered needful, when suddenly, on Christmas eve, the end came. He had, with habitual consideration for others, declined all attendance and dismissed his valet at the usual hour for retiring. At midnight he was heard moving about his room; but he summoned no one, and must have gone to rest quite as on other nights, no special uneasiness having been aroused among his household. In the early Christmas morning he was found lying as if in calm sleep, his

hands clasped under his head, and on his face the quiet of the eternal peace.

Through the stillness of that solemn slumber we seem to hear echoing, like sacred music, his own words written long before: "Quite content (after a pang or two of separation from dear friends here) to put his hand into that of the summoning angel and say, 'Lead on, O messenger of God our Father, to the next place whither the divine goodness calls us.'"

ART. V.—THE GRAIN-FIELDS OF RUSSIA AND AMERICA.

1. *Official Trade Report of Odessa*. 1870-8.
2. *The American Farm Book*. By R. L. ALLEN.
4. *Russia*. By D. MACKENZIE WALLACE.
3. *European Agriculture and Rural Economy*. By H. COLMAN.

IN Aristotle's famous sketch of the ideal State—a sketch as strongly characterized by hard practical sense as that of his master Plato by visionary Utopianism—he names, among the foremost essentials of the commonwealth's prosperity, that it shall grow its own corn instead of importing it. The advantages conferred by such a position require no demonstration; but even more obvious is the superiority of a country able to export a surplus of grain to other lands, and thereby to hold in its hand the very subsistence of many of its possible enemies. During the civil wars of the Roman empire, the most formidable weapon employed against the imperial city was the stoppage of the annual grain fleets from Egypt to Sicily; and what Egypt and Sicily were to the ancient world, Russia and America are to the modern world.

To draw any final conclusion as regards the comparative productive powers of the two great countries, is manifestly impossible, and will be so for generations to come. It may be safely asserted that neither has yet attained even one-half the productive power which it will ultimately possess. Russia has a population of seventy millions upon an area capable of supporting two hundred millions. America, which could easily maintain two hundred and fifty millions inhabitants, had, at the last census, only forty millions. Not till every

square mile of the unoccupied soil is fully peopled, cultivated and traversed by lines of communication, can the final result be arrived at; but even from the necessarily imperfect data now available, some estimate may be formed of the present resources and capabilities of the world's two great providers.

The agricultural statistics of the United States are so generally known, that a very brief recapitulation of them will be sufficient for our present purpose. The total area of the American republic (exclusive of Alaska) is estimated at one billion, nine hundred and twenty-six millions, six hundred and thirty-six thousand, eight hundred acres, of which four hundred and nine millions, seven hundred and sixty-nine thousands, six hundred and thirty-three are arable land. According to the best authorities, the wheat-producing States, ranked in order of merit, would stand as follows: Illinois first, then Wisconsin, Indiana, Ohio, Virginia, Pennsylvania, New York, Iowa, Michigan. "The true wheat-fields of the republic," says an American expert, "are to be found in the Atlantic States, excluding New England and the extreme south; for although large quantities of that grain are produced in localities far distant from these, it is almost exclusively of that inferior kind known as Spring wheat. The Prairie States yield enormously when the ground is first broken, but the soil wears out sooner than that of the Atlantic States." It is to be remarked, however, that while the total yield is constantly on the increase, there has been not a little fluctuation among the individual States, some advancing, while others have retrograded or remained stationary. Minnesota and other western States are now coming rapidly to the front, while, on the other hand, many districts of Ohio, Kentucky, Tennessee and New York are far less productive than they were half a century ago. Several tracts which formerly yielded thirty bushels an acre, now average less than fifteen. From 1840 to 1850, the increase in the wheat crop of the whole United States was only fifteen millions, six hundred and sixty-two thousand, six hundred and seventy-two bushels, nearly the whole of which was supplied by the States

bordering the great lakes. From 1850 to 1860, however, the increase was seventy millions, six hundred and forty-seven thousand, four hundred and thirty-seven bushels; and the corresponding advance during the two last decades has been even greater. The falling-off in the wheat-lands of some of the older States is unquestionably to be attributed to the system of "exhaustive cropping," practised by men who, not wishing to put themselves to the expense of artificial fertilizers, and not caring to give their land a rotation of crops, worked it to the utmost, till its productive power was completely exhausted, and then moved on to break fresh ground farther west.

But despite these drawbacks, there can be no question as to which of the two States, Russia or America, is advancing most rapidly in agricultural industry. The ninety million acres under cultivation in this country in 1870, had increased to one hundred and twenty millions in 1877. The production of wheat, during the same period, had risen from two hundred and thirty-five millions, eight hundred and eighty-four thousand, seven hundred, to three hundred and sixty million bushels; and the value of the annual agricultural exports for the last ten years is officially stated as follows:

1869.....	\$311,750,000
1870.....	391,250,000
1871.....	398,000,000
1872.....	407,000,000
1873.....	494,000,000
1874.....	550,000,000
1875.....	480,000,000
1876.....	514,000,000
1877.....	517,750,000
1878.....	592,500,000

Russia's highest total during the same period is \$321,300,000, which comprises not merely agricultural exports, but all others.

The agricultural statistics of Russia are less easy to summarize with any accuracy, owing partly to the difficulty of obtaining any reliable figures in a country so persistently reticent on every point which concerns itself, and partly to the conflicting nature of the few estimates which exist. It seems

tolerably certain, however, that of the one billion, eighty-five million, six hundred and seventy-one thousand, four hundred and ninety acres contained by European Russia, one hundred and sixty-four million, seven hundred thousand are to be classed as arable soil, of a character varying from comparative worthlessness to the highest fertility. The bulk of this total must be assigned to southern Russia, the predominance of forest-land in the north being such that two-thirds of the timber grown in the whole country are to be found in Finland and the seven northern provinces of Russia proper.

The genuine corn-country of the Russian empire—*i. e.* the region whose productiveness or non-productiveness decides the fate of the harvest and the year's cereal exports—may be roughly represented by an irregular quadrilateral, bounded on the north by the provinces of Moscow, Smolensk, and Nijni-Novgorod, on the south by the Black Sea, on the east by the Volga, and on the west by the Dniester. Throughout the greater part of this region, the population is remarkably scanty, and the form of husbandry in general use is the old "three-field" system, by which one-third of the land is always in fallow. The natural aspect of the whole quadrilateral is that of a perfectly level plain, absolutely without hills of any kind, and watered by countless rivers, the largest of which are the Dnieper and the Don.

To the choicest portions of this vast tract, which occupy the central and eastern districts of southern Russia, the natives have given the title of "Tchernaya Zemlya" (black soil). It has probably shown hitherto but a small part of its grain-producing capabilities, having never yet been thoroughly ploughed, or probably manured in any way. But such a soil requires little aid from without. Over an area equal to that of Austria and France combined, extends a rich layer of decayed vegetable matter, forming the finest corn-growing soil in Europe, or perhaps in the world. The rye-producing districts, lying for the most part to the north and west of it, the black soil is chiefly a wheat-growing region; and its enormous productive power, despite the formidable hindrances which will be described later on, is sufficiently proved by the fact of its

yielding every year grain enough not only to feed all the seventy million Russians, and to supply the countless millions of bushels annually consumed for the manufacture of *vodka* (corn-whiskey), but also to leave a vast surplus for exportation.

Nevertheless, this magnificent supply-field has not a few drawbacks to contend with, over and above the social and financial difficulties, which we shall presently have occasion to notice. All its extent, all its richness, can give it no immunity from the scourges which threaten the harvests of other lands; indeed, they tend rather to make it doubly liable to these. Seldom do either Western Europe or America witness any parallel to the terrific hail storms which at times ravage the western border of Russia, destroying not merely the corn, but the shrubs and small trees likewise. "The noise of the falling "hail-stones," says an eye-witness of the great storm that devastated Volhynia in June, 1869, "sounded like the distant beating of drums; and when the storm had passed, we found the "earth absolutely coated for acres together, with crushed "twigs and mashed corn-ears, mixed with the carcasses of wild "fowl, which had been literally pounded into the earth. That "one day destroyed eleven thousand acres of the finest corn in "Russia."

In the central and eastern districts, again, where the great plain lies bare to the action of a sun almost tropical in its intensity, the chief enemy of the Russian husbandman is the terrible drought which has caused many famines during the last twelve years. In the early summer of 1873, the valley of the Upper Volga had no rain for more than two months, and many villages were left unpeopled by the flight of the inhabitants to the great towns in quest of food, the very seed-corn having been devoured in the frenzy of hunger. Another scourge, almost equally formidable, is the destructive passage of the grasshopper, which, though most frequent along the Armenian frontier and in the lowlands of the Caucasus generally, is common to the whole corn-growing zone of European Russia from east to west.

But the vastness of this extent, which is a misfortune to the

grain region in one way, is its safeguard in another. A tract of country wide enough to span the whole distance between the Lower Danube and the Bay of Biscay, cannot, in the nature of things, be devastated at a single blow by any calamity whatsoever; and, in fact, an absolutely general failure of crops has never yet been known in Russia. In 1869, while battering hail storms were destroying the Volhynian corn over thousands of acres at once, the granaries of the Don and the Volga were being filled to overflowing. In 1873, when famine was doing its worst on the Upper Volga, Bessarabia and Volhynia were standing thick with splendid corn. In the summer of the present year (1879), the ravages of drought and grasshoppers in the Caucasus and Bessarabia, at either extremity of the great corn tract, have been more than compensated by the unusual abundance of the central districts of Tamboff and Varonej. Russia has undoubtedly some cause for the quaint self-congratulation of the native proverb which boasts that "not in one year, nor in two, can you ride across the Russian cornfields."

To a cursory observer, the statistics of Russia's grain exports, during the last twenty years, would seem to indicate an advance almost without parallel; but such is by no means the case. It is, indeed, true that her exportation of corn almost tripled itself during the fifteen years which elapsed between 1857 and 1872, the former year showing a total of 51,588,981, the latter of 134,600,000 roubles.* But what these figures really imply is not that the present total is not conspicuously above the average, but the past one was conspicuously below it. Nor is this deficiency hard to account for. In 1857, Russia was utterly exhausted by the drain of the Crimean war. Of the four hundred and nineteen miles of railway which were all that she then possessed, not one foot lay either in or near the corn-lands of the south; while of her forty-nine million peasants twenty-three millions were serfs working, not for their own benefit, but for that of their masters. In 1872, the four hundred and nineteen miles had grown into eight thousand one hundred and twenty-three, including several important

* The rouble is worth about seventy-five cents.

southern lines; redistributed land was being tilled by free-labor, and an influx of foreign capital had given an impetus to commercial activity.

Since that time, and especially during the last three years, the Russian grain-trade has declined considerably. The war of 1877-78, by suspending traffic on the south-western railroads to facilitate the transport of troops and military stores, produced a depression, augmented by the recent Nihilist disturbances. During the first five months of 1878, the total of Russian grain exports was only thirteen million five hundred thousand bushels, and barely nine million nine hundred thousand, during the corresponding five months of 1879, the deficit falling chiefly upon wheat. Whether the large exportation anticipated this fall will make good the deficiency, remains to be seen; but, in any case, the depression cannot last. Taking one year with another, the average value of Russia's grain exports may safely be rated as high as 100,000,000 roubles (\$75,000,000) annually.

This is undoubtedly a promising record at first sight; but let us ask how much of it is due to the soil itself, and how much to the skill of those who cultivate it.

Looked at from the latter point of view, the question certainly reflects little credit upon Russia. Among her countless anomalies, not the least striking is her simultaneous display of the best crops and the worst farming in the world. Like Spain, Italy and Turkey, she is fruitful, not by means of her inhabitants, but in spite of them. To her may fitly be applied the famous sentence in which Douglas Jerrold's quaint humor photographed the fertility of Australia: "Tickle the earth with a hoe and she will laugh with a harvest." It is, indeed, the highest praise of the black soil, that it should yield such crops under such agriculture. In the north-west, it is true, and more especially in the immediate neighborhood of St. Petersburg and Moscow, the improvements of Western Europe have begun to creep in; but the soil of those districts is, for the most part, thin, stony and comparatively unproductive. In a word, the present condition of northern and southern Russia represents the two horns

of a dilemma—well-farmed land which is bad, and good land which is ill-farmed.

Nor is this to be wondered at. The natural unprogressiveness of the Slavonian race, fostered by ignorance, superstition, and the lack of that direct communication with the outer world which is the surest means of civilization, has made and kept the Russian peasantry what they are—an Asiatic population in a European empire. A few years ago, this fact was exemplified in a somewhat singular manner. Among the articles sent home from Central Asia by Gen. Kaufmann, in 1869, to figure in the Turkistan Exhibition at St. Petersburg, were a number of the rude wooden plows and harrows used by the husbandmen of Khokand and Bokhara; and it was not a little amusing to watch the conscience-stricken looks of the Russian land-owners as they recognized in these barbarous tools the exact counterpart of those which they had seen their own plowmen using upon Russian soil only a few weeks before!

Nor is the native system of farming any farther advanced than its implements. Drainage, whether subsoil or surface, is (as any one who has travelled in the interior of Russia can bear witness) virtually unknown. Mechanical appliances, labor-saving machinery, scientific culture and manuring, the countless improvements developed by the experience of the past generation, are things undreamed-of in the philosophy of the simple Mujik. Planted upon the best corn-land in the world, he has merely scratched its surface instead of plowing it up. The jog-trot husbandry bequeathed to him by his forefathers exactly suits his easy nature, and each generation treads in the steps of its predecessor, viewing everything that savors of invention or improvement, either with stolid indifference or with jealous suspicion. This undue attachment to the exploded theories of the Past, and want of adaptability to the sudden emergencies of the Present, have been photographed in one word by a fitly national proverb: "The Russian is strong in backward wisdom."

It would, however, be a flagrant injustice to the peasantry of Russia to charge upon their unprogressive spirit the whole

blame of their country's agricultural backwardness. Many, honestly anxious to improve their condition, find the force of adverse circumstances too great for them. The twenty-three millions of emancipated serfs are naturally helpless on finding themselves left to their own devices, after being so long accustomed to be fed, housed, and cared-for by their masters; while the twenty-six millions of free peasants, among whom are to be found the most enterprising and intelligent members of the laboring class, have to contend with a two-fold obstacle of formidable power—poverty and debt. At the time of the "redistribution" of 1861-2, the majority of these men purchased land on credit, far too hastily and imprudently in many cases, and the liabilities thus incurred have hampered them ever since. In the central province of Kostroma—to take only one instance out of many—the land, which is there of a stony and ungrateful character, worth perhaps fifty kopecks (35 cents) per dessiatine (21½ acres), has been sold to the peasants for nearly thrice that amount; and those who had not the purchase-money in hand at the time—naturally a very large majority—are actually paying interest upon it at the rate of six per cent. in addition to a poll-tax of fourteen to sixteen roubles (§11 or §12) upon every male belonging to them. In truth, of all the disasters which can befall the Russian laborer, the most fatal is the incurring of a debt, however small. Once ensnared, he can seldom, if ever, free himself from the clutches of the rapacious usurers who are the curse of provincial Russia, fattening upon the misery of the people like vultures upon carrion. In many of the central provinces, it is no uncommon thing to meet with a field hand who has mortgaged his entire summer's labor in advance, for a pittance of food barely sufficient to keep himself and his family from absolute starvation, without any question of *wages* whatever. Under such conditions, what hope of improvement can there be for either land or cultivator?

[If a brief digression would not be out of place, it should be remarked, that this anomalous relation between the rich and the poor—between the landsharks and their helpless victims—is not, unhappily, confined to Russia. The country

that boasts of leading the world in civil and religious liberty, has its small army of landlords who have possession of the soil, and compel their tenants, on pain of starvation, to support them. And besides the abuses of rapacious landlords, usurious money exchangers have possession of the commerce of every civilized capital in Europe and America, and can put up the price of bread and put down the price of labor, *ad libitum*. Christendom seems to have run mad with greed of other people's earnings. America is but little behind England in this respect. The landlord exacts the time "honored" ten per cent. for the use of his property, and feels aggrieved and becomes aggressive if the extortion is not paid in advance. The manufacturer must have his seven per cent. on the capital invested in his business, in addition to his profits, or he feels despoiled of his rights, and justified in reducing the wages of his employes. This greed of usury is, we repeat, prevalent throughout Christendom. In Russia, this rapacity appears more hideous because of the extreme destitution of the class against which it is practised. In the western world it seems less hideous only because the masses are able, despite its existence, to keep themselves, for the most part, above actual pauperism. How long they will be able to do so, in the face of the increasing exactions of a growing multitude of capitalists, landlords and bondholders, all hungry for profits, discounts and dividends, which they do not earn and have no right to possess, is a question not easily answered. The evil is certain to continue, however, until the oppressed classes compel the masters of mankind to submit to a new "deal," and society, profiting by the bitter experience of the past, inaugurates an era of justice and good-will. Pauperism is certainly on the increase in western Europe as well as in Russia and America, which means, simply, that the conditions of life imposed by the dominant class on the lower, weaker, or less favored classes, are too hard for them to endure. How true it is that,

"Man's inhumanity to man makes countless thousands mourn."]

Another great drawback to the full development of the Russian corn-trade, is to be found in the peculiar character of

the native traders themselves. These are for the most part men of little or no education, usually springing from the peasant class, and not unfrequently from that portion of it which was in a state of actual slavery up to the emancipation of 1861. Wealthy as many of them are, they still retain the slavery dress, the uncouth habits, the coarse speech and frequent oaths, of their former condition. Few, if any of them, have ever crossed the frontier of Russia. Their travels are usually measured by an occasional journey to Moscow, or to the great fair at Nijni-Novgorod, which is too completely occupied with business to give them any leisure for observation. To expect the quickness and versatility of civilized commerce from minds thus unalterably fixed in one groove, would be manifestly absurd. The average trader's idea of business is as primitive as his brother-peasant's idea of farming. Of the daring and complicated operations carried on by the great capitalists of other lands, he has no conception whatever. His boldest flight in this direction is to hoard up his corn for three or four years together in the hope of a famine, and then sell at a fabulous price whenever that happy contingency shall arrive. Not long ago, a friend of the writer was expostulating with a rich native merchant at Voronej upon his negligence in not deepening the river which flowed past his premises, sufficiently to permit the passage of barges, in which case his profits would be nearly doubled. But the Russian answered with an air of perfect conviction: "It's impossible. My mill, yonder, to be sure, has deepened the channel a little, but a mill can do what a man can't." Thus, the very fact which showed the possibility of the undertaking, was, in his eyes, the strongest proof of its impossibility. To preach enterprise and improvement to such men as these, would be as hopeless as reading poetry to an oyster.

Nor is this all. Nature, as well as man, has placed in the path of national commerce obstacles of no trivial kind. Allusion has already been made to the various scourges which beset the Russia harvest; but such disasters are only occasional, and often of very limited extent. Far more formidable, because more difficult to avert, are the effects produced by a

climate where the winter lasts unbroken from November till April. At any moment during the spring thaw, the farmer may find all his labors placed at the mercy of a sudden freshet, against which no precaution can avail. As the snow falls, so must it lie; and the accidental lodgment of the winter drifts will often decide the fate of a splendid harvest in the ensuing season. Nor, even when the crop is safely reaped and garnered, are its owner's anxieties at an end; for then comes another problem equally trying, viz.: the means of transporting it to its destination. This is no light matter in Russia. In many of the southern provinces, the very post-roads are frequently so miry and so unsound, that it is no unusual thing to see a whole team wedged as if in a quicksand, and requiring the aid of a lever and shovel to extricate it. On the great central plain between Kieff and Kursk, after a long continuance of rainy weather, the traveller is occasionally puzzled by the sight of a stream which he does not remember to have noticed on his last journey that way, till the apparition of a toll-bar across it suddenly apprizes him that the supposed stream is really a submerged highway! During the terrible famines which have repeatedly devastated Russia of late years, it has more than once happened that men have died of hunger by scores, within a few miles of the food which would have saved them, but which the impassable condition of the roads rendered absolutely inaccessible. Such causes as these produced the fearful disasters which attended the converging march of the Russian armies toward Sebastopol in the autumn of 1854. Horses and oxen perished by hundreds in dragging the heavy guns through the sea of mud which covered the whole country, while the soldiers themselves dropped so fast along the line of march from disease, hunger, or exhaustion, that for years afterwards the fatal route could be traced as clearly as a map, by the whitening bones of men and beast.

For not a few of the evils above enumerated, the most obvious remedy is undoubtedly the infusion into the Russian empire of the skill, enterprise, and capital which it so urgently requires, by judiciously encouraging foreign immigration. But this is much more easily said than done. Conditions of life,

such as those which we have attempted to depict—especially when supplemented by the almost irresponsible tyranny of the provincial authorities, the well-authenticated instances of which would sound absolutely incredible to untravelled readers—are scarcely calculated to attract many colonists, despite the tempting offers of freehold land and stock perseveringly held out by the Russian government. Over all such inducements, Johann of Zurich, and Hans of Breslau, and Ludwig of Königsberg, shake their heads with a sturdy *Nein, das geht nicht!* and prefer remaining quietly at home, or, in case of need, trying their fortune in America;* while the Russian peasants, far too weak both in numbers and energy to meet the requirements of the vast territory which they inhabit, plod on in the same unchanging round, under the benumbing influence of that creed which has paralyzed the Slavonian race for centuries: “What was good enough for our fathers is good enough for us.” What Russia’s greatest fortress was, after the battle of the Alma, so is Russia herself now—a colossal stronghold inadequately garrisoned.

Such, then, are the hindrances which beset the agricultural industry of Russia; and in the face of obstacles so formidable and so manifold, the wonder is not that it should be as backward as it is, but rather that it should ever have been able to advance half so far. Nevertheless, its present condition, in spite of all these drawbacks, gives ample promise of future development. During the ten years which have elapsed since 1869, the grain-producing region has been opened by the railways, not indeed to anything like an adequate extent, but still quite sufficiently to give a marked impetus to the export trade, and bring the ports of the Black Sea into direct communication with the great commercial centres of the interior. A single glance at the map will give the general outline of the transport system.

The natural outlets of the corn-growing zone of European Russia are obviously Odessa on the west and Taganrog on the

* Most of the German settlers in Russia are either tradesmen established in the great cities, or overseers in the manufacturing districts. German farmers and land-owners (except on the Lower Volga) are comparatively rare.

east, the former lying in the north-west angle of the Black Sea, and the latter at the point where the Don discharges itself into the Sea of Azoff. Up to the present time, however, Odessa has absorbed the lion's share of the seaport trade. Nor is the reason of this inequality hard to discover. The Don, which, if available as a highway of traffic, would pour through Taganrog a sufficient trade to make it one of the most important places in the empire, is debarred of this distinction by the extreme shallowness of its channel and the countless shoals which obstruct it.* But if the river itself is bad, the Sea of Azoff, into which it flows, is infinitely worse. In the emphatic words of a native critic, it is "not a sea, but a pan." Its shallowness is such, that vessels of any considerable draught and tonnage are actually compelled to anchor not less than twelve, and sometimes fourteen, miles from the harbor itself, loading and unloading by means of tenders and lighters. Under such conditions, the preference given to Odessa, and its present rank as *the* grain port of Europe, are easily accounted for.

But between the two ports there lies a third, which, in the judgment of not a few Russian experts, is destined one day to rival, if not actually to surpass them. The renown of Sebastopol as a formidable fortress and naval port have, until very recently, cast completely into the shade its matchless qualifications as a commercial haven; but these are at last beginning to be recognized as they deserve. Placed, as it is, half-way to the northern entrance of the Bosphorus, completely sheltered from rough weather by its encircling hills, and possessing the crowning advantage of being the only Russian harbor never closed by ice at any season, the great Crimean seaport seems specially formed by nature for a commercial emporium of the first order. From its narrow mouth, which is defended by the two great forts that figured so prominently in the famous siege of 1854-5, the main harbor expands into a smooth land-locked bay a mile and a quarter in length, deep

* In the Lower Don, between Kalatch and Rostoffs, there are no fewer than thirty-nine sand-banks, and it is nothing unusual to see a Cossack coolly riding across the stream, just in front of some passing steamer!

enough to float a three-decker close to the shore. At right angles to it, not far from the mouth, branches off a smaller harbor about half as long, known as the "Man-of-War Haven," which forms the eastern boundary of the town of Sebastopol itself.

The connection of all these ports with the great commercial centres of the interior has been established only within the last few years; but it is already beginning to bear fruit. The prolongation of the Moscow-Kieff railway to Odessa, completed in the spring of 1870, has brought the great southern port within three days' journey of St. Petersburg itself, and augmented its trading facilities tenfold. The western line from Odessa to Kishineff—the same by which the Russian troops were brought up to the Roumanian frontier at the outset of the late war—has opened up the corn-lands of Bessarabia, while the cross-line from the Odessa-Kieff railroad to Kharkoff (crossing the Dnieper at Kremenchug) has done the same for the whole western portion of Little Russia. From Kharkoff itself, as the great southern railway centre (connected with Moscow by a line via Kursk) radiate two very important commercial highways—the one running south to Sebastopol, via Ekaterinoslav and Simferopol, the other to the two ports at the mouth of the Don, Rostoff and Taganrog. The latter place is connected with Moscow by another and more direct route up the Don valley, which establishes communication with the two great internal centres of the corn trade, Voronej and Tamboff; the former lying in the track of the main line, and the latter being connected with it by a branch from Kozloff, recently prolonged to the great manufacturing town of Saratoff on the Volga.

The important possibilities suggested by the opening of these and other highways of national commerce, naturally called attention to the defects of Taganrog as a trading post, and the corresponding advantages possessed by Sebastopol. As early as January, 1871, an elaborate scheme was propounded by a native expert for utilizing the latter's capabilities for purposes of traffic. This project comprised the construction of the line which now connects the place with the railway

system of the interior, and the more daring scheme of uniting its harbor with that of Balaklava by means of a canal. This canal—the cost of which was estimated by its projector at 14,000,000 roubles (\$10,500,000) was to follow the course of the Tchernaya (Black) River, and curving around the heights of Inkerman, to meet the farthest extremity of the “Great Harbor,” thus providing both trading vessels and ships of war with a line of retreat completely unassailable by a naval force. “It would also be advisable to construct,” continued the projector “a stone quay, ten thousand and twenty-five feet along the western side of the Man-of-War Haven, for the loading and unloading of merchant-vessels—a spot recommendable both from its convenient depth of water, and its proximity to the site chosen for the railway depot at the mouth of the Vorontzoff Ravine.” The more pressing cares of foreign war and internal dissensions, with the financial straits superinduced by them, have hitherto prevented the completion of this well-conceived enterprise; but its advantages are now so generally recognized, that its final accomplishment is probably a mere question of time. *

Time, indeed, is all that Russia needs to extricate her from many of the difficulties by which she is now beset. With advancing civilization will come freer intercourse with other lands, internal reforms and improvements, foreign immigration, foreign industry, foreign capital. Scientific cultivation will gradually supersede the antiquated and clumsy methods of farming which are now in use, and will thus carry the productive power of Russia far beyond its present limits. New lines of railroad will complete the still very imperfect system of transport. The forest-lands of the north will be cleared and cultivated. Science and industry will claim tens of thousands of acres in Poland and Lithuania, which are now bare moorland or unwholesome morass; and the waste places of the empire will be changed into populous and self-supporting districts. The Slavonian race cannot, indeed, hope to rival

* Kertch and Nikolaieff, as harbors of minor importance, and not so absolutely commercial as Odessa and Taganrog, have been purposely omitted in the present survey.

the fertility of invention and the untiring enterprise which have made the American name famous throughout the world; but although the United States seem destined to occupy the first place among agricultural nations, Russia may fairly consider herself secure of the second.

ART. VI.—THE ETHICS OF UTILITARIANISM.

THE first germ of Utilitarian ethics is found in the teachings of Epicurus, condensed in the following four propositions: The pleasure which produces no pain is to be embraced. The pain which produces no pleasure is to be avoided. The pleasure is to be avoided which prevents a greater pleasure or produces a greater pain. The pain is to be endured which averts a greater pain or secures a greater pleasure. The doctrines expressed in these four canons naturally became debased in the hands of Epicurus' disciples; the docile imitator never ascending so high as his master, the inventor. Thus the *pleasure* of Epicurus came to be identified with mere animalism.

It was not until Mandeville offered his low idea of pursuing virtue for policy's sake that any attempt was made to revive the system of Epicurus. From the time morality first became an object of consideration, even down to the present day, the vast majority of mankind have been moved to do good and hindered from doing evil for policy's sake, or from fear of offending society. Hobbes, Locke and Hume largely aided in extending, as well as improving, the doctrines of Mandeville. But the work of relegating what were then isolated ideas, and weaving them into one fabric was left for Jeremy Bentham.

The well-known greatest-happiness-greatest-number-principle, the phraseology of which is better known than its meaning, was the corner-stone of the foundation of Bentham's theory of ethics, whose treatise on which was admirably supported by James Mill. In the writings both of Bentham and Mill, there seems an unexpressed acceptance of the doctrine of human depravity insinuating a corrupt element into their system. It required a nature full of the enthusiasm of

humanity, with as much vigor of thought as was possessed by Bentham or James Mill, to show the truth and beauty of this greatest happiness principle. Such a nature was John Stuart Mills; and in his singularly clear and profound work on Utilitarianism is contained a lucid explanation of what the principle means, what sanction it has, and of what proof it is susceptible.

The utilitarian theory of ethics is founded on the proposition that the end of all human action is happiness; in other words, pleasure and exemption from pain. The pursuit of happiness is an unconscious as well as a conscious end, and as much a law of human existence as breathing or the circulation of the blood. In the purely animal state the object of every action is for the highest good of the actor. In overcrowded cities there are many to whom the satisfaction of hunger is the only good; yet this pleasure is sufficient to demand almost a life of pain to acquire it; so also are the pleasures belonging to the accumulation of wealth, and the love of fame and power. But with mental growth come new pleasures and pains. To the honest student no branch of knowledge is free from painful drudgery. The body must suffer that one may reach the pleasure derived from reason and imagination. In a more advanced growth, it is a greater pleasure to live in pain at the behest of duty, than to neglect the duty; a greater pleasure to renounce life itself, if the renunciation accords with the ideal of right, than to live and fall short of that ideal.

The effort to find happiness has brought mankind out of barbarism into civilization; knowledge, therefore, is more desirable than ignorance, and altruism than selfishness. Although knowledge brings with it a dissatisfaction and weariness of spirit, such as does not exist in a state of ignorance, it is still preferable. The ignorant man may prefer his carelessness and indifference to the anxieties and responsibilities of knowledge; yet, who is there possessing culture and bearing the pains accompanying it, that would change his condition for a state of unconsciousness of the beauties of external things. The ignorant can only appreciate their own condition; while

the cultured can appreciate both, and are the only judge as to which of the two states is preferable. "Better," says J. S. Mill, "be a dissatisfied Socrates, than a satisfied pig."

But knowledge is not the only source of happiness. It is essential to cultivate the emotions and train them to altruistic ends; for he is the happiest who never asks himself what he shall do to be happy, but bends his best energies to promote the interests of others. This is the mental tone Utilitarianism aims at. It employs an already existing human force, viz.: the desire for happiness, and applies it to feasible and useful ends.

Among the many charges brought against this theory, two of an entirely opposite character invite special attention—a fact showing how much the theory is misunderstood. One class of opponents claim that Utilitarianism steals from Christian ethics; while another regards it as the embodiment of selfishness. The advocates of Utilitarianism do not shrink from using those elements in Christianity consistent with their principles, any more than does Christianity exclude the teachings of the Stoics, the Epicureans and other Pagan philosophers.

In his essay on Bentham's defence of Mill, Macaulay finds opportunity to charge the greatest happiness-principle with piracy. "The greatest happiness-principle of Bentham," he says, "is included in Christian morality, and to our thinking, it is exhibited there in an infinitely more sound and philosophic form than in the utilitarian speculations. 'Do as you would be done by; love your neighbor as yourself,' these are the precepts of Jesus Christ. Understood in an enlarged sense these precepts are in fact a direction to every man to promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number. But this direction would be utterly unmeaning, as it actually is in Mr. Bentham's philosophy, unless it were accompanied by a sanction. In the Christian scheme, accordingly, it is accompanied by a sanction of immense force."

This shows clearly that Macaulay regarded utilitarian ethics as devoid of sanction. Is not the record of mankind the strongest sanction of which we can conceive? Is human experience to go for naught? Ever since mankind have been able to appreciate good, has not the effort to benefit others

always been applauded when recognized? The conscience of each individual is what we might call an internal sanction. Derived from early associations together with a chaotic mass of feelings and ideas, it represents to each one his ideal of right. This conscience is the instigator of all good. A careful attention to its warnings, with the help of liberal culture, will do more to foster and sustain a virtuous life than precepts given from any authority however high.

Macaulay affirms that the greatest happiness-principle is included in Christian morality. Of course, he does not admit Utilitarianism to be a principle, for he would then be guilty of a gross solecism. Christian ethics comprise a number of precepts, and in precepts no principle can be included.

The other charge, that of selfishness, is made by no less an authority than Mr. Lecky. In fact, selfishness and Utilitarianism are to him synonymous terms. He so far misunderstands its spirit as to claim that it sanctions acts of injustice and even crime. This error is due to too narrow a view of the aim of the happiness principle. Experience has shown that freedom of action and thought promote the happiness of mankind; that the principle of liberty must be upheld to as full an extent as the condition of people will allow. To violate a principle in order to get rid of an obstacle to progress is not in accordance with utilitarian ethics. "If a man be 'convinced,' says Mr. Lecky, 'that no act which is useful can possibly be criminal; if it is in his power, by perpetrating what is called a crime, to obtain an end of great immediate utility; and if he is able to secure such absolute secrecy as to render it perfectly certain that his act cannot become an example, and cannot, in consequence, exercise any influence on the general standard of morals, it appears demonstrably certain that on utilitarian principles he would be justified in performing it.'"^{*}

No man of expanded vision could be convinced that "no act which is useful can possibly be criminal." He would perceive that an act might be useful to a few, but injurious to a great many. A well-devised system of robbing the

^{*} *History of European Morals*, Vol. I, chap. I.

community may be useful to the few who manage municipal affairs in New York city, but it is hurtful to the community. No honest man could console himself with the thought that any base act might be free from detection. The feeling of absolute secrecy would have no weight with him. Mr. Lecky uses the expressions, "great immediate utility." The utilitarian moralist recognizes no great immediate utility which demands the violation of any principle established by experience. Useful and not useful are relative terms, like right and wrong, and can only be measured by what mankind have shown themselves able to perform.

But let us examine further into the ethics of these adverse criticisms. "If I am convinced," says Mr. Lecky, "that utility alone constitutes virtue; and if I am meditating any particular act, the sole question of morality must be whether that act which is on the whole useful produces a net result of happiness. To determine this question, I must consider both the immediate and remote consequences of the act; but the latter are not ascertained by asking what would be the result if every one did as I do, but by asking how far, as a matter of fact, my act is likely to produce imitators, or affect the conduct and future acts of others. It is quite clear that no act which produces, on the whole, more pleasure than pain, can on utilitarian principles be vicious. It is, I think, equally clear that no one could act consistently on such a principle without being led to consequences which, in the common judgement of mankind, are grossly and scandalously immoral."

Mr. Lecky talks about the net result of happiness as if the influence of human beings upon one another were as easily grasped as the profit and loss in a merchant's account books. The greatest happiness-principle is often too remote from the particular meditated act to be directly appealed to. There are subservient principles and interests which must be considered in the solution of a difficulty; recognizing these is recognizing the greater. In placing a book upon the table instead of letting it fall from my hand, I am considering the safety of the book, not the law of density of bodies, or the law of gravitation; yet the act recognizes them. It is perfectly clear "that no act which

"produces on the whole more pleasure than pain can, on 'utilitarian principles, be vicious ;' but it is necessary to be very careful how we estimate pleasure and pain. When we think of the pleasure which might accrue to hundreds of people by the violation of a principle, we are apt to forget the pain involved in the future by that act of retrogression. 'The fathers have eaten sour grapes and the children's teeth are set on edge.'"

In the ample quotation from Mr. Lecky, given above, there is a passage containing the true utilitarian spirit, enjoining every moralist to consider how his act is likely "to produce imitators and affect the conduct and future acts of others ;" while in the last sentence we are told that acting on "such a principle," would lead to "consequences which, in the common judgment of mankind, are grossly immoral." The facts will not bear out this statement. Intelligent conduct, which regards the interests of others, is never grossly and scandalously immoral in the judgment of mankind.

"If what we call virtue," says Mr. Lecky, "be only virtuous because it is useful, it is only virtuous when it is useful." Virtue and happiness, *i. e.* what is useful, are inseparable. When is chastity, integrity, or benevolence, not useful? These are qualities admitted to be good because they produce happiness. The establishment of liberty has been fraught with terrible human suffering, both in mental anguish and bodily torture; thousands have been slaughtered by massacre, inquisition, and *coup-d'état*; sacred homes have been made desolate, cities have been sacked, and those feelings which are dear to the human soul have been rudely violated. Tongue cannot tell the pangs that have been endured before liberty reigned supreme. Were it not that liberty brought peace and happiness, it would never have been admitted into the economy of mankind. It costs too much for anything less than happiness.

What demand this selfish theory, as Mr. Lecky calls it, makes upon its adherents? It recognizes that each one seeks his own happiness of necessity. It claims that the best method of finding it is to make others happy, not with selfish deliberation, but because it is right. The greatest happiness-principle

demands of every follower an earnest endeavor to develop his being to the utmost. It demands a life of sympathy, privation and labor. It is for the moralist who questions this, to find some other and better principle. If patience and labor spent in relieving the wants of mankind; if devotion and energy given to bring about a larger measure of justice; if even martyrdom in a good cause can be called selfish, because the laborers in these different fields of action prefer it merely to the satisfying their bodily and æsthetic wants; then Utilitarianism is selfish indeed, for it not only sanctions but urges this kind of conduct. It might be well to amend our nomenclature. Actions which have for their end the individual's interest, and actions which have for their end the interests of others, ought not to be characterized by the same word—selfish. Selfishness is usually applied to the former class of actions. "All pleasures," says Bain, "are self-regarding; it is impossible to have pleasure outside our own mind." The devotee, the martyr, the hero, seek their pleasure as much as the gourmand, the libertine and the miser; but what a vast gulf between the two! Pleasure-seeking is part of our nature. It cannot be eluded. The question is how to direct and give efficiency to this tendency.

The end which is sought in life as taught by Utilitarianism is also a standard of morality, a test of right and wrong. Whatever morality Christian ethics teaches, the strongest enthusiast cannot claim that it supplies a test of right and wrong. It is full of good rules and guides; but rules and guides are only useful in particular and concrete cases. When circumstances are complicated, he who wishes to decide as to his best course, after having extricated and arranged the facts from the surrounding mass of confusion, needs some test to enable him to determine which body of facts is of the gravest import. The greatest happiness-principle meets just that want. It is an ultimate principle which does not come into immediate contact with the details of life. Let us take a familiar example: A clergyman has a bishopric offered him. It is either better for him to accept, or to refuse it; one course is right, the other wrong. He can find out the right

by appealing to the utilitarian principle; but the appeal cannot be direct. He cannot ask himself which course will promote the greatest happiness of the greatest number; but rather, which course harmonizes more with those principles and interests promotive of the greatest happiness of the greatest number. He must consider his fitness for the position, the interests of those connected with him in the prospective bishopric and of those still under his guidance, the good of the Church, and, above all, the best method of advancing those truths which, according to the dictum of human experience, make men happy. But as the Bible and Prayer-Book are often in requisition to help men to live right, Utilitarianism is not unfrequently appealed to under the name of Christianity. In simple cases there is no need of appeal to any test, such having been decided by mankind in the process of discovering right from wrong. It is when the circumstances are intricate, that some principle by which a conscientious man can arrive at a sound decision, is needed.

Many questions of right and wrong are settled by the common-sense of mankind. It is no longer a question whether a citizen of intelligence should have a voice in the legislature, but it is a question whether women should share in it. It is no longer a question whether crime be permitted by the State, but it is a question whether education should be compulsory. It is no longer a question whether one has a right to enjoy the results of his own faculties, but it is a question whether a person ought to inherit unlimited wealth. Utility is the ultimate appeal in these questions. What is useful must be determined by a careful analysis and synthesis of human experience. But, we may be told, that one is liable to make wrong inferences as to what is useful; that it is as difficult to know what the principle teaches as to decide right from wrong; as difficult to know the test as the thing tested. Our opponents may fairly ask: Who is to take care of the custodian? While knowledge is limited to sensation there never will be absolute truth. The mind cannot get outside of itself; an infallible test is therefore impossible. Straight lines are not perfectly straight, nor are the best scientific experiments absolutely accurate. We must

accept the dogma that health and happiness are good, and having already sufficient experience to know what conduces to these ends, we must patiently labor to make them more universal and more complete. Accumulated experience is continually facilitating the use of such a test, thus solving the problem how it can best be applied.

There was a time when it was considered wicked to speak ill of kings. Men and women were taught in the nursery to regard the king as almost infallible, "the Lord's anointed," against whom nothing should be said. But it came to be known that some kings were wicked, corrupt and weak, the tools of cunning counsellors, robbing the State for their selfish ends. Then the people had to rise up and institute checks to regulate these rulers. The feelings belonging to the sentiment, honor the king, became less sacred, and free speech grew to be recognized as a right. Liberty was allied to utility, and found to be precious because of its utility. So, too, a very early stage of human experience taught mankind that chastity worked for their best interests. But it does not follow that liberty and chastity are intuitive truths. To persons brought up in centres of civilization, without knowing the past, a difficult conclusion might be readily accepted; but the pages of history and daily observation clearly show that these truths are not intuitive, but have been learned by bitter experience; the test of their truth being in the happiness produced.

We come now to another aspect of the subject, which has scarcely been hinted at even by its best advocates. Utilitarianism is capable of being adopted as a religion. There are certain requirements to be fulfilled, in order to make a religion complete: these can be embodied in three divisions. It must, firstly, direct motive power; secondly, guide conduct; thirdly, supply consolation. In these days of free thought and scientific attainment, no doctrine or body of doctrines, can take a tangible hold of the human mind which forbids inquiry on any one subject. Free thought is too aggressive to allow of beliefs which are opposed to the dominion of reason. Intelligent men and women are already

finding a religion which meets the requirements of their natures, at once free from superstitions, and harmonious with liberty in all its phases of thought and action. Such a religion is Utilitarianism.

Let us see how it meets the requirements as stated above. Utilitarianism directs motives by engendering a love for mankind. History teems with instances of the power of patriotism to evoke all that is noble in man's nature. In patriotism is contained that feeling of love to one's belongings, which is observed in the father towards his family and the burgess towards his city. The patriot knows the history of his country, is acquainted with its failures and successes, its trials and triumphs; he has learned to honor the heroes who have spent their strength for its prosperity; it is engraven in his nature that he is part of the progressive power, and he freely assumes his share in the struggle for his country's growth. A wider knowledge would extend this love, rooting out the prejudices allied to sectionalism, and giving freer scope to thought and sympathy. The patriot would then become the world-lover. All enterprises for the uplifting of his fellows would have his sympathy from whatever part of the globe they came. He would countenance no act on the part of the nation to which he belongs, prejudicial to the interest of sister nations; and as a statesman, his policy for national development would not be restricted to his own, but would aim to help other tongues and races. It is already known how much patriotism raises the tone of character and ennobles the motives. Imagine, then, a more comprehensive patriotism, world-loving—greater and more radical! This is the motive power which Utilitarianism seeks to infuse.

How can the utilitarian principle guide conduct? It has no written canon contained within a volume. Its dicta are found in what men have done in science, literature, and art; finding by a careful comparison those methods and productions which are of the greatest utility in each distinctive department, which alone can bring about improvement and progress. The guide then is experience. It is by experience we learn how best to administer to our bodily wants. We know

how to make our houses habitable and healthful, and how to furnish them in accordance with taste and refinement. We know how to supply the necessary foundation for our intellectual needs, and in a measure, how to satisfy them. We also know that it is good to cultivate our sympathies and those virtues which are essential to our well-being. Advanced experience will teach us the proper adjustment of the intellectual and moral qualities. When, therefore, the path of truth is strewn with difficulties, a watchful observance of self, an attentive ear to the voices of recognized leaders of thought, with a determination to do right, will clear up the difficulties and show the proper course to pursue.

What are called new experiences are really new combinations of old experiences. For instance, the art of legislation is not new; the government of large countries is not new; republics are not new; but the republic of the United States is a new experience—in other words, a new relation of parts. This view must be accepted in order to make experience useful; for the right in the minutest detail can only be discovered by repeated practise. Utilitarianism pays no regard to any one sacred book as authority or guidance in cases of extreme moment; all books are open to the truth-seeker, and in proportion as they shed light they become sacred. Truth alone is sacred. It alone is the *fiat* of human experience; the past is being tested by the present; the present awaits the judgment of the future.

How does Utilitarianism supply consolation? To those who delight to contemplate the ways of nature, while their souls are painfully stirred at the thought of the dark hour that millions of their fellows have experienced, and millions will yet experience, there is an intense pleasure in watching human progress, in witnessing the victory of truth over error. The feeling that useful thought and benevolent action have their due influence in helping to increase the sum of goodness, and the consciousness that a proper restraint on passion, grief and despondency are necessary to the cultivation of serenity and majesty of conduct, serve as a strong support in the sorest trouble, even in the saddest affliction.

There is a tendency among the prevailing religions to encourage the feelings of helplessness and dependence. The more these feelings obtain, so much the more need of consolation. To such as are unable to free themselves from this feeling, Utilitarianism has no meaning. It appeals only to those who have will enough to alter the alterable, and patience enough to accept the unalterable.

But what hope of eternal life is there in such a religion as this? Destroy hope, and you destroy life. In this philosophy there is room for infinite hope; hope for a partial removal, if not total eradication of poverty, pain and crime; hope for a higher cultivation of the best in man; hope for a deeper insight into Truth. The benefits and pleasures enjoyed today, are they not the fruit of past enthusiasm in noble deeds? Is it no consolation that the most insignificant of us, if faithful, will contribute something to posterity? Few of us can trace our influence—most of us must indeed be contented with mediocrity; but we know all that influences have their value. And the consciousness that the future will be better for our existence, ought to supply us with hope and inspiration.

These considerations are sufficient to indicate how Utilitarianism can direct motives, guide conduct, and supply consolation. No opinion can be pronounced on its efficiency as a religion, until it has been well tried in the crucible of human experience.

A system of ethics having a scientific basis, from which can be evolved a religion capable of evoking the noblest qualities, unencumbered at the same time by insoluble mysteries, must ultimately be accepted by the progressive mind. Religion cannot be taught to a person like grammar, or history; it comprehends more than an aggregation of facts which have to be classified and systematized. It is something to be infused into the character. The mere subscription to the doctrines of Christianity does not make a Christian. Many profess the sentiments and use the language of Christianity, who are utterly uninfluenced by its precepts, and act in entire variance to its spirit. They have been taught its doctrines in the nursery,

and learned them like so many rules of logic. To such, renunciation is an unknown quantity.

The essence of religion, be it observed, lies in the proper direction of the emotions. You cannot teach a man love and pity; but you can surround him with circumstances which will educe these feelings. So it is with all the religious emotions. They must be nourished by good example and proper environments.

All men have their ideal. There is honor among thieves. Even Sheridan's "Snake" was anxious that his reputation should not be sullied, when he so far fell from grace as to tell the truth. When the ideal is misdirected, and narrowed down to the mere satisfaction of the appetites, there is an absence of religion; but as soon as the feeling of duty and the interests of others occupy the mind, the religious element begins. The ideal reacts upon and inspires the conduct; and thus, the character is gradually and gently led into the higher and purer realms of justice and morality.

ART. VII.—THE DEVELOPMENT OF ART.

1. *Lübke's History of Art. Translated from the Seventh German Edition.* Edited, with Notes, by CLARENCE COOK. 2 vols. New York : 1878.
2. *The History of Ancient Art. Translated from the German of JOHN WINCKELMANN.* By G. HENRY LODGE. 4 vols. Boston : 1856-73.
3. *Ancient Art and its Remains.* By C. O. MULLER.
4. *Discourses on Architecture.* By EUGENE EMMANUEL VIOLLET-LE-DUC. Boston : 1875.
5. *Kügler's Handbook of Painting. The Italian Schools.* Ed. by SIR CHARLES EASTLAKE. 2 vols. London : 1847.
6. *Kügler's Handbook of the German, Flemish and Dutch Schools.* By J. A. CROWE. 2 vols. London : 1874.
7. *A History of Painting in North Italy.* By CROWE AND CAVALCASELLE. 5 vols. London : 1871-74.

IV.

THE transition from Michel Angelo to Raphael may be made through two contemporary painters, both Florentines, so rich in artistic gifts was this favored city. The first, indeed, Fra Bartolommeo, interchanged gifts with Raphael, teaching him his own method of color in return for instruction in perspective—for this Dominican brother is the best colorist of the Florentine school. His peculiar sphere is devotional painting, in which he is equal to the greatest and noblest masters. His sense of grace and beauty was exquisite; and

his figures, full of deep sensibility, are free in their action, nobly draped, and of a rare loveliness. He painted chiefly madonnas and angels, exhibiting the highest skill in the magnificent grouping and well-balanced composition of his works. In Andrea del Sarto, we miss the deep earnestness of the *frate*, but find a freer, more independent development, and often a much greater dignity. He, too, restricted himself to religious pictures, but he fills them with sensuous grace and loveliness, rather than with religious feeling and conceptions. His style, indeed, is naturalistic, while full of tenderness and sentiment. "His incomparable blending of colors, his delicate flesh-tints, his golden chiaroscuro, the transparent clearness even of his deepest shadows, and his entirely original and perfect style of modelling show, that his chief excellence is as a colorist." Italy had hitherto seen no colorist equal to him; and, except Correggio and the Venetians, has produced none since.

While all these artists were one-sided or incomplete, the greatest master of painting's golden age, the most consummate master of the art in all time, unites every gift in himself, and presents a well-nigh perfect combination of all intellectual endowments. The perfect beauty which is the expression of their harmony in the character of Raphael does not consist merely of sensuous loveliness or grace; it is permeated by deep thought, and characterized with intense power. Dominated by a correct morality, his beautiful forms express every feeling of the soul, from the tender to the sublime. So that it be pure and lofty, noble and sweet, any theme can call forth the genius of Raphael. Reared in the Umbrian school, he drew from it all it had to give, and in return rescued it, while yet a boy, from its stereotyped mannerism, and bestowed upon it a new and genuine life. At Florence, next, he imbibed the influences of Leonardo and Michel Angelo, gathered the best traits from all the Florentine masters, from Massaccio down, and learned from Bartolommeo a fresher method of coloring and the secret of symmetrical, yet free grouping. Such receptivity is almost feminine, and a lesser mind would have been swamped. But the greatness of Raphael lay

in that masculine vigor by which he could blend and assimilate these diverse influences, and, melting them in the glow of his own genius, develop from them a style peculiar to himself. No artist affords us greater delight in the growth and unfolding of his powers. Every change in his life brings progress in his art. From every master, beneath whose influence he comes, he appropriates what is essential of genuine worth. His powers become unbounded; he knows no limitations in the whole wide domain of art. He is as supreme in grand symbolical paintings, as in bold historical compositions. He treats with equal dignity, power and grace, the legends of Judæa and of ancient Greece. He is as great in portraiture as he is inexhaustible and thoughtful in religious painting. Even in the coloring, many of his creations may well compare, in clearness, depth and warmth, with the best works of the Venetian school. His powers are never hampered by the delicacy and concentration required in an easel-picture, nor are they over-matched by the breadth and grandeur demanded in frescos. While yet in early youth he embellished the splendid chambers of the Vatican with frescos which are the highest expression of the knowledge, the profoundest spirituality of the time, and the culmination of all the efforts and of all the progress made in Italian monumental painting from the time of Giotto. Like the frescos of Michel Angelo, these are beyond the power of words to depict. No language can convey any adequate idea of the majesty and delicacy, the breadth and concentration, the vigor and tenderness of these compositions. Besides these colossal works, Raphael executed ten cartoons for tapestries, which were woven at Arras in Flanders, and were intended to cover the walls of the Sistine Chapel. They portray the most important scenes in the lives of the apostles, and belong to his most finished creation, giving him the first place among historicodramatic artists. But the genius of this marvellous spirit glows with as divine a grandeur, in his madonnas and Holy Families. In these works he is most prolific, and in them his peculiarly Raphaellesque qualities are most fully developed.

Although he was never married he excels all artists

in glorifying the happiness of family life. Nothing is more fascinating than to watch the development, as he grew in years, of that simplest and purest of all human emotions—a mother's love, as displayed in his different creations. "The child-like diffidence of the madonnas of his earlier manner blooms out gradually into a gracefully-developed maidenhood, until they finally attain, in his ripest works, to the expression of a grandly free, motherly dignity, which is hallowed, however, by a mysterious charm of innocence and purity." The consummate grace of the Belle Jardinière, the yearning love and joyful adoration of the Vierge au Diadème bloom at length into a loftiness of invention, a beauty of drawing, and a rhythmic perfection of composition which unite in the grandest interpretation of this favorite subject—the Sistine Madonna. "It may be said, that, in this picture, Raphael has united his deepest thought, his profoundest insight, his completest loveliness, which is, and will continue to be, the apex of all religious art. His madonnas, and, in the highest sense, the Sistine Madonna, belong to no especial epoch, to no particular religious creed. They exist for all times and for all mankind, because they present an immortal truth in a form that makes an universal appeal."

It is readily seen that the greatness of Raphael lay, not so much in his possessing any new qualities, as in his perfect union of all qualities. He could not, therefore, be successfully imitated; and when his style became the common property of Roman artists, some fell into wild extravagances and others degraded it into a soulless, unlovely mannerism. Among the former was his most gifted pupil, Giulio Romano, who is seen at his best in the frescos of the ducal palace at Mantua, which illustrate scenes from the story of Diana and from the Trojan war.

With the three great masters of Italian painting, Correggio rightly takes his place. Inferior to these in the expression of the highest beauty and dignity, of grandeur of form and intensity of expression, he yet occupies the highest position as the creator of a new sphere in art of wonderful power and splendor.

For, while art had reached its highest development in many directions, there were others in which it had not yet attained perfection. Correggio was endowed with a rare exaltation of feeling, an excitable and ardent nature, and an intense susceptibility. From this character grew both his choice and treatment of subjects. His works are full of nervous life and motion, and overflows with joyousness. His figures are bathed as in a sea of joy and ecstasy, filled with intoxicating delight, rapture, passion. Severity, dignity, even gravity, are wanting; there is little rhythmical composition and the beauty that consists of harmony of line. He breaks all the laws of religious conception and artistic usage, to represent his figures in the expression of emotion and restless, outward movement. Sacred tradition has no bonds for him; he follows solely the promptings of his own nature. He is distinguished by an intensely subjective mode of conception. His style is sensuous, voluptuous, at times almost wanton. He delights in portraying the rapture of a passionate love. In the same way he treats his religious subjects. His madonnas and Magdalens have the same dewy, melting, bewitching eyes, the same raptuous smile, the same seductive charms, as his Danaë, his Leda, or Io. But he keeps his tone so pure and true, that the passion is felt to be of heaven, not of earth—the highest expression of a state of paradisaic innocence. In this sanctification of human passion, this apotheosis of the rapture of love, Correggio pursued a path yet untrodden, and won a new kingdom for the queen of the arts. But not only this: he gave to painting a new medium of expression of marvellous delicacy and power. He is the first artist who wagers systematic war against all flatness of surface, and in the struggle he discovered *chiaroscuro* and brought it to a high degree of perfection. His pictures are filled with a light which is interwoven with delicate reflections and transparent shadows. Light and shade melt into each other through exquisite gradations; but the greatest brilliancy never dazzles, the deepest shade has nothing of gloom. Half concealing and half unveiling his lovely forms, this *chiaroscuro* greatly heightens their attractiveness. Once discovered, Correggio

employed it with enthusiasm. It became the one great instrumentality through which his art works. For this he sacrifices style, design and grouping. All other things he casts aside for a composition in which effects of color may have their fullest display. And the beholder is induced to forgive all—is even silenced in criticism—by the indescribable charm of the result. “A picture by Correggio,” says M. Taine, “is a sort of ‘Alcinoüs’ enchanted garden where the bewildering seduction ‘of light wedded to light, the capricious and caressing grace of ‘waving or broken lines, the glittering whiteness and soft ‘rotundity of feminine forms, piquant irregularity of faces, ‘the vivacity, the tenderness, the abandonment of expression ‘and action combine to form an exquisite and delicate dream ‘of felicity, such as a fairy’s magic and a woman’s affection ‘would prepare for her lover.”

No step is more natural than that from Correggio to Titian. We left the Venetian school in its childhood. Giorgione and Titian were yet in tutelage. We return now to find it in the fulness of a magnificent bloom. That sensuousness and joyousness of life, which we have already described, has been increasing in intensity and seductiveness of charm. Starting from the basis of color, which Giovanni Bellini had raised to the importance of a new element in art, and, moved by the voluptuous spirit of the splendid city, Venetian painting henceforth surrenders itself to the quest of the beautiful through ways of its own choosing, and finds it in the glorification of simple reality, and in the pride and joy of existence. Its masterpieces portray the bewildering gorgeousness of Venetian life, idealized into shapes of immortal beauty. Other schools surpass this in the accurate treatment of forms, in profound, thoughtful choice of subjects, and in the expression of a deeply-stirred inner consciousness. But the Venetians win their glory through the expression of a life free from care, breathing in all the influences of beauty, and moving on with a most delightful joyousness and tranquility. Their figures, whether sacred or profane, are lofty with a noble grandeur, and steeped in the enjoyment of their own calm beauty. Rapture, exaltation, passionate strife, are far removed from

them. They exist for pure delight alone. But the chief characteristic of the Venetians is beauty of color. They develop mysterious effects, marvellous flesh-tints, the seduction of contrasts and transitions; and exhibit to perfection the splendor and brilliancy of robes and diamonds. In brief, they "relieve light on light." Yet all this luminous color is but the outgrowth of actual life and a natural healthfulness which is manifested in nobleness and purity.

The first step towards the complete liberation of Venetian art is made by Giorgione, who so develops the capacities of oil-painting, but lately introduced, as to give to the surface a richness and depth before unknown. He is the first artist to treat landscape with genuine poetic feeling; and the combination of this feature with *genre* subjects originates with him. He dies young, not, however, without having widened the domain and strengthened the powers of art.

Fortune is more generous with his rival fellow-pupil, giving to Titian ninety-nine years of life and ninety of labor with the brush. No other artist, except Raphael, ever led so rounded, joyous, and tranquil a life; and he stands, indeed, in the Venetian school, as does Raphael among the Romans. In the multifariousness of his powers he exceeds all other painters of his school. In a different line from Michel Angelo and Raphael, the excellencies to which he attains are not less high and true to nature than theirs. Large symbolical compositions, strictness of expression, forcible development of form, even ideal beauty itself, are beyond his aim, though not beyond his grasp. There is no sphere of painting, indeed, in which he has not produced masterly work; but his soul sympathizes most deeply with the representation of a tranquil existence. Simplicity, also, is a principal and distinguishing trait. In himself he brings to a focus the entire power of the Venetian school, and with incomparable vigor and depth raises it to complete freedom. He wields a bold brush, and deals with free, magnificent forms, and with clear, broad masses of colors, which are blended into harmony through the wonderful glory of his golden light. In most respects he stands in close congeniality with Correggio, but is distinguished

from him by his totally different aim. "Each is in love with life, but Correggio seeks animation and excitement, Titian reposes in quiet dignity. Correggio calls his figures into being only to make them the organs of particular emotions; Titian gives them, first and foremost, the grandeur of calm and satisfied existence. Correggio, in the warmth of his passion, has hardly patience to proceed to the development of fine forms, and therefore carries with him a modern air; Titian always builds the immovable foundation of abstract and general beauty. Finally, Correggio's chiaroscuro is something conditional and accidental, a phenomenon on the surface of objects. Titian's coloring is the expression of life itself."

Landscape and portraiture largely claim his pencil; but his soul is also drawn forth by the beauty of woman, the dignity of man, and the artlessness of childhood. He is the painter of the high-born and the wealthy, the intellectual, the noble, and the splendid. But the Christian qualities of humility and self-abnegation, the Christian life of poverty, struggle and sorrow, are little calculated to win his soul and employ his brush. Yet his favorite themes were devotional pictures; though these are filled with the splendid toilets, the glowing, rotund beauty of Venetian life. He delights as well in scenes from antique mythology, for he is the greatest artist and noblest interpreter of sensuous beauty. His nude women, however, display their charms free from warmth, innocent, thoughtless, almost soulless—just living because they are beautiful. In his treatment of landscapes, which he so freely employs, he completes the development of the school introduced by Giovanni Bellini, and handed down, later, through Carocci and Domenichino, to Claude Lorrain and Poussin. In short, he expanded the field of painting tenfold. The range and tendency of his art give him one of the first places among the painters of all times. Very few indeed compare with him in magnificence of conception, and in the embodiment of everything lofty, significant, and dignified.

While the other schools of Italy were rapidly falling into

exaggeration and mannerism, after their vital breath was withdrawn by the death of the great masters, the Venetian continued for a time in fresh bloom and vigor; eclipsed, indeed, by the old masters in purity and loftiness, but vying with them in creative power, and carrying forward its cardinal principle to new and brilliant victories. While this arose partly from the continued prosperity of Venice, it was chiefly due to the enthusiastic study and imitation of nature.

Two masters are the glory of this latter period. Tintoretto, the first, bewilders us by the multitude and vastness of his works, by the rapidity of the execution and by his strong originality and vigor. Driven forth while yet a child from Titian's school, by the jealousy of the master it is said, he works desperately by himself, and startles the city by his power. He aims at the coloring of Titian and the drawing of Michel Angelo. His style is off-hand, yet always full of grand and meaning detail. Small care is bestowed on his compositions, but they are marvellous for their great masses of light and shade. His nude figures are muscular and vigorous; his altar-pieces noble and impressive; while he executed a few mythological paintings of superb treatment. The second of these masters, Paul Veronese, is greater and nobler than Tintoretto. His renown equalled that of Titian, and after the death of Titian and Michel Angelo, he became the first living master by virtue of the vitality and poetic feeling which he infused into a declining period of art. His drawing is most vigorous; his nude women are athletes, their beauty voluptuous, appealing more to the senses than to the soul, yet full of grace and poetry. But his greatest strength is in color, which he delights, above all, to employ in scenes of worldly pomp and magnificence. Even his sacred subjects are treated in this manner—filled with the forms, the costumes, the life of the sixteenth century and Venice. He revels in the glory and intoxicating pleasures of the joyous city. The world which he depicts is wild with triumphant delight, and peopled with a race magnificent in form and in beauty. He constantly strives to enrich his compositions, to cultivate more varied gradations and a grander scale of color than are found in the simplicity of

Titian. He especially loves draperies and ornaments. His works are full of these, and are all characterized by "grand architecture, gem-like color, tones of gold and silver, sparkling and crisp touch, marvellous facility of hand, and unrivalled power of composition."

In the North, the period of Renaissance painting opened even more gloriously than in Italy, which, indeed, received at the start a great impetus from Flemish art. Hubert Van Eyck, the founder of modern painting in the North, holds a rank as lofty as that of any pioneer genius, both by virtue of his adaptation and the employment of oil-painting, and the union, in his style, of the ancient lofty ideal with the youthful freshness of a quickened feeling for nature. Northern painting, however, in spite of this auspicious beginning, never reached the height of development attained by Italy. Not only was it limited—as has been shown—by the smallness of wall-spaces, and confined chiefly to altars, where, too, it had to contend with the passion for wood-carving; but, above all, it was deprived, by the exclusive culture of the Gothic, of opportunities for extensive exercise; and thus, the very fountain of its life was dried up. The North, moreover, lacked the breadth and grandeur of southern life. The sensuous splendor of Italian life was wanting here; likewise the influence of culture and of personal beauty. Suffering under all these causes, northern painting clung so tenaciously to the spirit of the fifteenth century that the best time and strength of its greatest masters were spent in efforts to redeem it from tendencies which they never wholly overcame in themselves. Then came Luther's great revolution. All earnest, powerful souls were turned aside from calm, artistic effort; and, to gain the perfect liberty of conscience, the North sacrificed, for many years, the fairest gifts of art.

Nevertheless, art here possessed its own peculiar advantages, chief among which are the warmth and depth of sentiment which glow even through imperfect forms; simplicity and truthfulness, with an inherent singleness of purpose; and, above all, the inexhaustible wealth of individuality displayed by its masters. Moreover, while Italian art was for the most

part aristocratic, that of the North was democratic, its popularizing tendency leading to the splendid development of the industrial arts—engraving on copper and wood.

The superiority of the Flemish school to all others in the North is chiefly owing to the same causes which gave the Venetians their artistic character. The Flemings and Hollanders were, indeed, the Venetians of the North. They dwelt in the midst of waters, in a moist and equable climate, the influence of which was to calm the passions and promote good humor. Their cities, also, were the wealthiest of the North, filled with a life almost as splendid as that of Venice, though less refined. The peoples of all Europe and the far East met in their market places, and the observation of the artist was quickened, his eye educated by the endless diversity in faces, dress, and manners. To all this we must add that in the Netherlands, as at Venice, nature made man a colorist. The flatness of the country destroys the sharpness of the line, and "the contours of objects "are softened, blended, and blurred by the imperceptible "vapor with which the atmosphere is always filled." "Model-ling, and not lines," says Burger, "is what always impresses "you in the beauty of the North. Form, in the North, "does not declare itself by contour, but by relief. Nature, "in expressing herself, does not avail herself of drawing, "properly, so-called. You might pass a year in Antwerp with- "out finding a single form suggesting the idea of translating it "by a contour, but simply by saliencies, which only color can "model."

The earth is of a lively green; the hues of water and sky are constantly changing. But the constant, scorching sunlight of Venice is not found; the atmosphere is colder and the clouds more frequent; hence arises a different gamut of colors, and a wide difference in coloring between the two schools. If to this we add the grossness and flabbiness of their flesh, the coarseness of their appetites, and the utter absence of the display of nudity—caused as much by their modesty as by the demands of climate—we have the chief reasons for the peculiar qualities which the Netherlanders

developed in art, as well as for the differences between their works and those of the Venetians.

Four distinct periods appear in the pictorial art of the Netherlands,* each corresponding to a distinct historic period; though the first, from Hubert Van Eyck to Quentin Matsys, comes properly within the Renaissance. In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, Flanders revels in sensual pomp and splendor, while Christian faith and sentiment are yet active and tenacious. Hence arises the twofold nature of its art. The symbolic age passes: artists' eyes are opened to the glories of nature and surrounding life; yet their work is also a glorification of Christian belief. Hubert Van Eyck, indeed, still retains the symbolic art method of the middle-ages, and regards painting as an exposition of higher theology. His grand earnestness and profound thoughtfulness are missed in his brother, Jan, who yet outstrips him by greater delicacy of details and extreme daintiness of finish. With Roger Van der Weyde, Van Eyck's greatest follower, figure-drawing again becomes vigorous and sharp, even to harshness and angularity; yet he notably enlarges the sphere of his art by his treatment of the most varied scenes of sacred story, in which he produces altogether new effects by the depth and strength of his expression. It is his pupil, Hans Memling, however, who exhibits in his works the very highest perfection which the Flemish school in its peculiar direction was able to reach; while at the same time, betraying the limitations which must at last end its progress. He surpasses all before him in miniature-like daintiness of treatment and in lifelikeness and realistic perfection. An atmosphere of charming sentiment, and a wealth of poetic ideas, fill his pictures. But panel-painting soon destroys the richest imagination and loftiest powers. Within these limits it was impossible for this school to attain again a full understanding of the human form, with its vital strength, which is so grandly exhibited by Hubert Van Eyck. Its warmth and refinement of feeling, acuteness of observation and depth of characterization, could not free it from the bondage of formalism. The only road to

* Taine's *Art in the Netherlands*.

freedom was that which the Italians had taken; and when, towards the close of the century, the Flemish masters became acquainted with Italian paintings, they directed their studies vigorously towards a more thorough knowledge of human anatomy, a more striking and impressive conception of the human figure, and a more life-like presentation of it. Under the new impulse the works of Quentin Matsys, although in coloring dull display a drawing which leaves little to be desired in point of anatomical knowledge, at the same time that they are distinguished by a more independent breadth of thought and by greater delicacy and depth of feeling.

The spirit of Flemish art soon spread through Germany, modified everywhere by the peculiarities of the numerous schools — occasionally approaching to the lofty spirit of antique art, as in Zeitblom—but produced no artist of high rank until we meet with the family of Holbein. In Hans Holbein, the elder, we see the idealistic tendency of the Flemings, working through the tradition of his native Swabia, the sentiment of ideal beauty, and the mild and strong harmony of color. His brother, Sigmund, an admirable artist, returned from a sojourn in Italy about 1508, and, bringing with him the ideas of the Renaissance, exercised a decisive influence upon the development of the younger Hans Holbein. But before the latter appeared on the stage there arose the man who rivals him as Germany's greatest master, Albert Dürer. Certainly, in richness of endowment, in creative wealth of imagination, in all-embracing grasp of thought, in the moral energy of earnest endeavor, Albert Dürer must rank first among German masters. But he was, unfortunately, bred in the school of Nuremberg, one of whose characteristics was a strong tendency to one-sidedness and ugliness, and in the workshop of Michael Wohlgemuth, who carried its peculiarities to extremes. Thus, although he compares with even Raphael and Michel Angelo so far as artistic ability is concerned, yet in all the peculiarities of expression, the clothing of the thought in beautiful forms, he is so oppressed by his native surroundings that he seldom attains that height of art in which strength and

form find equal expression. He sounds the depth of reality as few others have done; his knowledge of the human organism and the life of nature, the wealth of his ideas and imagination, are by no means mediocre. Yet he seldom attains to perfection of form, for his intense aspiration for a reality leads him to undervalue a higher style, even for ideal themes; and he draws the matter of his pictures from his own surroundings, never seeking for ideal types. Having got together a lot of Nurembergers, with all their coarseness of form and stolidity of countenance, he represents them just as they are, with no ideality, with even a knotty mannerism in the drawing, and an unpoetic treatment of the drapery. The fantastic tendency of his time culminates in him; but, while making necessary all those extravagances of form, it is the cause also of the inexhaustible wealth and depth of his productiveness. His greatness is thus genuinely national, and he has become the darling and pride of the German people. They feel that "hardly any master has scattered with "so lavish a hand all that the soul has conceived of fervid "feeling or pathos, all that thought has grasped of what is "strong or sublime, all that the imagination has conceived "of poetic wealth; that in no one has the depth and "power of the German genius been so gloriously revealed "as in him." He was not only a painter, designer, engraver on copper, carver in boxwood and soapstone, but he also wrote admirable essays on geometry, fortification and the proportions of the human body. In his religious works he breaks through the limitations of ecclesiastical conception, and portrays the sacred incidents in purely human fashion. In portraiture, he is remarkable for faithful, exact conception of life, and for fine drawing and pure modelling. In his paintings, he aims at completeness, with an execution bordering often on a miniature-like minuteness. Dürer is especially great in engraving. He was the first who made wood-engraving a powerful means of culture for the people. He developed its resources and brought it, in these respects, to unrivalled perfection. It is in engraving on copper, however, that his artistic qualities are seen at their highest. "The variety,

“freedom and certainty displayed in his use of the graver; “the fine gradations from the deepest shading, through “chiaroscuro, to the clearest light; all this imparts a genuine “picturesque effect to Dürer’s engravings. The landscapes in “these drawings are of incomparable beauty, occasionally, “perhaps, overladen with motives, but at the same time full “of the poetry of nature and of an individuality of meaning “which entitle Dürer to be regarded as the founder of north- “ern landscape art.”

Contemporary with the latter years of Dürer, worked Hans Holbein, the younger, one of the most precocious geniuses in the history of art, developing in an independent manner the qualities of the Italian school with which he was imbued. As the sole Northern painter of that day who attained to a free, magnificent style, he broke away from the wretchedly depraved tastes of his contemporaries, and portrayed the human form in all its beauty. Like Dürer, he is many-sided and thoroughly German; yet, in his dramatic, bold, and vigorous compositions the depth and strength of German art are softened by the influence of Raphael and the Italians. His portraits rank among the best works of this class in delicacy of conception, smoothness and truthfulness in the delineation of life, noble simplicity, and exquisite finish, united with superb freedom of treatment. He excels in miniature-paintings; and in wood-engraving, as in the “Dance of Death,” he displays his profound thoughtfulness, keen irony, with terrible power.

With Dürer and Holbein, German art reached its culminating point. The “Little Masters” that followed, produced many exquisite works, brightened by Italian influences, but far removed from the energy and impressive dignity of their predecessors.

We have already mentioned the extreme tendency towards the picturesque which arose in the latter half of the sixteenth century. While exerting a fatal influence on architecture and sculpture, this tendency gave to painting a strong impetus and prosperity, making that art, in the coming period, one of the most extraordinary and brilliant phenomenon in the history of civilization. In Italy, the Roman Church

gathered its powers for the conflict with Protestantism, and liberally patronized painting as a means of enhancing its glory and reviving the love of the people. Catholicism, indeed, entered into a compact with realism. The Italian schools now awoke from their dull mannerism, and two independent styles arose—each characteristic of the age, and each aiming to establish a fresh point of departure towards a freer development. The Eclectics strove to select and unite the best qualities of the great masters, and thus bring back the golden age of art; forgetful, it would seem, that the greatness of the earlier masters lay in their individual and peculiar qualities. Opposed to these were the Naturalists, who sought a return to nature, and endeavored with all their might to reproduce her forms. Inevitably, these schools reacted upon each other, and helped to check the tendency to extremes. The most important of the Eclectic schools was that of the Caracci, at Bologna; and Annivale Caracci attains marked success in reflecting the great masters whom he honored as prototypes. He is especially admirable as one of the first to practise landscape-painting as a separate department of art.

The most brilliant master of this time is, perhaps, Guido Reni. Gifted with a refined feeling for beauty, both in form and grouping, he would doubtless have attained the highest excellence, had he lived in a freer period of art. In the freshness and vigor of early inspiration, he is often tragic and grand. But he lacks soul. The restraints of his age and school overcome him. He copies the forms of celebrated antiques—especially in his heads—while losing entirely their spirit; and, yielding his vigor for greater delicacy and grace, he adopts, finally, a dead, inane, ideal type of womanly beauty, and loses even his charmingly fresh and tender coloring. The whole tendency of the school is towards affectation and elaboration; and it becomes, at length, melodramatic.

The Naturalists succeed better in expressing the character of the age. The times are wild and tempestuous, coarse and brutal. Political freedom has been overthrown, and social life upheaved. Men plunged into sensuality—not as in the previous age, because of their joyous natures—but to compensate

themselves for the bonds of tyranny and the sufferings of war. Spirituality is but a varnish—artists paint for the Church; but their madonnas are robust and lusty Venuses, displaying their charms with the zest of a courtesan. Strong passions—and these not elevated—are the chief themes of the Naturalists. Their foremost master is Caravaggio—the true child of his age, wild and passionate in his life as in his painting. In religious conceptions, even, he always takes the lowest plane. His figures are savage, ugly, even vulgar. His sacred personages are gypsies. Yet they are amazingly true to life, and preëminently tragic. His pictures are full of bold, strong coloring; sharp, glaring flashes of light and deep sombre shadows. They evince an originality and a nature so powerful as to ally him with Michel Angelo himself.

It is during this epoch that Spain, which hitherto had produced no great masters, first reaches the brilliant climax of its achievements in painting. Here art had been trammelled, through its profound association with ecclesiastical life, by the unsettled condition of the State and the impoverishment of the country. But now Spain becomes the chief seat of restored Catholicism, and painting speedily arises to a glorious development. Never have the purest monastic asceticism, the tenderest devotion, the ecstatic order of piety, and the grossest fanaticism been so glorified by art as they were by Spanish painters in the seventeenth century. Here, too, realism is the starting-point, and color the essential element, both due to the nature of the people, but influenced by the study of the Flemish and Italian masters. The school of Seville is the most important, and its greatest masters are Velasquez and Murillo. The first displays a vigorous comprehension of nature, harshly manifested in his early works, but afterwards with a refined and noble grace. After several visits to Italy, his style becomes much higher in tone, and more symmetrical. He is seen at his best in his portraits, with their incomparable life and vigor, effective conception, free dignified attitudes, beauty of composition, and bold, masterly treatment of color. But he is great also in landscape, genre-pictures, and religious compositions.

It is in Murillo, however, that Spanish art finds its highest development. In the religious pictures of this master, the characteristic national style is glorified into a passionate fervor, while the tenderest emotion and the wildest enthusiasm find an equally rich expression. Real life, too, even the lowest, he handles with rare freshness and vigor; and the art of coloring, and of soft, delusive chiaroscuro, as well as the delicate gradations of aerial perspective, he carries to an unparalleled perfection. In those pictures which represent the madonna in moments of ecstasy, Murillo attains a glowing, overpowering expression of religious enthusiasm, such as has seldom been surpassed by any other painter. Devout fervor, ecstatic emotion, child-like innocence, are his best loved themes.

Neither Italy nor Spain, however, was to bear the two masters who should tower above all their cotemporaries and mark this epoch as one of the grandest in art. These arose in the Netherlands, which had been long preparing for their birth. The change is gradual and closely connected with outward events. The discovery of the New World, the invention of printing, the Reformation, had enlarged the conceptions of men and broken the restraints of the Church. Art grows more worldly. Even in the preceding epoch, the pictures of Quentin Matsys and Lucas Van Leyden are religious only in name. The sacred personages are Flemish men and women, with the sensual faces and rich attire of the time. The influence, moreover, once exerted by the Flemings upon the Venetians is now returned, while they begin, also, to borrow from the artists of Florence and Rome. There is a return to realism, a growing study of the nude, and richer treatment of color and chiaroscuro. At the same time the northern love of nature steadily grows, and not only landscapes, but cattle, horses, and later, plants, fruits, and still-life attract the loving skill of the artists.

But, presently, a great crisis comes in the War of Independence; and, after a deluge of blood and suffering, the Northern provinces become Protestant and free, while the Southern fall back into the arms of Spain and the Church.

And the great crisis, as ever, produces its great men. "After
"an active generation which has suffered and created, comes
"the poetic generation which writes, paints, and models."

The great genius which Belgium bears is Rubens. His religious surroundings are Catholic; the social are sensuous. The Jesuits rule, and all sins are venial. Thus the people plunge into a sensual life, and endeavor to forget their past sufferings in present revelry. Out of these influences—but still more from his own artistic individuality, which was so strong that the study of the greatest masters could only feed, and not divert it—grows the art of Rubens. Passionate movement, keen delight in action, and deep and strong sentiment, are the elements of his style. To give these expression, he creates a whole race of beings of Titanic vigor, which differ from those created by the Venetians in that these were born for the noblest and highest sensuous enjoyment, but those of Rubens simply for fierce action. His figures, both sacred and Pagan, are superb: florid bodies, large, plump, and content. Madonna, Magdalen and Venus; Christ, Apollo, and Jupiter, all painted in the same style, all rotund, lymphatic, and seductive. Nor does he regard rules of balance in his compositions, or historic proprieties. The heaven of Homer, and of the Gospel, he fills with the same characters. His strength often becomes coarseness, especially in his nude figures. He is, indeed, the painter of the animal instincts. In his treatment of flesh he surpasses even the Venetians, no one having ever depicted its contrasts in stronger relief. No one equals him, either in depicting the soul and action, the instantaneous movement which alone a picture can portray. "Nobody has endowed figures with such spirit, with a gesture
"so impulsive, with an impetuosity so abandoned and furious,
"such an universal commotion and tempest of swollen and
"writhing muscles in one single effort. His personages speak;
"their repose itself is suspended on the verge of action; we
"feel what they have just accomplished, and what they are
"about to do." His pictures are not only crowded with beings, but with an almost inconceivable accumulation of brilliant and splendid accessories—arms, standards, temples,

canopies, colonnades, ships, and animals. His coloring and chiaroscuro are wonderful. He takes equal delight in lustrous silks, golden brocades, sunny hair, and white and rosy flesh. He is alike powerful in religious, legendary, mythological and historical scenes, and in *genre*-portrait, and landscape-painting; while he finds especial enjoyment and success in the representation of naked children, giving, in an incomparable manner, "the *naïveté* of expression, grace of movement, and the coloring of the full infantile limbs." And with all this, his fecundity is inconceivable. Notwithstanding that he is also an architect and a diplomatist—fifteen hundred paintings of his exist to this day. Ruben's death ended a career that hardly finds a parallel in the history of art for its eminent success in achievement, in brilliancy, and in fame. None of his scholars could follow in his footsteps, each being deficient in some element of his greatness. Van Dyck, however, the greatest of them—although having none of Rubens' fire—surpasses him in the intensity and nobility of expression which he gives to profound emotion. He is more sensitive and refined. With less glowing but more truthful colors he depicts noble and charming figures expressing tender, sweet, and sad emotions which Rubens never knew. But the Renaissance in Belgium has reached its highest mark. In a few years the national art and the national spirit perish together.

In the Northern provinces art takes an essentially different direction. It is not Catholic, but Protestant. The sternness of Calvinism is a large element in its character. This of itself would make it turn from the nude, but other causes are not wanting—the severity of the climate, and the innate chasteness of the Germanic race. The Pagan spirit of the Italian Renaissance meets therefore with no sympathy. The Dutch, moreover, are home bodies—living in-doors. They are famous lovers of art, but their pictures must necessarily be small, that they may be hung upon their walls. The people, too, are poor and practical in all their tendencies. Thus painting, banished by Calvinism from the churches, devotes itself to small works, ignores nudity, and spends its strength in the expression of that realism so characteristic of northern races;

and which now finds a second period of unrestrained development. Artists love to depict their countrymen sitting around their firesides, enjoying the comfort of home, which is so dear to the Dutch. This people is more interested in its town officers than in all the gods of Greece; a burgher's wife and daughter are infinitely more to them than Juno and Venus. They wish to see portraits—people whom they meet and know. Tavern scenes here supplant the revellings on Olympus. They love to see depicted the commonest details of every-day life—the toilet, the cooking, the spinning; even the barn-yard is dear. Under these conditions, no school has produced so many artists whose talents are original. Tradition has evidently no weight. There are no rules for postures, expression, or choice of subject. The whole field of nature and life lies open; each painter breathes his own spirit into his delineation of a fireside or farm-scene.

The one great man among them is Rembrandt. He brings to his art "a peculiar structure of the eye and a wonderfully wild genius." The first enables him to explore the mysteries of atmosphere, and to reveal them more successfully than other masters. His works impress us with a sense of mystery; they disclose their objects one by one, after patient search; it is as when we enter a dim room from the outer sunlight. The secret of this peculiarity Rembrandt draws from his climate. In Holland, the light, though clear and warm, is limited, and breaks through dense masses of shadow. The wild spirit of his genius, moreover, makes him love the stern, rugged, and sombre scenery of the North. He gives it with intense power, for it is indeed himself—Rembrandt, as well as nature. The same spirit governs his choice of character. Unlike the Greeks and Italians, who love the noblest and healthiest, he drags from the city-slums all the hideous and disgusting, the wretched and the brutal. While making his pictures disagreeable, this makes of him a great soul. He discovers the truth. He sees life as it is, not as we would have it. This peculiarly qualifies him for treating many Biblical subjects; and, "hence it is that, free of all "trammels and guided by the keen sensibility of his organs,

“he has succeeded in portraying in man, not merely the general structure and the abstract type which answers for classic art; but again, that which is peculiar and profound in the individual, the infinite and indefinable complications of the moral being, the whole of that changeable imprint which concentrates instantaneously on a face the entire history of a soul, and which Shakespeare alone saw with an equally prodigious lucidity. In this respect he is the most original of modern artists, and forges one end of the chain of which the Greeks forged the other.”

But, in Holland as in Belgium, this period of vigor is short. The national spirit dies out in both politics and art. Even the death-bed of Rembrandt is made hard by poverty and neglect; few knowing when his end has come. French and Italian influences come in like a flood. And in these, as in all countries, nobility of conception and grandeur of style have vanished. From the decay of the ancient spirit arise *genre* and landscape works, and pictures of fruits and flowers—in short, cabinet-paintings. But there are yet men of rank. Poussin and Watteau, in France; Leby, Reynolds, Gainsborough and West, in England; Teniers and Gerhard Dow, Rysdall and Backuysen, in the Netherlands; Salvator Rosa, in Italy; and Claude Lorrain, again, among the French. But art approaches in all its forms, a period of transition. With our own century, that epoch appears—one full of sharp contradictions, and out of which a future of really strong achievement can only be developed with persistent struggle.

ART. VIII.—JUDGE JONES' HISTORY OF NEW YORK.

1. *History of New York during the Revolutionary War, and of the Leading Events in the Other Colonies of that Period.* By THOMAS JONES, *Justice of the Supreme Court for the Province.* Edited by EDWARD FLOYD DELANCEY. 2 vols. 8°. New York: Printed for the New York Historical Society. 1879.

THE advent of the Centennial epoch of our nation's history has awakened a vivid interest in the events and incidents of the great struggle which secured the country's independence.

Since the day when one hundred years had elapsed after the first encounter at Lexington, the principal, and, indeed, many of the minor events of the Revolution, as their anniversaries occur, are being appropriately commemorated. The revival of the memories of the heroic deeds of our forefathers, from which have grown such immense results, cannot but have a salutary effect. When men are led to think and realize what amount of suffering was endured in the great contest by which their liberties were secured, they will be the more likely to appreciate them.

Amid the disturbing influences of sectional and other differences, a proper sense of how much was achieved by common and united action, will not be without its weight in maintaining and preserving what was won at so costly a sacrifice. Laudable, however, as is the spirit which has produced this vivid recalling of the past, we think the zeal of some of its promoters has occasionally been too fervid. In more than one instance, things are being brought to the light of day which it were better should sleep in oblivion. In a protracted seven years' war, embittered as it was, by intense feeling, and

which was in reality a civil war, much must have occurred, on either side, which it were well should be forgotten. Nothing is gained by resuscitating the private griefs, the unauthorized acts of pillage and cruelty, and all the other abuses which, "in hot digestion of this cormorant war," such a struggle must have engendered. When returning peace and good-will had supplanted the animosities of the war, memories like these should never have been revived.

It is for these reasons that we are induced to view the publication of the work before us as ill-timed, and unwise in many respects. It professes to be a history of New York during the Revolution; but the incompetency of the writer for presenting a fair and impartial account, even of *quæque ipse miserrima vidit*, is, we think, apparent throughout the work. From beginning to end, the book is a continuous arraignment of measures and men; nor, indeed, could it well have been otherwise. A man who had held for many years a high position under the royal government, belonging to a family of the most pronounced loyalty, his person attainted, his estates confiscated, reduced from affluence to comparative poverty, smarting under the wrongs he imagined himself to have sustained from his countrymen, deeply incensed with the ingratitude of his own government, sitting down in his place of exile to write the history of his times and of the struggle in which he was shipwrecked, it were asking too much of human nature to suppose that such a man could do so with impartiality. Granting that there is much in these volumes that is of interest to the general reader, and that we get from the author's vivid description of the men and manners of his time, a good deal of curious information, "the trail of the serpent is over it all." The virus of the author is everywhere painfully apparent. He is a man that Dr. Johnson would have loved, for he is emphatically a good hater.

No better illustration of the extent to which the author was influenced by his prejudices and passion in writing this book can be given, than the following passage: "If Great Britain, instead of expending £1,000,000 in pursuing the American war to no kind of purpose, had applied at the first

“only £200,000 to the same uses as the money given to Arnold was, the whole Rebel army, the Congress, and all the conventions and committees within the revolted Colonies might have been purchased.”*

It is melancholy to think that Judge Jones, after the successful termination of the war, should have allowed himself to indulge in such wholesale, malicious and unwarrantable vilification of the men who had borne the brunt of the war and achieved victory. We regret that language like this, so offensive and unjust, should not have been blotted from the manuscript before its publication. A proper regard for the memory of Judge Jones required that this should have been done.

It is impossible for the author to understand how any one could have embraced the cause of his country except from dishonest or selfish motives. While many men as capable, as highly trained, and as much favored in the possession of large wealth as Judge Jones, were putting their lives and fortunes at peril in resisting the unjust and oppressive acts of the king and his ministry, he could see nothing in their conduct to save them from wholesale condemnation. Such a feeling may be natural to one devoted to the government under which he had been reared, and by which he and his family had been honored, but it unfits him for being a competent historian. Actuated by these sentiments of hostility, Judge Jones gives no quarter to those who were maintaining the Revolution. To be a Presbyterian, Puritan and Republican, was sufficient to complete the climax of wickedness in the eyes of our loyal Judge. But if should be superadded the fact that the subject of his censure was a graduate of Yale College, there were no bounds to the Judge's anger. Although himself a graduate of that venerable institution, he does not hesitate to characterize his *Alma Mater*, on more than one occasion, as “a College remarkable for its persecuting spirit; its republican principles; its intolerance in religion, and its utter aversion to bishops and all earthly kings.”

In fact, in Judge Jones' opinion, men who were traitors to

* Vol. I, pp. 374-5.

to their king, might be supposed capable of doing anything else that was culpable.

The gossip of the Tory circle in which the author moved, and of which he was a prominent member, and the petty scandals of the hour, are the last stuff out of which history should be made. We protest, therefore, against the ambitious and misleading title which has been given to this work. Had the book been entitled "The Revolution in New York as seen and judged of from the stand-point of an ardent loyalist," we should have been forewarned as to the character of the narrative which was to follow, and of the degree of credibility to be attached to it. The book bears manifest evidence of having been written with a view to publication. Most assuredly such an intention, if it existed, should have been carried into effect during the author's lifetime, or at least before many of the persons who are spoken of in these volumes had passed away. Some opportunity should have been given to them to repel the charges made against them, and which it may be difficult now for their descendants to refute. Judge Jones appears to have made no provision for publication, nor to have given any direction for such purpose. The manuscript has remained in his family nearly a century, when now, in these centennial days, it is ushered before the world.

The accomplished editor seems to think that after the lapse of so long a period, these volumes may now be published without doing violence to the feelings of anyone; but he should have remembered that the most precious heir-looms of many of our prominent families, are the memories of what their ancestors accomplished or suffered, in "the times that tried men's souls."

We shall be greatly mistaken, therefore, if, sooner or later, more than one *pièce justificative*, is not published by the descendants of those whose actions or characters have either been assailed or slurred by our author.

The editor is undoubtedly right in his assertion, that there were many, who, at the commencement of the difficulties with Great Britain, were active in insisting upon measures of reform, but who could not subsequently be brought to

embrace the policy of a total separation from the parent country. Many of these men, when the struggle for independence began, became active, partisan loyalists. We fail, however, to see any proof in these volumes, that Judge Jones ever found anything to complain of in the action of the king's government towards the Colonies.

It is true that he speaks of the Stamp Act, as having met with universal detestation among all classes, which, outside the official circle, and, "the gentlemen of figure," as the *haut ton* of the colony were denominated, was certainly the case. In these aristocratic coteries we doubt not there was no dissatisfaction with the order of things in the Province. By education and habits of life, these gentlemen were accustomed to regard, with almost superstitious reverence, the royal prerogative. Many of them, including the author, were the descendants of Cavaliers who had been ardently attached to the Stuart dynasty, and whose prejudices against the great Puritan party were largely inherited by their posterity. Men with such antecedents, we think, could have had very little sympathy with the *profanum vulgus*.

Judge Jones was appointed to the office of Recorder of the city, by his friend Gov. Colden, in the year 1767; and upon the retirement of his father from the Supreme Court, some six years afterwards, he was appointed in his place on that bench.

We strongly suspect that Judge Jones' sympathies were on the side of Gov. Colden, with whom he was closely affiliated, politically, socially, and by family ties. It is well-known that the Governor only desisted from enforcing the distribution of the stamps, sent out under the requirements of the Stamp Act, when he was made to understand that by doing so his life would be endangered. His correspondence with the home government shows very clearly that he saw nothing to complain of in this tyrannical measure of the British government.

What was done by the people of New York in resisting it, is matter of history; but it finds no place in Judge Jones' record.

We may remark, in passing, that while Gov. Colden was at the head of the Provincial government, he showed himself ready to carry the royal prerogative to an extreme length. Capable and accomplished as he was, he may be said in fact to have been *plus loyaliste que le roi*.

His attempt, in face of the opposition of the entire legal profession of the city, to arrogate to himself and his council, the right of reversing the verdict of a jury for supposed errors of fact, was properly but courteously censured by the home government, for the simple reason that the exercise of such a power would have subverted one of the most sacred rights of the British people. The action of Governor Colden in this matter created no little sensation at the time. It was a subject of earnest, and indeed, angry discussion among the members of the bar, and in the newspaper press of the day; but no allusion is made to it by the author, although at that time he was a leading lawyer in the Province. On the other hand, we find him speaking with approval of Governor Colden's refusing to grant commissions to the judges to hold office, except during the king's pleasure. In fact, it may safely be affirmed that Judge Jones was a steadfast supporter of the government, and at all times zealous in maintaining what he, without doubt, honestly and conscientiously believed to be its just rights. At any rate, there is nothing in these volumes to warrant a contrary belief.

But, accepting this work for what it really is, it cannot be denied that there is much matter in it which will be eagerly read by those who take an interest in our great revolutionary struggle. The expensive shape, however, in which it has been published will make it, we think, "caviare to the general."

It would have been better if much of the matter contained in the appendix had been omitted. Much of it is not new, and a good deal of it consists in the letters of Governor Colden, whose voluminous correspondence with the home government is now in the course of publication *in extenso* by the New York Historical Society.

The author commences the work with a sketch of the times which preceded the Revolution; and, although it is condensed

and general in its character, there is enough in what is related to show what was not seen or imagined by the writer, and that is how steadily the spirit of dissatisfaction was spreading among the people. What Judge Jones believed to be nothing but the policy of selfish partisans seeking to achieve some personal object merely, was, in fact, the beginning of a movement which was to lead eventually to the country's independence.

In the constantly occurring struggles of the men of the time, which to the superficial observer might seem to be but the ordinary conflicts of party warfare, the people were—perhaps unconsciously to themselves—being educated and fitted for the great struggle which, from the very nature of things, was at hand. It is no doubt true that when resistance to the acts of the government began, the idea of ultimate independence was not entertained by the people generally. The great object to be achieved was relief from insupportable tyranny; still there were not a few who comprehended even at that day what would be the ultimate result of the struggle. In proof of this we extract the following passage: “In one of the weekly papers, under the title of the *American Whig*, published in 1769, the following remarkable expressions were made use of: Speaking of America, and its wide, extensive continent, large number of inhabitants and richness of its soil, it is thus asserted:—‘This country will shortly become a great and flourishing empire, independent of Great Britain; enjoying its civil and religious liberty, uncontaminated and deserted from all control of bishops, the curse of curses, and from the subjection of contrary kings; the corner stones of this great structure are already laid, the materials are preparing, and before ten years roll about, the great, the noble, the stupendous fabric will be erected.’ How well this prediction has been verified, the times at present show.”*

No one, we think, can read the history of these times without feeling that the Revolution was a necessity. The rapid increase of all the Colonies, and especially the older of them,

* Vol. I, p. 24.

in population, wealth and refinement, and the spirit of self-reliance which animated the people, were utterly inconsistent with their continuing to be the subjects of a distant government. Given this condition of things, it should have been realized that the people would never submit to any new or further stretch of power, and that any attempt to exercise it would be resisted. A right understanding of human nature should have made this plain, for the laws which govern the moral world are as potent and inexorable as those which operate upon matter.

It seems incomprehensible that the British government should not have understood this; but they did not. On the contrary, as if impelled by judicial blindness, and unmindful of the sharp lesson which their attempt to enforce the Stamp Act had taught them, they inaugurated a series of oppressive and tyrannical measures towards the Colonies, which, if persisted in, could lead to but one result. They deliberately put the match to the train which had already been laid, and from the very nature of things the explosion occurred.

There are epochs in the life of a nation, when the deep, resistless current of opinion sweeps everything before it, and when the actors on the scene are simply the exponents of the popular will. This was such a one.

It was perfectly understood by many of the wise and far-seeing men of Great Britain, that it would be impossible to hold in subjection a people who were united by a sense of common oppression. Such was no doubt the opinion of more than one of the Ministry; but the blind obstinacy of the king, and the unscrupulous servility of the "king's friends" sufficed to prolong the contest until the unwelcomed truth became but too apparent. But cannot we now see that if the British government, at an early stage of the war, had yielded to the demands of the colonists, and had consented to their independence, the preservation of their union, for any length of time, might have been no easy matter? What was wanted was the fiery furnace, white heat, and sledge-hammer blows, to fuse the discordant elements into a solid, closely-welded mass. All this was done.

The British government was strong in the belief which they acted upon, that the divergencies, if not antagonisms in the character, condition and interests of the Colonies, were such as to render it impossible that there could ever be any continued harmony of action among them. Hence a course was pursued which brought about what it was assumed could not happen, viz.: a nation which now counts one hundred years of existence; which has had sufficient strength to withstand successfully the attacks of foes within as well as from without, and which we may claim is exercising a potent and increasing influence upon the destinies of the civilized world.

We do not propose to review these volumes at length, nor follow the author in his remarks upon the leading events of the war. His most ardent wishes were for the success of the king's government, and dissatisfied as he was with the course colonial things were taking, many and bitter are the invectives which he bestows upon those who had the conduct of the war. Imbecility, want of energy and incapacity are charged upon most of the British leaders. They are handled, indeed, quite as severely as our own generals.

It is attempted to be shown that if a different policy had been pursued in more than one of the great crises of the war, the Colonists might have been more easily subdued; but according to Judge Jones, opportunity after opportunity was allowed to slip away, while the commanding generals were living in supine repose either in New York, or in Philadelphia.

In fact, the irate author does not hesitate to say that the war was purposely protracted in the interests of those who were enriching themselves by its continuance.

This is a pretty severe charge, but it must be confessed that it is supported by an array of alleged facts, which, if true, would seem to warrant no other conclusion.

The brothers Howe are made the special objects of condemnation for the vacillating policy pursued by them after the battle on Long Island which proved so disastrous to the American army.

It is claimed by the author that with very little energy on

the part of these leaders, the capture at that time of the entire American army might have been accomplished.

In what manner the American officers and soldiers would have been treated after this battle, had Judge Jones been at the head of affairs, is very frankly declared by him :

"While General Howe is preparing in New York for the future operations of the army, let me observe that if instead of exchanging the rebel officers taken at Brookland, the Governor of New York had issued a special commission of Oyer and Terminer for King's County and tried them for treason, conviction must have taken place. The treason was committed in the presence of thousands. They were taken in arms, fighting against their Sovereign, with the avowed intent of throwing off their dependence and subverting his government in America. Sentence of death should have been passed upon every one above the degree of a captain (though not carried into execution but kept hanging over their heads in terrorem) and all captains, sub-alterns, non-commissioned officers, and privates discharged upon promise of not taking up arms again during the war. I say, had this been done, the most salutary consequences would, in all probability, have ensued. With this measure rebellion would probably have ended. But a different set of politics at this time prevailed, the rebels were to be converted, the loyalists frowned upon. Proclamations were to end an inveterate rebellion. An opposition, a most unprincipled opposition, in England, was to be pleased ; the almighty powers and patronage of the commander-in-chief to be continued, that quarter-masters, barrack-masters, commissaries, etc., might enrich themselves by amassing large fortunes out of the public. This was effectually done. They became nabobs of the west, and became equally rich with those of the east. Had half the pains been taken to suppress the American rebellion, as there was to drain the British treasury of its cash, any one year of the war would have demolished rebellion, and Great Britain been at this day still in full possession of thirteen opulent colonies, of which she has been dismembered by the misconduct of one General, by the stupidity of another, and by an infamous Ministry who patched up an ignominious peace, to the dishonor of the nation, the discredit of their Sovereign, and to the ridicule of all Europe." *

There is a clear ring in this language which admits of no mistake ; but looking at the matter from the British standpoint, we are by no means sure, that if so rigorous a policy had been pursued, it might not have proved disastrous to our people. But in the order of things this was not to be.

* Vol. I, pp. 121-2.

The portions of this work which will probably attract the most attention, are those which relate to what occurred in the city of New York and the surrounding country, during the seven years' occupation of it by the British troops, or at least until Judge Jones departure for England, which took place in 1781.

We confess we were not prepared for such an account, of the extent to which corruption, pillage and other villainies were practised while our city was under the military rule of the British government.

If our author's statements are based on sufficient authority, not a few officers of high position in the British army were engaged in disgraceful practices by which they were enriched at the expense of the people they had undertaken to protect. Beginning with the military Governor himself, here is his portrait as drawn by the author :

"Robertson was born in Scotland. He served in the army first as a private, then as a sergeant, and at Carthage in the West Indies, in 1740, he obtained an ensigncy. Being a true Scott, assiduous, flattering and submissive, he rose in the army by degrees. He came to America in 1756, as a major in one of the battalions of the Royal Americans then raising in that country. He was afterwards for many years barrack-master there. The department was so well managed that in a few years, from a man of slender fortune, he became possessed of a very large estate. He had different methods of accumulating riches ; among the rest, as barrack-master, he used to receive government half-joes to discharge the necessary bargains and contracts made in consequence of his office. The creditors being in his power, were obliged to take such money as he offered them ; he therefore fell upon a method of clipping the half-joes and palming them (thus disburdened of their weight) upon his creditors, and applying the clippings to his own use. This fact was so well known in New York, that a light half-joe at length became proverbial, and went by the name of a "Robertson." To such a height did this mischief at length arise, and the light half-joes became so plenty, that the Chamber of Commerce was obliged to apply a remedy, by passing a resolve that no half-joe should pass within the City of New York for more than its real intrinsic value. This put an effectual stop to the fraudulent practice. Almost every person in the province was a loser, the old General excepted, who calmly pocketed the ill-gotten pelf without the least remorse or strain upon his conscience, though gained at the expense of the poor and the indigent, the widow and the orphan. This gentleman, when appointed

Governor of New York, was so far from having any interest, popularity, or influence in the Colony, that he was universally despised and execrated by its inhabitants, and cursed for his speculation in almost every circle within the British lines. After his arrival and qualification as Governor, he so often broke and forfeited his word, his honor and his promises, that the people lost all confidence in him. He treated the gentlemen and citizens of New York (a few favorites excepted) with all the haughtiness, superciliousness and contempt natural to the pride of a rich and opulent Scot. The poor farmers who applied for redress against the arbitrary power of the military, he insulted and abused. That such an appointment should be made in times so critical as those at that period were, was most extraordinary. The province was then overrun with faction, sedition, treason and rebellion. That such a man should be thought a proper person to reclaim the rebel, soothe the factions, conciliate the affections of his Majesty's deluded subjects, and to favor and please the loyalists, was still more extraordinary. He was at the time near eighty years of age, sickly, infirm and paralytic; consequently a most improper person to govern a province at a time when every exertion of vigor, of activity and spirit was required, wanted, and absolutely necessary.*

There is nothing with which the author has busied himself more than the special instances of rapine and pillage which came to his notice. Their number is emphatically legion.

We give a graphic picture of what befell a respectable steadfast loyalist of Long Island, who happened to be the owner of a fine steed, which found favor in the eyes of a Lieutenant-Colonel of the army, and who was probably a connoisseur in horse-flesh:

"As General Howe was now in full possession of Long Island, he placed his army in different positions in King's County and the western-most part of Queen's, adjoining the river, opposite the island of New York. This done, a little plunder was connived at, and rather encouraged than discouraged by some principal officers in the army. The Hessians bore the blame at first, but the British were equally alert. The following is a fact: Lieutenant-Colonel Birch, who then commanded the seventeenth light dragoons, in one of his rides, accidentally met upon the road a Dr. Tredwell, a gentleman of fortune, of character and of one of the first families upon the island, and as warm and steady a loyalist as ever had an existence. The Doctor was fond of horses and loved the sport of the turf. He had a good breed of which he took great care. He was at this time mounted upon a noble one, of the true English kind, a descendant of the famous Wildair,

* Vol. I, pp. 162-73-64.

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worth not less than one hundred and fifty guineas. Birch viewed the horse, liked him, and was determined to have him. The colonel had several military attendants with him. The doctor was alone, an opposition at all events would have been fruitless. Birch ordered the doctor to dismount and unsaddle his horse. He remonstrated against this act of injustice. He told the colonel who he was, and desired him to inquire into his character and political conduct from the commencement of the American troubles. It had no effect. The colonel ordered the doctor to dismount, directed a servant to unsaddle the horse, give the saddle to the doctor and to lead away the horse, telling him at the same time to carry home the saddle upon his own back and be damned ; and to thank his stars that the saddle was not taken as well as the horse. The doctor afterwards made repeated applications either for a return of, or payment for his horse ; neither was he able to obtain. There was no civil law. The courts of justice were shut, and the colonel was superior to the powers of a court of police, and instead of being suffered to present a memorial to the General upon the occasion, upon his application at head-quarters for that purpose, the aides-de-camp charged the doctor with being a rebel and threatened him with the provost."*

Judge Jones himself was also victimized by a seizure of his fattening cattle. The story of his wrongs, it is curious to observe, is related by him as if he were speaking of a third person. It is as follows :

"A particular and very remarkable case of this kind I shall now relate, and as the gentleman is a person of character, honor and reputation from whom I had the particulars, the facts will not admit of a dispute. Thomas Jones, Esq., a noted loyalist and one of the judges of the Supreme Court of the colony of New York was, when the king's troops landed upon Long Island, a prisoner in New England. Among others, this gentleman had been plundered of a number of fat cattle, all of which were retaken at Brookland and appropriated to the use of the Royal army. Upon the return to New England, he presented a memorial to the General with affidavits annexed, proving his property in the cattle, their being forcibly taken away by the rebels, retaken at Brookland, their appropriation to the use of the army, their value, the promise aforesaid, and a desire of payment. The answer was that the whole must be referred to Mr. Chamier, the Commissary-General, to report upon, before anything further could be done. A reference to the Commissary was accordingly made, and all the vouchers laid before him. Notwithstanding repeated applications, four months elapsed before any report was made ; and when made, was of such a nature that no order could be given in consequence

* Vol. I, pp. 114-15.

of it for the payment required. It was referred back for a more ample report, the Commissary refused to give any other, and the General refused payment upon the one already made. The report was a curious one, 'that he (the Commissary) did not know nor did the papers point out which regiments eat the cattle.' By which manoeuvre a steady, firm and persecuted loyalist was deprived of his property because he was unable to tell whether the meat of his cattle had been chewed by the teeth of the English, the Irish or the Germans, the Scotts or the provincials; and that at the time when he was a prisoner at the distance of over one hundred miles from the scene of action. In a conversation with the Commissary upon the subject, he was asked whether the Crown was not charged for his cattle? He answered, 'Yes, for all the cattle when at Brookland.' He was asked, as the Crown was charged, who was to have the money? His answer was 'The owners of the cattle, most certainly.' The next question was, whether he was not convinced from the several affidavits annexed to the memorial that Mr. Jones was the owner of the cattle mentioned therein? He turned upon his heel, at the same time saying, 'I have nothing further to do in the matter; I have made my report and by God I will never alter it or make any other.' Here the matter rested and is likely to rest till doomsday. Mr. Jones' cattle were taken from him, applied to the use of the army, the amount charged to and paid for by the Crown, and the cash, the absolute and real property of Mr. Jones, divided between (if fame speaks truth) the General and the Commissary."*

The writer is justly indignant at the spoliation of our churches, libraries, and colleges by the British soldiers and their Hessian allies. What he says on this subject deserves to be quoted at length, the more especially so because the contrast between the acts of pillage committed by his own people, and the orderly conduct of General Washington's army during the time the city was in their possession, is candidly admitted by him:

"Upon General Howe's entry into New York in September, 1776, the soldiers broke open the City Hall, and plundered it of the College library, its mathematical and philosophical apparatus, and a number of valuable pictures which had been removed there by way of safety when the rebels converted the College into a hospital. They also plundered it of all the books belonging to the subscription library, as also of a valuable library belonging to the Corporation, the whole consisting of not less than sixty thousand volumes. This was done with impunity, and the books publicly hawked about the town for sale by private soldiers, their trulls,

*Vol. I, pp. 117-18.

and doxeys. I saw an *Annual Register* neatly bound and lettered, sold for a dram, *Freeman's Reports* for a shilling, and *Coke's First Institutes*, or what is usually called *Coke* upon Littleton, was offered to me for 1s. 6d. I saw in a public house upon Long Island nearly forty books bound and lettered, in which were affixed the arms of Joseph Murray, Esq., under pawn from one dram to three drams each. To do justice even to the rebels, let it be here mentioned that though they were in full possession of New York for nearly seven months, and had in it at times above 40,000 men, neither of these libraries were ever meddled with, (the telescope which General Washington took, excepted). Nay, so far were they from interfering with the law, that the magistrates continued in full possession of the civil powers, and the courts of justice were open in the usual manner until the Declaration of Independence. In April term, 1776, several rebel soldiers were indicted for some petty larcenies, tried, convicted and punished by order of the Court, without any interference of the military; their officers attended the trials, heard the evidence, and upon their conviction declared that ample justice was done them, and thanked the Judge for his candor and impartiality during the course of the trials.

"In December, 1776, after General Howe had driven the rebel army over the Delaware, and put part of his troops in quarters at Princeton, they, among other plunder, robbed Nassau Hall of its library, its mathematical and philosophical instruments, and other appurtenances. Upon the sacking of the town of New Haven, in Connecticut, by General Tryon, in June, 1779, Yale College, situate at that place was plundered of a library consisting of many thousand books, which had been collecting for very near one hundred years, with many curious and valuable manuscripts, and a remarkably fine orrery, a celestial, and a terrestrial globe, and many other things of consequence; besides a selection of well-chosen books, a present to that seminary from the late Dean Berkley, afterwards Bishop of Cloyne, in Ireland, and known by the name of 'The Dean's Library.' In the same month, upon plundering and burning the town of Norwalk, in the same colony, under the orders of the same General, a most elegant, large, beautiful, and well-collected library, an heirloom belonging to the Morrisania family, in the county of Westchester, which had for safety been removed to Norwalk, was pillaged, carried to New York, and disposed of by the thieves, the robbers, and the plunderers, in the same manner as those plundered in New York had been before disposed of. All this was done with impunity, publicly, and openly. No punishment was ever inflicted upon the plunderers. No attempts were made by the British commanders to obtain restitution of the stolen goods; nor did they ever discountenance such unjustifiable proceedings, by issuing orders condemning such unmilitary conduct and forbidding it in future. In short, from the whole conduct of the army during the course

of the war, it seemed as if the suppression of a dangerous rebellion was but a secondary consideration. The war, in fact, was not levied at rebellion, but at the treasury of Great Britain; at his Majesty's loyal subjects within the lines; indiscriminately against all persons wherever the army moved; against erudition, religion, and literature in general. Public libraries were robbed, colleges ruined, and churches of all denominations burned and destroyed; while plunder, robberies, speculation, gaming and all kinds of dissipation, were cherished, nursed, encouraged, and openly countenanced."*

The "hard Winter," as it was called, of 1779, will always be remembered as one of the intensest cold and deepest snows that has ever occurred in this country. We cannot resist the temptation of giving Judge Jones' account of this terrible Winter, and of the sufferings which were caused by it:

"The Winter of 1779 was the severest ever known in the middle Colonies. It may not be amiss to take some notice of it.

"The snow began to fall about the 10th of November, and continued almost every day till the middle of the ensuing March. In the woods it lay at least four feet upon a level. It was with the utmost difficulty that the farmers got their wood. The towns in general were distressed for the want of fuel, the garrison in New York particularly so.

"All the wood upon New York Island was cut down. The forest trees planted in gardens, in court-yards, in avenues, along lanes, and about the houses of gentlemen by way of ornament, shared the same fate. Quantities of apple trees, peach trees, plum trees, cherry trees and pear trees were also cut down. The situation of the army and inhabitants in this distressful season was a sufficient justification for the proceeding; necessity required it. This the proprietors well knew, and as necessity has no law, they never complained, grumbled, or even murmured. They were, however, never paid. It was an emolument to the barrack-master. The Crown was charged. John Bull paid his debts.

"This Winter was intensely cold, the rivers, creeks, harbors, ports and brooks were all frozen up. The bay of New York, and from thence up the North River to Albany, was mere terra firma. It was equally so in the East River for a long way up the Sound. It was so strong, that deserters went upon the ice to Connecticut from Lloyd's Neck, upon Long Island, the distance more than twelve miles. The Sound at New Haven, which is thirty miles from Long Island, was frozen over, about two miles in the middle excepted, and these two miles were congealed and filled with particles of ice. A particular event is striking: From New York to Staten Island the distance is about ten miles. From Long

* Vol. I, pp. 136-40.

Island to New Jersey the bay is about six miles wide. The tide from Sandy Hook to New York, through the Narrows and the bay, is violently rapid. No man living ever before saw this bay frozen up. Yet so intense was the cold this Winter, and the bay so hard frozen, that two hundred sleighs laden with provisions, with two horses to each, escorted by two hundred Light-horse, passed upon the ice from New York to Staten Island in a body. In many places large quantities of water-fowl were picked up by the inhabitants, so frozen as not to be able to take wing. * * *

"A gentleman who had been a prisoner in Connecticut, and returned from thence the very last of April, said that the snow on the north side of the fences, from Middletown to New Haven, was more than a foot deep. This was never known in that part of America before, at least, after the English settled there. The harbors, rivers and waters about New York were frozen up. Not a ship could move.

"Had the rebels thought of an attack, now was their time. The ice was strong, hard and firm. The rebel army, with their heaviest artillery, stores, provisions, and baggage, might have passed the Hudson with as much ease as they could have marched the same distance upon dry land. An attack was threatened, Knyphausen expected it, and he took every precaution necessary for a vigorous defence."*

We now take leave of these volumes, which in some respects are remarkable, bringing out into the broad daylight so much that should never have been revived, but which, at the same time, contains many pictures of the life and manners of our ancestors a century ago which cannot fail to be read with lively interest.

* Vol. I, pp. 320-22.

IX.—REVIEWS AND CRITICISMS.

PHILOSOPHY.

Substantialism, or Philosophy of Knowledge. By JEAN STORY.
12° pp. 784. Boston: Rand, Avery & Co. 1879.

IN these days of undue hero-worship, it is refreshing to find a writer who spurns idolatry, and gives utterance to new forms of thought. Yet it is necessary to be certain that he who is bold enough to ignore the "lords of the domain of thought" has new ideas to utter. From the title of Mr. Story's book, we were led to imagine that a new mystic had appeared upon the scene. A brief perusal of the preface was sufficient to confirm such a fancy. We beheld a new mystic, but one inextricably lost in the labyrinths of metaphysics.

Mr. Story begins his work by declaring that "the chief desideratum in the discovery of facts, is truthful interpretation of what 'they reveal';" in other words, with the facts before us all the possibility of error lies in inference. To obtain the truth, he claims, is the special mission of speculative philosophy. The mission of philosophy, with its scientific method, is this no doubt; but it is as free from speculation as mathematics. It is clear that the philosophy of Mr. Story is indeed speculative. One of the most important doctrines which the author is desirous of setting forth is "that man is what he senses," which means, we suppose, that he has learned perfectly the motto of the Temple of Delphi, *γινωσκει οτι ανθρωπος*. This he tells us is a new basis of thought; whereas it is nothing more than a repetition of Berkeley's "nothing exists but what is perceived."

In chapter II, page 67, we read: "The mind cannot conceive of that which is not an attribute of its own being." Perhaps not; but then it cannot be held at the same time that man is *per se* what he "senses," and that "his objective and subjective are one and the same." The only sense in which objective and subjective can be the same, is the sense in which it can be said that this side and its opposite are the same. But the organism (subjective) cannot be also its environment (objective). These statements will, however, prepare us for another, more fundamental.

We are told that absolute truth is attainable. This deduction is arrived at from the fact that "to every student of nature, there comes a time when he instinctively seeks for a knowledge of the "absolute." We will admit that what is instinctively desired is attainable; but we deny that the *absolute* is instinctively desired. The instinct for knowledge exists before the mind can discriminate between absolute and relative; the idea of the term absolute is a later development. The Greeks sought for the absolute and failed to discover it. All the schools which have followed in the wake of the ancients have also failed to find it. Since philosophy has withdrawn from noumena, and confined herself to phenomena, she has made greater strides, and gained greater victories. Yet, in this enlightened age, there are minds groping in the darkness of ontology. Mr. Story evidently likes mystery; he also likes to give surprises, e. g.: "The phenomena of nature, procreates three inseparable sensations,—that of substance, objective and non-objective; that of force, static and dynamic; and that of condition, spacial and timal." *Substance, force, condition*, are inseparable sensations.

We observe that the author is given to the execrable habit of coining words. Possibly the terms he uses do not represent the ideas with which we have been accustomed to invest them. In a few lines the theories of light and heat, as modes of motion, are dismissed as false. The teachings of Aristotle, Bacon, Euler, Lewes, Huxley, Tyndall and others, are set aside without argument, and those strange exhibitions of human power and weakness, classified as psychometry, relied upon most implicitly, and put in as evidence to prove that thought is substance!

The book is full of such expressions as "self-existent" "self-moving," etc. These are merely question-begging epithets, which shut out inquiry. For instance, substance is spoken of as "self-moving forms." Moving forms expresses the idea. What right have we to say "self-moving?" According to observation everything in nature is dependent upon something else, so that, scientifically speaking, nothing exists by itself, or moves by itself.

We must not fail to call attention to one great novelty in this work, viz.: a reckless subversion of ideas. It seems that nothing is known of substance except through its modifications by "spacial" and "timal;" that space and time are the conditions of its existence as forms of motion.

It is needless to observe that space and time cannot be the conditions of the existence of substance. Extension and motion are inferences from our sensations of substance; whatever is known of them is through sensation and no other medium. All knowledge is traceable to our sensations, including, of course, that of our logical intuitions.

The author seems to place great reliance upon the intuitions of his early childhood. As experience they may be valuable; but in writing a work on philosophy, intuitions and instinct must

give place to observation and inference. The author of this pretentious work is evidently a thinker both ingenious and versatile; but he is neither profound nor comprehensive. He continually confounds necessary qualities with the original and substantive. We certainly have failed to find in his work, or in his thought, sufficient of material to construct a new system of philosophy.

We would remind the writers of such books as these that it is late in the nineteenth century,—too late for the rise of mystics and seers with strength of intuitions equal to overturning the settled thought of the age. If we mistake not, the era of the Messiahs, Gautamas, Ptolemies and VanHelmonts has past, and that of Evolution has set in. There can be nothing permanent in any system of thought or philosophy that is not predicated on that which has gone before.

BELLES-LETTRES.

Prince Deukalion. A Lyrical Drama. By BAYARD TAYLOR.
Small 4° pp. 171. Boston: Houghton, Osgood & Company. 1878.

THOSE familiar with Mr. Taylor's writings need not be told of the beauty and sweetness of *Prince Deukalion*. The typical characters "Prince Deukalion," and "Pyrrha," represent the struggle of humanity towards the attainment of the highest, purest, happiest—consequently the most perfect—condition of existence. These ideals of possible manhood and womanhood, are not to be permitted to celebrate their high nuptials until both shall be fulfilled in human life.

The drama opens with the waning of the classic faith and the breaking of the dawn of Christianity. We are shown a shepherd asleep on a mountain amid the shattered ruins of temples. In his voice we recognize that of the obedient, unthinking multitude. He awakes, and gazes in amazement at the desecrated altars:

"But such things should not cross us, humble men
Who give our dues of doves and yearling lambs
And mountain honey. Let the priests in charge,
Who weigh their service with our ignorance,
Resolve the feud!—'t is they are answerable,
Not we; and if impatient Gods make war,
We should not suffer!"

The ancient classic art and poetry under guise of Nymphs chant mournfully their sad farewell:

"As a frost that creeps ere the winds of winter whistle,
And odors die in blossoms that are chilly at the core,
Your doubt has sent before it the sign of our dismissal
We pass, ere ye speak it, we go, and come no more!

* * * * *

"Our service hath ceased for you, shepherds,
 We fade from your days and your dreams,
 With the grace that was lithe as the leopard's,
 The joy that was swift as the stream's !
 To the musical reeds and the grasses ;
 To the forest, the copse, and the dell ;
 To the mists, and the rainbow that passes ;
 The wine, and the goblet—farewell ;
 Go, drink from the fountains that flow not !
 Our songs and our whispers are dumb ;
 But the thing ye are doing, ye know not,
 Nor dream of the thing that shall come !
 * * * * *

"We wait in the breezes,
 We hide in the vapors,
 And linger in echoes,
 Awaiting recall.
 * * * * *

"Not wholly we vanish
 The souls of the children,
 The faith of the poets
 Shall seek us, and find."

Deukalion and Pyrrha witness together the downfall of the
 Titans, and see

"The thunder blows
 Given and taken, saw the ruined world
 Lie panting, after fiercest throes endured,
 Till milder Gods brought knowledge, peace and power."

They are brought to recognize that,

"His law is good
 Who now shall rule, for they we lose witheld
 The strength of human hands from human throats,
 Forced them to join, and overcome and build,
 Create, where they destroyed ; but He compels
 That strength to help, and makes it slave of Love !
 Thus from the apathy of a faith outworn
 Rises a haughty life, that soon shall spurn
 The mould it grows from. I foresee new strife,
 Mistaken hopes, unnecessary pangs,
 And yet—I wait."

Together, Deukalion and Pyrrha, seek the sunless regions of
 Hades, cross the river of death unattended save by the dreary
 wailing of shadowy ghosts to the Elysian fields in quest of his sire,
 Prometheus, who

"Set in Man
 Immortal seeds of pure activities,
 By mine atonement freed, to burst and blow
 In distant proud fulfilment."

Their object is to question him concerning their destiny. They
 are commanded to

"Go back to earth, and wait !"

Eos (Promise), however, bids them

"When Faith looks backward, Hope dies, Life appals,
 Think most of Morning, and of me."

Act II supposes an elapse of a thousand years, when Medusa—the ecclesiastical system that arrogates all power and right of knowledge,—exerted full dominion :

"Not vainly did I bide my time ; for Power,
A tree of cautious growth, shows stunted top.
Until the meshes of its wandering roots
Have crept in secret to the choicest clay,
Then shooting firm, and spreading boughs abroad
Resistance withers, rival force lacks room
Beneath my shade. Now planted for all time,
Kings are my vassals, Knowledge bids me fix
The bounds of Liberty." * * *

"What hinders to make my single will,
Sheathed in invulnerable divinity,
The world's one law?"
(*Echo*) "Growth is the law—or death."

Deukalion feels he cannot accept a faith which deifies, as it were, torture and distortion :

"What shall pain
Uplift and save, spilt blood and dreadful death
The fair discrowned serenities of Gods
Make impotent !"

In the third act, Calchus, the high-priest, represents the inflexible despotic Theology in the North that supersedes the ecclesiasticism of the Middle Ages ; but

"Verily, one seed is Truth's ; but they who clip
The sprouting plant to hedge their close domains,
How should they know its grace of natural boughs
And blossoms bursting to the startled sun ?"

Agathon, appearing for the first time in the fourth and last act, seems to represent the childhood of a new faith, when all superstitions, dogmas, etc., are swept away with the *débris* of the Past :

"Retrieve perverted destiny !
'Tis this shall set your children free.
The forces of your race employ
To make sure heritage of joy ;
Yet feed, with every earthly sense,
Its heavenly coincidence,—
That, as the garment of an hour ;
This, as an everlasting power.
For Life whose source not here began,
Must fill the utmost sphere of Man,
And, so expanding, lifted be
Along the line of God's decree,
To find in endless growth all good,—
In endless toil, beatitude.
Seek not to know Him, yet aspire
As atoms towards the central fire !
Not lord of race is He, afar,—
Of Man, or Earth, or any star,
But of the inconceivable All ;
Whence nothing that there is can fall
Beyond Him,—but may nearer rise,
Slow circling through eternal skies.

His larger life ye cannot miss,
 In gladly nobly using this.
 Now as a child in April hours
 Clasps tight its handful of first flowers,
 Homeward, to meet his purpose, go !—
 These things are all ye need to know."

Prince Deukalion is written with a beauty and vigor that disclose the master's hand. The style is noble and elevated, but the last act of the drama is obscure—shrouded in misty shadows that the unpoetic mind does not easily penetrate. We regret that Mr. Taylor did not give us a more elaborate *Argument* to act as spectacles for feebler eyes : "The author would not dare," he says, "to lift the veil, sufficiently to disclose the visage of that Era [in the Future] even were it given to him to behold the same clearly ; nor doth he need to offer an interpretation of those things which the reader must divine for himself, if he hath understood and accepted all that foregoes this conclusion. Such a reader will everywhere find and haply feel, in the Drama, the declaration of Growth, Immortality, and God ; let him, comforted by whatsoever of the true light therefrom proceeding, may rest upon the following pages, not stumble over such matters as are born with the Ages and are doomed to die with the Ages."

The Epic of Hades. In Three Books. By THE AUTHOR OF
 SONGS OF TWO WORLDS. 12° pp. 290. Boston : Roberts
 Brothers. 1879.

IF it is difficult to "express common things adequately"—the Horatian motto of this book—the author has mastered the art of expressing uncommon things adequately ; for the verse of this epic is a "clear, unwrinkled song," conveying all its meanings in the same clear way, and with a melody not surpassed by that of any poem of our time. The theme is an ancient one, the present epic—now in its seventh edition—being shaped on the model of some of the oldest in the world—those that treated of the underground Paradise or Hades, as in the episodes of Ulysses and the Sixth Book of the *Æneid*, both of which were no doubt suggested by the far earlier "Book of Enoch," written by some of the old Hebrew *cabbalists*, lost to sight for ages, and then discovered in Abyssinia, about one hundred years ago, by the famous traveller, Bruce. Dante's *Divina Commedia* is another illustration of the same legend. Like the great Florentine, the author passes through a dense forest of dream-land into Hades, and there meets a succession of classic apparitions in punishment, such as Tantalus, Phædra, Sisyphus and Clytemnæstra. Then he brings us to another sphere which is milder, and which may be termed the *Purgatorio*, where he holds converse with Marsyas, Andromeda,

Actæon, Helen, Eurydice, Dejanaira, Laocoon, Narcissus, Medusa, Adonis, Persephone, Endymion and Psyche. The Third Book brings us to Olympus (*Paradiso*) and the presence of Artemis, Herakles, Aphrodite—a lady that might probably have been better placed in the *Purgatorio*—Athené, Here, Apollo and Zeus. Such is the machinery, so to speak, of this epic—representing the strongest or brightest features of classic mythology—

“ The intelligible forms of ancient poets,
The fair humanities of old religion,
The power and the beauty and the majesty ; ”

while the whole dreamy pageant is interpreted according to the finest sentiments of modern morality. All the beings who discourse so strongly or so exquisitely in the poem speak pretty much in the same manner—that of the author, who makes no effort to discriminate the characters, supposing, probably, that death and divinity level all distinctions. But the purpose and execution of the work will silence such criticisms, or hyper-criticisms ; while its poetry is made a vehicle for conveying the optimist idea that all things work together for ultimate good under the superintendence of a gracious deity, clothed very nearly, as far as can be distinguished, in the attributes of the Jewish and Christian Gods. We say Gods, for the two conceptions, or motives, or substances, or whatever they may be called, are totally unlike. The great charm of the epic is in the musical flow of its English blank verse : and the close of it, while it indicates the moral sentiment and tendency of the work, is especially calculated to give a fair idea of the author's merit as a poet.

Library Notes. New Edition, revised and enlarged. By
A. P. RUSSELL. 12° pp. 402. Boston : Houghton, Osgood
and Co. 1879.

MR. RUSSELL'S notes, under so many headings, must have employed his brain and pen in the most agreeable manner for years, covering and including, as they do, a host of anecdotes, sayings and proverbs, gathered from the fields of literature, ancient and modern, and so full of suggestion and interest that the reader will be disposed to keep them beside him and recur to them as most convenient reminders and references. Bookmen like himself, will meet with a great number of familiar things in this volume, while readers in general will be gratified by the great variety of matter in its pages. The anecdotes are sometimes told with a certain unction and enlargement which a critic might question somewhat ; but the whole is so rich in literary personalities in the most agreeable sense—that few will be disposed to find fault with any of them.

The Secret of Success ; or, How to get on in the World. By W.

H. DAVENPORT ADAMS. 12° pp. 389. American edition, edited by P. G. H. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons. 1879.

IN this elegant volume, Mr. Adams treats of what may be called the most interesting theme in the world for everybody—the ways and means of getting on in life. His style is so very happy and attractive that the reader will not find a dull or uninteresting page between its covers. He makes a crowd of great geniuses and distinguished characters pass before us, each briefly indicating some lesson, calculated to impress the young. We have examples illustrating principles, business habits and purposes, energies, ambitions, self-helps and the proper training of the mind and body for the work of life and its enjoyments. It contains the essence of a hundred biographies, chiefly modern, and conveys, with excellent judgment, the moral that belongs to each ; while, to prevent the great variety of its names and facts from baffling the reader's memory, the book has been provided with a very satisfactory index.

A Rhythmic-prose translation of Virgil's Æneid. By HENRY HUBBARD PIERCE. 12° pp. 367. London and Philadelphia : J. B. Lippincott and Co. 1879.

TALLEYRAND said of a French writer, that he wrote poetry with a good deal of courage : and we are tempted to say that Capt. Pierce translates poetry with a good deal of courage. This being a soldierly quality, the anecdote seems all the more *apropos* ; while, in truth, the performance itself is highly creditable to the classic taste and literary ability of the author. Few of our army officers, on lonely garrison duty, have ever exhibited such an achievement as the outcome of their leisure. The translation is in the shape of prose : but it reads very agreeably for its resemblance to blank verse, though carrying with it a good many breaks in the syllabic order. An unmeasured prose rendering might have left him at liberty to be a little more literal : and he seems to sacrifice something to the music of his lines, or sentences, —as in the opening words, where he translates, *Arma virumque cano* by,

Of clashing arms, the hero's deeds, I sing, etc.

It is a part of his courage to depart from the strong, literal words of Dryden—"Arms and the man I sing"; a simple opening, imitated by Virgil from the Homeric—

"Sing, muse, the wrath of Pelidean Achilles ;"

and followed by Tasso in the *Gerusalemme Liberata*—

"Canto l'armi pietose e 'l Capitano."

But Captain Pierce has done very well, and his translation is perhaps calculated to interest the reader more than Dryden's or any other in verse—for the reason that prose reads more like "a story," and that those "poetries" have too many artificial redundancies—to say nothing of the school-boy or college-student who would rather not have it mentioned—and who will find in this elegant little volume a convenient reference and help, to be stowed away in a corner of his desk or a moderate-sized coat-pocket.

The Light of Asia ; or, the Great Renunciation. Being the Life and Teachings of Gautama, Prince of India and Founder of Buddhism. As told in verse by an Indian Buddhist. By EDWIN ARNOLD, M. A. 12° pp. 238. (*Mahābhinishkramana.*) Boston : Roberts Brothers. 1879.

By means of his knowledge of Oriental literature and languages, Mr. Arnold has been able to accomplish the work of depicting "the life and character and unfolding the philosophy of "that noble hero and reformer, Prince Gautama of India, the "founder of Buddhism." Until very recently but little was known of the great religion founded by him, nearly six hundred years older than Christianity, and having a following of four hundred and seventy million souls, and still less of the saintly man who renounced wealth, power and the world's idea of happiness to open the way of truth to his fellow men. In that grand company of heroic men one scarcely knows which to place next the divine Nazarene—whether Buddha, Zoroaster, Confucius, etc.; although Mr. Arnold has no hesitation in assigning that honored place to Buddha. It would be impossible to give a just and comprehensive view of this work in brief space. He who would learn of Buddha will not only be edified by what this book offers concerning the Messiah of the Hindus, but will be delighted with the beauty of the poem itself.

Of celestial birth through human means, receiving the homage of the gray-haired saints, astonishing the wise men with his knowledge when eight years old, seeking wisdom from all sources until assured of his divine mission, he leaves secretly, by night, his young wife, scarce more than a bride, and assumes the gown and bowl of the beggar :

" This will I do, who have a realm to lose,
Because I love my realm, because my heart
Beats with each throb with all the hearts that ache,
Known and unknown ; these that are mine and those
Which shall be mine, a thousand million more
Saved by this sacrifice I offer now.
Oh, summoning stars ! I come ! Oh, mournful earth !
For thee and thine I lay aside my youth,

My throne, my joys, my golden days, my nights,
 My happy palace—and thine arms, sweet Queen !
 Harder to put aside than all the rest !
 Yet thee, too, I shall save, saving this earth ;
 And that which stirs within thy tender womb,
 My child, the hidden blossom of our loves,
 Whom if I wait to bless my mind will fail.
 Wife ! child ! father ! and people ! ye must share
 A little while the anguish of this hour
 That light may break, and all flesh learn the law."

The following little scene we cannot refrain from giving in full. While on his wanderings he meets

"A woman—dove-eyed, young, with tearful face
 And lifted hands—saluted, bending low ;
 ' Lord, thou art he,' she said, ' who yesterday
 Had pity on me in the fig-grove here,
 Where I live lone and reared my child ; but he,
 Straying amid the blossoms, found a snake,
 Which turned about his wrist, whilst he did laugh
 And tears the quick-forked tongue and opened mouth
 Of that cold playmate. But, alas ! ere long
 He turned so pale and still, I could not think
 Why he should cease to play, and let my breast
 Fall from his lips. And one said : He is sick
 Of poison ; and another : He will die.
 But I, who could not lose my precious boy,
 Prayed of them physic, which might bring the light
 Back to his eyes ; it was so very small
 The kissmark of the serpent, and I think
 It could not hurt him, gracious as he was,
 Nor hurt him in his sports. And some one said :
 ' There is a holy man upon the hill—
 Lo ! now he passeth in his yellow robe—
 Ask of the Rishi if there be a cure
 For that which ails thy son.' Whereon I came
 Trembling to thee, whose brow is like a god's,
 And wept and drew the face-cloth from my babe,
 Praying thee tell what simples might be good,
 And thou, great sir ! didst spurn me not, but gaze,
 With gentle eyes and touch with patient hand ;
 Then draw the face-cloth back, saying to me :
 ' Yea ! little sister, there is that might heal
 Thee first, and him, if thou couldst fetch the thing ;
 For they who seek physicians bring to them
 What is ordained. Therefore, I pray thee, find
 Black mustard-seed, a tola ; only mark
 Thou take it not from any hand or house
 Where father, mother, child, or slave hath died ;
 It shall be well if thou canst find such seed.'
 Thus didst thou speak, my Lord !"

"The Master smiled
 Exceeding tenderly. ' Yea, I spake thus,
 Dear Kesagotami ! But didst thou find the seed ?'
 "I went, Lord, clasping to my breast
 The babe grown colder, asking at each hut—
 Here in the jungle, and toward the town—
 I pray you give me mustard, of your grace,
 A tola-black. And each who had it gave,

For all the poor are piteous to the poor ;
 But when I asked, in my friend's household here,
 Hath any peradventure ever died—
 Husband or wife, or child, or slave ? they said
 ' O Sister ! what is this you ask ? the dead
 Are very many, and the living few !'
 So with sad thanks I gave the mustard back,
 And prayed of others, but the others said,
 Here is the seed, but we have lost our slave !
 Here is the seed, but our good man is dead !
 Here is some seed, but he that sowed it died,
 Between the rain time and the harvesting !
 Ah, Sir ! I could not find a single house
 Where there was mustard seed that none had died !
 Therefore I left my child—who would not suck
 Nor smile—beneath the wild vines by the stream,
 To seek thy face and kiss thy feet, and pray
 Where I might find this seed and find no death,
 If now, indeed, my baby be not dead,
 As I do fear, and as they said to me.

“ ‘ Ah sister ! thou hast found,’ the Master said,
 ‘ Searching for what none finds—that bitter balm
 I had to give thee. He thou lovest slept
 Dead on thy bosom yesterday : to-day
 Thou knowst the whole wide-world weeps with thy woe ;
 The grief which all hearts share grows less for one.
 Lo ! I would pour my blood if it could stay
 Thy tears and win the secret of that curse
 Which makes sweet love our anguish, and which drives
 O'er flowers and pastures to the sacrifice
 As these dumb beasts are driven—men their lords.
 I seek that secret ; bury thou thy child.’ ”

After many years of wandering Buddha returns to his father's court, and begins his teachings. Mr. Arnold has so condensed these in the last book that it would be impossible to give any just conception of them without citing his verses—which cover many pages—in full. The following, however, would lose nothing by comparison with the Decalogue :

- “ Kill not for pity's sake—and lest ye slay
 The meanest thing upon its upward way.
- “ Give freely and receive, but take from none
 By greed, or force or fraud, what is his own.
- “ Bear not false witness, slander not, nor lie ;
 Truth is the speech of inward purity.
- “ Shun drugs and drinks which work the wit abuse ;
 Clear minds, clean bodies, need no Soma juice.
- “ Touch not thy neighbor's wife, neither commit
 Sins of the flesh, unlawful and unfit.”

The Writings of Albert Gallatin. By HENRY ADAMS. 3 vols.
8° pp. 2019. London and Philadelphia : Lippincott & Co.
1879.

THESE three volumes of the letters and writings of Albert Gallatin, will be of much interest to those who would rightly comprehend or discuss the American politics of sixty or eighty years ago. They begin with the report of the Harrisburg Conference, on the acceptance of the National Constitution in 1788, and are especially valuable for the correspondence between Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin, during the period—1801 to 1813—when the latter held the office of Secretary of the Treasury. These letters enable the reader to have a better understanding of the difficulties which beset the legislation of that period, and sorely tried the patience and financial ingenuity of Albert Gallatin. In 1813, when the President requested or accepted the mediation of the Czar for the purpose of ending a vexatious and indecisive war with England, Gallatin went to Europe; and his letters from Russia, Germany and England, explain a good deal of what, in the histories and memoirs of that time, is calculated to mislead the historic reader. The treaty of Ghent in which Gallatin exercised a strong influence, put an end to many causes of complaint against England on this side of the water.

The second volume contains a number of letters to J. Q. Adams, Henry Clay, and other prominent statesmen. Among them will be found some of the last he ever wrote—under date of 1848. The third is made up of the speeches and writings of Gallatin—his address as representative for Fayette County in 1795; his sketch of the finances of the United States (1796); his considerations on the currency and banking system (1831); his suggestions on banks and currency (1841); the Oregon question (1846); peace with Mexico, (1847). All these papers exhibit the lucid order of Gallatin's ideas and his happy facility of expressing them in a language not originally his own. To the last his mind showed itself in good working order, and only gave way with the natural decline of life's powers.

It would not be quite to the purpose, perhaps, to complain that the list of Gallatin's writings is not complete in these three volumes—that his essays on the old inhabitants of the continent and their languages are not included. Mr. Adams of course meant to give everything bearing on the public intercourse and career of his subject, leaving the geographical ethnology and its glossaries to the industry of those who care for such things. For the rest, these volumes (including the biography) brought out in the excellent style of the Messrs. Lippincott, must be regarded as a fitting memorial of Albert Gallatin.

The Orator's Manual. A Practical and Philosophical Treatise on Vocal Culture, Emphasis and Gesture without an Instructor. 12° pp. 342. By GEORGE L. RAYMOND, M. A., Professor of Oratory, Williams' College, Massachusetts. Chicago: S. C. Griggs & Company. 1879.

THIS little book has been written by the author to supply a want felt by himself in the teaching of his own classes; and it is all the more valuable, for that reason, as a help to those who would teach or study the art of oratory. It begins with the elements of utterance and the management of the voice, in emphasis, time, melody and force. It contains, also, a number of illustrated lessons in gesture, mainly with the hands; after which comes a crowd of selections for delivery, chosen with excellent judgment from the most interesting passages of modern oratory—things that, in themselves, are calculated to excite in the reader a wish to declaim them. It is a book to be closely and carefully studied. Many persons have an idea that oratory comes as Dogberry supposed “reading and writing” come, that is, “by nature.” But there is an element of fallacy in such an idea. As “the gods sell everything to labor,” so practice improves every human faculty. The reader, of course, remembers the pains taken by Demosthenes to acquire a good style of delivery; and, certainly, the best speakers have been those who have done most in the way of private exercise as a means of preparing themselves for public occasions—going over the course in advance, like race horses.

Professor Raymond forcibly says: “In many of its features, oratory resembles music. A man can no more declaim well who has not passed the point where he is obliged to exhaust his mental energy in calculating how to modulate his voice in his inflections, or to move his hands in his gestures, than he can sing or play well while his attention is constantly turning from his theme in order to think how he shall form his notes in his throat, or use his fingers on his instrument.”

By a careful observance of the ample instruction conveyed in this book we have no doubt the average student could cure himself of indistinct and defective articulation, of unnatural tones and general awkwardness, and be trained into the possession of a strong, clear voice, and an unaffected, forcible way of modulating it; while, as Professor Raymond suggests, a capacity of the most effective oratory is often developed in unpromising speakers by the incitement of such declamatory rules and exercises.

The types of this little work are beautifully clear and the “getting up” and correctness of its specimens and illustrations are very creditable to the press of the Messrs. Griggs & Co. of Chicago.

The Great Speeches and Orations of Daniel Webster. With an Essay on Daniel Webster as a Master of English Style. By EDWIN P. WHIPPLE. 8° pp. 707. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1879.

MR. WHIPPLE begins his essay by saying that the present work "is not to supersede" the standard edition of Webster's works in six volumes, edited by Edward Everett, and issued in 1851 by Messrs. Little & Brown; and the disclaimer was hardly necessary, since the latter must always be the great work to consult and to quote from. Meantime, this elegant volume will serve the purpose of reviving public interest as regards the great body of the orator's works and his personal character. It is prefaced by Mr. Whipple's essay on Mr. Webster's style, with which he evidently feels a strong sympathy, since his own manner sometimes reminds us of it in its more emphatic passages. The great orator, as Mr. Whipple tells us, began, in his youth, with a very turgid and ambitious phraseology, even on common and familiar occasions. But this he gradually corrected and mastered by the force of his good sense and judgment, and helped, furthermore, by the hard-headed example of his friend and antagonist, the Hon. Jeremiah Mason; though to the end of his life, and in his strongest efforts, some of the early cadences and colorings were discoverable in his compositions.

In this volume, we have his most memorable utterances—those flashes of thought that have so largely taken the fancy of the public, and helped, by the intelligible charm of oratory, to keep green the memory of a great lawyer and statesman. Mr. Whipple has presented us with a full estimate of his powers; and, for the most part, a just one. But he seems to exaggerate on a few occasions; as when, for instance, he speaks of the "drum-beat" allusion to the extended power of England—a thing that has a far-fetched and forced effect in a plain statement concerning the spirit and fortitude of the Revolutionary fathers. The military stations of Great Britain in various parts of the globe were, or should be—save to some Englishmen—merely suggestive of national rapacity and a propensity to dominate over the weak; and no American should have flushed over "the unbroken strain of the martial airs of England, keeping company with the hours." The words themselves, used to express such a fancy are (as is fit) very ill-managed and ill-chosen; exhibiting what we have already alluded to—a sort of "survival" of the orator's old (or young) tendency to elaborate his language on occasion. In his genuine American flashes Webster was much more happy—and happiest; and these sufficiently proved that, with all his calm precision and solidity, he had the true *afflatus* of an orator—one whose great business it is to stir up the emotions of his hearers or readers, and not merely to make fluent and methodical statements, to convince or instruct

them. It is self-evident that no orators can subsist or be long remembered without some force of passion or emotion; and they who have had most power of feeling have been the best orators—Demosthenes, Cicero, Mirabeau, Burke, Chatham, etc. Webster, with all his New England gravity and sedateness of character, had a mixture of genius in his temperament, and loved the “cherished lure of pomp,” like Burke—to use the language of Coleridge; though he was deficient in “the proud precipitance of soul” which the poet attributes to the assaulter of Warren Hastings, and was incapable of the fierce exasperations of the Irish orator and statesman. He was not, like the latter, aggressive in his nature or policy, or a reformer, assailing public wrongs and abuses. He always stood in a calm attitude, on the defence—*super antiquas vias*—under the banner of the Constitution; and it was his great pride and delight to expound it and defend it, in face of its friends or its enemies. This it was that gave all the force and felicity of his career as a statesman and an orator; and it still keeps in popular remembrance those passages in his public addresses which glorified the Union and prayed that it may be perpetual. Without that element of patriotism his record as a public man would, perhaps, want a good deal of its character and coloring. With it, he stands firmly in his high place, something like his own Bunker Hill monument—strongly built up and happily consecrated, and bound to keep that place for ages in the public eye and estimation.

The volume is a massive, double-column octavo, nicely printed and bound, and supplied with a copious index. It will prove a desirable acquisition to the libraries of gentlemen, as well as an aid to the student of the declamatory art.

The Resources of California. By JOHN S. HITTELL. 12° pp. 453. San Francisco: A. L. Bancroft and Co. 1879.

IN this compact and comprehensive book—now in its seventh edition—the author gives a picture, or series of pictures, representing the conditions and prospects of the wonderful young State of California; its society, agriculture, manufactures, mines, geology, botany, zoology, law, topographical names, etc. It is full of lively descriptions and interesting information. Under date of the present year, he gives a recapitulation of the general matter together with recent facts of importance. He lays great emphasis on the salubrity of the climate, the dryness of which is an antidote to consumption. We regret to say the author's views on this subject are not altogether trustworthy. Those who seek California for the purpose of relief from consumption make a costly experiment only to end in disappointment. The volume gives an

interesting account of the small Indian tribes of the State and also of the industry of the Chinese, whom the author defends against the undemocratic antipathy of some of the Californians. Those Mongolians engage in several industries which, without them, would, in a great measure, be neglected, one of which is the cultivation of strawberries, which do not generally thrive well in the State, and would die out if it were not for the efforts of the Chinese.

The Life and Poems of Edgar Allen Poe. A New Memoir. By EUGENE L. DIDIER. With Introductory Letter, by SARAH HELEN WHITMAN. Revised edition, with Illustrations. 12° pp. 305. New York: W. J. Widdleton. 1879.

BORN amid the whirl and glitter of stage life, early orphaned, the adopted son of a wealthy family, remarkably precocious, unusually handsome, possessing the faculty of finding his way to every one's heart, flattered at home and abroad,—these were not the circumstances to encourage the growth of those god-like qualities with which Poe is invested by Mr. Didier. Growing from young childhood to manhood with every assurance of being heir of thirty thousand a year, and scarcely a wish unrealized, then suddenly finding his position that of alien in his father's house, the change was too much for the proud spirit of the imperious lad. Consequently, at twenty years of age he severed his home ties and entered the arena with struggling humanity, to fight, single-handed, the battle of life. Brought face to face with privation, poverty, crushing sorrow in the death of his idolized young wife, unable to ease the fleeting moments of her existence by the common necessities of life,—one could not expect to find anything approximating to the ideal in the character of Mr. Poe. That a man thus circumstanced, with the preternatural sensibility of Edgar A. Poe, should have succumbed to misfortune was an inevitable sequence. Mr. Didier passes swiftly and lightly over his failings, while he lingers lovingly over the endearing features of his character. Let us do likewise, and bury the frailties that beset genius in the tomb with his mortal remains, cherishing reverently those revelations, which genius—that connecting link between the divine and human—by its deeper insight into nature, bequeathes us.

Poe's imagination was of an Oriental cast, luxuriant, and impregnated with an ineffable sadness. His education was above the average, especially in language and classic literature; and he must be ranked among the first of American poets; but we think Mr. Didier a little presumptuous in declaring him "America's greatest genius" (p. 99); "the most scholarly writer our country

ever produced" (*id.*); "that he did more to establish a native American literature than all the writers that preceded him" (p. 126).

There is a peculiarly weird, sad solemnity that gives to Poe's poems a fascination to many. *The Raven* is recognized not only at home but abroad, where it has been widely translated, not merely for its beauty and peculiarity of construction, but for its perfect fitness and unity of design. In *The Philosophy of Composition*—one of the two prose essays given in the volume,—Poe gives his *modus operandi* of the construction of his poems, selecting *The Raven* as an example, showing that his poems were not the emanations from some sudden inspiration, but the result of long and patient reflection.

His bereavement by the death of his young wife was the occasion for some of his most touchingly beautiful poems. *Ulalume*, written in the autumn of the year she died, is a strange, weird production, of which the following are the two last stanzas:

"Thus I pacified Psyche and kissed her,
And tempted her out of her gloom—
And conquered her scruples and gloom;
And we past to the end of the vista,
But were stopped by the door of a tomb—
By the door of a legended tomb;
And I said—'What is written, sweet sister,
On the door of this legended tomb?'
She replied—'Ulalume—Ulalume—
'T is the vault of thy lost Ulalume!'

"Then my heart it grew ashen and sober
As the leaves that were crisped and sere—
As the leaves that were withering and sere,
And I cried—'It was surely October
On *this* very night of last year
That I journeyed—I journeyed down here,
That I brought a dread burden down here—
On this night of all nights in the year,
Ah, what demon has tempted me here?
Well I know now, this dim lake of Auber—
This misty mid region of Weir—
Well I know now this dank tarn of Auber,
This ghoul-haunted woodland of Weir.'"

The Metamorphosis of a Creed. An Essay in present day
Theology. By FRANK WAKELEY GUNSAULUS. 12^o pp
376: Chillicothe (Ohio): Gould and Killo. 1879.

THE author of *The Metamorphosis of a Creed* desires his essay to be understood as an account of his own metamorphosis from a unitarian to an orthodox Christian. Instead then of his essay being, he writes, "an epic on one who has left 'these

meshes of orthodoxy' 'for the clear stream of liberalism,' the author * * * offers it as a sincere account of that weary journey from liberalism to orthodoxy."

These backward metamorphoses or transformations of creeds and beliefs are so common now-a-days as to lose their morphological interest to the student of religious phenomena. The phenomenon is not confined to the realm of theology, but is frequently observed also in that of biology. As in biology it is more common to see the chrysalis become a butterfly, the magot a moth, the egg a winged insect, than it is to see a higher species degraded to a lower, so in theology it is more common to see the devotees of orthodoxy transformed into rationalists, than it is to see rationalists transformed into orthodoxy.

The author's zeal in behalf of his newly found faith outruns his discretion. It is not every one that would dare to trace on paper, for the eye of a critical public, the order of his progress in intellectual belief. But Mr. Gunsaulus not only does this *sans peur* of the gods, or the retaliating reprisals of his critics; but, at the same time and in the same fearless way, he proceeds to arraign and to controvert the views of the distinguished leaders of the unitarian movement, arguing with more force of diction than clearness of apprehension, that Unitarianism leads to Pantheism, —the bugbear of all pious souls. "To look towards Pantheism and pronounce the words of morality, much more those of religion," he writes, "is to talk of the mixture of night and day." p. 373.

We wish the author had spent the energy and research displayed in this volume, in the investigation of religious truth and in laying the foundation of a sound, rational, credible creed, instead of attempting to controvert the half-formed conceptions of transcendental writers. Doctrines which have no ethical basis, are like structures with insufficient or insecure foundations. However beautiful or imposing they may be, they are sure to fail under the ordeal imposed by time and experience. Like everything mortal, they contain the elements of their own desintegration. Better leave them to the inevitable fate which waits on everything so mortal as error.

The book before us is bright, but its pages are so indefinite, confused and ambiguous as to render them often tedious to such as are ill-read in theological and metaphysical literature.

BIOGRAPHY.

The Life of Albert Gallatin. By HENRY ADAMS. 8° pp. 697. London and Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1879.

MOST readers of American history are apt to regard Mr. Gallatin as a politician merely—a minister of State and a diplomatist. But he was something more; and his character and career were such as to make his biography peculiarly interesting in spite of its distance, in point of date, from the recollections of the present generation. With little or none of the fervor which people generally recognize as a sign of genius, he was a man of excellent judgment, pure purposes and fine feelings, and, in all respects, worthy of the personal popularity he enjoyed. It is his great praise that “he had not the method of making a fortune;” and, in spite of many fair opportunities of enriching himself, died in very moderate circumstances—largely occupied to the end in the studies which Humboldt loved, such as the ethnology and languages of the native American races. The natural bent of his mind was rather in the direction of literature than of politics or statesmanship.

Born at Geneva, in 1761, Gallatin began life at the age of nineteen, by quitting his native land. And yet, as a Switzer, he only acted after the traditions of his rugged little country, always such an excellent place to “come away from,” and the nursing-mother of such a host of emigrants, going forth, for ages, to seek their fortunes in the courts, camps and industrial marts of the world. He belonged to one of the first families in his canton, and, in spite of his republicanism, always remembered the fact with complacency, and took care to preserve the documents which vouched for it—as may be seen in the appendix of the present biography. We are referred back to Callatinus, a Roman Consul of 494 A. U. C.—a man whom the older Gallatins were rather proud of. But he held in more respect the Seigneur de Granges, vice-comes of the Dukes of Savoy, who, in 1522, to spite his church, emigrated to the Republic of Geneva, and helped the people of that place to change their religion. The Gallatins for generations filled the highest offices of that little State, and thence overflowed into the courts and armies of Germany and other countries. Albert’s father was a merchant, who died in 1765. His mother died in 1770, and then the boy, nine years old, was adopted by an old maiden relative, Catharine Pictet. His rich relations helped to support him, and he also had the benefit of a fund called the Gallatin Bourse, established long before in aid of the poorer members of the family. He was sent to the public school of Geneva and subsequently to the college, where he graduated, in 1779, first of his class in

mathematics, natural philosophy and Latin. After a discontented interval, he made his way to America, in the beginning of 1780, reaching Boston in July, 1780.

The young travelling merchant did not like Boston. Wandering in Maine he finds some Genevese friends who procure for him letters of introduction; and in 1782, he went down to Massachusetts and offered himself as teacher of French to Harvard, having instructed himself in English and being able to speak it a little. His offer was accepted. He remained there for about a year, and then left Boston in company with a new friend, Savary de Valcoulon, a Frenchman of Lyons, who had a claim on the State of Virginia and was proceeding southward to assert it. This was the great luck of Gallatin's life. On his arrival at Richmond, he found himself, as the agent of his friend, at once in contact with the officials and public men of Virginia, and made a number of friends, of whom and their city he always spoke affectionately. The result was that Savary's claim was allowed and he got a grant of one hundred thousand acres in Mongalea county. Gallatin was an excellent interpreter and man of business, and the two friends kept a store on their wild grant for some time. It was a busy time for Gallatin who received twenty-five thousand acres for his stewardship in the business, and who doubtless felt that he was now secure against the chances of the future. His property in land gave him heart, hope and time to follow a higher course of life.

In 1789, Mr. Gallatin married Sophie Allegre, daughter of a French Protestant, living in Richmond. The young wife died in six months; and then Gallatin, in a sort of dull despair, turned to the field of politics—those of Pennsylvania, for his new residence was in Fayette county, in that State. He was elected member of the State Legislature, being indebted for this distinction to his great industry, clear head and aptitude for business. He himself says: "The laboring oar was always left to me." In 1790 and 1792, he served on thirty-five committees. In all this may be found the secret of the remarkable political advancement of a foreigner, even though he spoke the English language with difficulty. In 1793, he was a member of the Pennsylvania society for the abolition of slavery, and an opponent of Hamilton's Excise law, thinking the western farmers, who had no markets for their corn, should not be discouraged from distilling it. In this year he married Hannah Nicholson, daughter of Commodore Nicholson, of New York, and thus secured the great happiness of his after life. In 1795, he wrote to her as follows: "I find we are just worth \$7,000. In addition, we have our plantation; Mr. Morris' note for \$3,500 and about twenty-five thousand acres of wild land." At that time he encouraged the design of a joint-stock company of Genevese to settle on this land at George's Creek. In 1795, he was made member of the lower house of Congress (then sitting at Philadelphia), and kept the

position till 1801, when he became Secretary of the Treasury under the Presidency of Thomas Jefferson. Jefferson, Madison, and Gallatin were the propounders and guides of a new order of public policy—the Republican, as contradistinguished from the Federalist—and for some years that policy had a fair course. It was well suited to the democracy of the young republic—if America could only keep aloof from any contact with other governments. But that was impossible. Jay's federalist treaty with Great Britain gave the English the power of seizing French property in American vessels; and the evil results of this told fearfully against the republican government of Jefferson.

In 1801, Congress sat for the first time at Washington, the conditions and conveniences of which had a very appropriate resemblance to those of the nation at large, and are amusingly described in one of Gallatin's letters. In entering on his office, the new Secretary of the Treasury brought with him the principles of his native country, with a close carefulness and parsimony which was soon found out of place in the larger sphere of statesmanship. He wished that the American people should think of developing their own resources, and hoped their Government would meet with none of the difficulties that agitated the nations of Europe. He had fine ideas of popular liberty under the conditions of peace; but he "did not allow for the wind"—the wind of national character, aided by the stronger wind of contemporary change—and soon saw that America could not be isolated from Europe. European ideas fermented among her immigrant populations; and the vehement strife of England and France made itself generally felt from the centre to the sea.

From 1801 to about 1807, Jefferson, Madison and Gallatin hoped for the quiet success of the republican *régime*. But the Berlin and Milan decrees of Napoleon and the orders-in-council of the English Ministry involved the commerce of the ocean and interfered with every ship that sailed upon it. Napoleon would not allow English ships to enter the ports of the Continent, and the English would not allow any other ships to visit the ports of the Continent till they had come and paid duty in an English port and made a new departure. American ships visiting Europe traversed the high seas in a furtive and fearful way, and were sometimes boarded and confiscated. The Americans joined neither of the great belligerents, and were, therefore, worried by both. Then, to mend matters, the Jefferson government shut up all its own ports by an embargo, and declared our people should not trade at all with such tyrannical nations—should, in fact, shut the ports to all ocean commerce.

Such were the circumstances the policy of Mr. Gallatin had to contend against. He had not anticipated that the great European powers would act so savagely, and his frugal statesmanship, which would have suited Switzerland, was all at sea at Washington. He had not thought of the expensive armaments which

would have enabled the United States to stand and speak boldly on the great *champ clos* of nations; and when they drifted, so to speak, into the scuffle of 1812, it was in an unprepared and half-hearted way, which was simply good luck that it led to no terrible disaster. Gallatin's ideal commonwealth vanished before his eyes, and the republican star of Jefferson set under a cloud of confusion and uncertainty. Their great fault was a belief in the "good estate" of mankind yet to come, and they thought the rest of the world as philosophic as themselves. But society is a terrible piece of machinery to manage, a fact which all wise reformers or organizers should remember. To put a stop to that weary war of 1812, Gallatin, glad to quit the embarrassments of his office, went to Russia in 1813 to ask the mediation of the Czar; and next year, after a world of trouble and travelling, helped Adams, Bayard and Clay to shape the Treaty of Ghent, which put an end to the disasters of the preceding ten years.

Gallatin, who had resigned his office of Secretary of the Treasury, did not look for it again. The country had outgrown, or outrun his financial ideas; and in 1816 he was sent as United States Ambassador to Paris, where he remained for seven years. In 1823, he returned to his own forest settlement of New Geneva.

From 1830 to 1840, Gallatin seemed to be in the prime of his life. But he did not work in the field of politics during that period. In 1830 he became President of the National Bank of New York—his future place of residence; and then allowed himself to revert to his old studies, on the subjects of the American *Origines*, in geography, ethnology and language. For the American Antiquarian Society, of Worcester, Mass., he wrote his *Synopsis of the Indian Tribes*, etc., accompanied by a number of vocabularies collected and explained with care and judgment. In 1842, he founded the Ethnological Society, of New York, to which he contributed *Notes on the Semi-Civilized Nations of Mexico, Yucatan and Central America*—continued in another volume published in 1848, with another essay on the Indians of North-Western America. The lines thus laid down have been recently enlarged by the work of Mr. Bancroft. In these occupations, Gallatin seems to have found more satisfaction than fell to his share during the more conspicuous employments of his earlier life. He lived to the age of eighty-eight, dying in August, 1849; Mrs. Gallatin passing away in May of the same year, at the age of eighty-two.

Mr. Adams has performed his task in a clear, careful and comprehensive manner. The volume contains two portraits of Gallatin, and is thoroughly indexed, altogether forming a valuable contribution to American history.

Cæsar: a Sketch. By JAMES ANTHONY FROUDE. 12° pp. 550. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

WE have here, in brief space, a life of the greatest Roman soldier, narrated by a modern English historian. The author calls it a "sketch;" and certainly it is not so much a biography with one man always in the foreground, as a picture of great men and things covering his epoch—a period of about a century and a half, from the youth of Tiberius Gracchus to the time of Augustus. Mr. Froude is the partisan or apologist of Cæsar; and beyond a doubt "the mightiest Julius" was worthy of praise in many respects. He was "the champion and the child" of a great revolution, like the modern Cæsar, who was himself of the same Italian race, and fated, like the Roman, to have his fame darkened by a good deal of obloquy. It is not generally admitted that Napoleon was a greater man than Cæsar. But he had more difficult tasks to perform, and he performed them in a more magnificent style—his *donnergang* being far louder than any march of Julius Cæsar. The latter discomfited a number of semi-barbarous and scattered tribes; while Bonaparte combatted and overthrew powerful empires, each as strong as France. Moreover, he reigned three times as long as the first Cæsar. He was also a great law-giver and had excellent ideas of progress. But all English-speaking people have been taught to deprecate him; and even Lord Byron, who admired him, called him "a bastard Cæsar"—after the English manner.

But the Roman was a great man—a *divus*, in the ancient acceptation. Mr. Froude has done him but justice, in most respects. Cæsar did not begin the great revolution in the midst of which he grew up. One man never performed such a task; but he was produced by, and was an embodiment of it. He was a democrat after the school of his uncle, Marius; always in opposition to the insolent and greedy order of Optimates; always anxious to promote the agricultural prosperity of the people, and always disposed to take a hand with the citizens in the management of public affairs. He was, in fact, one of the most resolute office-hunters and office-holders in Rome. He had an office when he was only fourteen, and made his proud mother, Aurelia, happy to see him in the dress of a *Flamen-dialis*, member of what was called the Sacred College. At the age of twenty-three (77 B. C.), he was a lawyer; and in the *Comitia*, or House of Commons, he attacked Dolabella for the Optimate-crime of fleecing the Macedonians—something after the manner of Edmund Burke impeaching Warren Hastings. Then, at the age of twenty-six, he "ran" for the place of *pontifex*, and got it. Next year he was chosen Military Tribune. In his thirty-second year he was chosen Questor, and during his period of office served in the Army of Spain. In two years he made another forward step and became *Ædile*,

i. e., Inspector of buildings and regulator of the shows and theatres, increasing his popularity by repairing temples and erecting places of amusement for the Romans, and always relying on the *Comitia*, or Assembly, as distinguished from the Senate, or House of Optimates.

In his twenty-eighth year, came a great crisis in Cæsar's biography. He ran for pope; that is, he offered himself as candidate for the sacred and respectable office of Pontifex Maximus. His excitement was nearly as great as that of his mother. When he was entering the election-room, to the door of which she had accompanied him, he said to her: "I will be pope this evening, or a dead man." Those Roman elections were very like the Irish—blows were given with the votes, very often. Next year, the pope became a Prætor, or city magistrate, with the right of governing a province. He got Spain accordingly. Three years later he was Consul—a great "Man of the People"—as popular in Rome as O'Connell was once in Ireland, or Napoleon in France. At the end of his year of office he obtained, in right of it, the great and perilous command of Gaul; and that was, so to speak, the beginning of the end. In that fighting field he spent ten years of soldiership, after which he demanded and won the highest consulship or dictatorship of his closing years—a period of trouble and contest, which terminated in 44 B. C., when Brutus put a sudden end to the fitful fever of his life.

The politics and statesmanship of Cæsar's career, are as interesting as his battles—things that make the strongest impressions, as a general rule. He was first a good citizen, of the democratic, or at least, of the "non-respectable" sort; and was all his life distrusted by the Optimates, or "upper ten thousand." He therefore relied on the House of Assembly and its Tribunes; and it was this reliance that led him on to overthrow the government of the aristocracy. He saw it was a bad government, and saw, at the same time, that to sustain the cause of the people of Rome and Italy would be a grand means of furthering his own plans of personal advancement. He always meant that the people of Italy should have and hold the land of Italy, and that the Optimates who enjoyed it, in the condition of vast estates, cultivated by their slaves and *villani*, should surrender it, receiving, at the same time a reasonable compensation from "the general coffers," or otherwise. His argument was the same which is now agitating the agrarian populations and public journals of England, Ireland and Scotland. The Optimates would not listen to such "atrocious" proposals, and accordingly set the democracy at defiance. But Cæsar persisted, and when, on his fortieth year, he became Consul (with Bibulus, a fierce and foolish partisan of the Senate) he brought forward a law by which lands in Campania and other parts of Italy should be transferred to the veteran soldiers of the republic and others, prepared and eager to bring them into proper cultivation. This bill he first offered to the Senators who

resolutely threw it out; and then he took it to his proper sphere, the *Comitia*, where it was passed in a perfect storm of oburgation on one side, and applause on the other—Pompey himself, and other “democrats,” siding with Cæsar, and offering to call in his soldiers, if necessary, to secure the passage of the bill.

Cæsar was always a “reformer,” meaning to restore the ancient rights of the commonwealth; and not the despot men have agreed for ages to call him. He cast his lot with the people of Italy, defrauded of their great right—that of cultivating the soil of their own country and making themselves at home upon it. He meant that they should all feel themselves to be citizens of the republic; and even went farther, contending that the chiefs and people of Gaul and Spain should be admitted to the same privilege as a matter of the highest statesmanship. He actually brought some of them to reside in Rome, as deputies and even to take places in the *Comitia*. All this disgusted the Optimates. In many cases those “barbarians” from the provinces were treated as some of the Californians treat the Chinese. Suetonius says: “Cæsar led the Gauls not alone in ‘triumph,’ but into the “*Comitia*; they threw away their old ‘trowsers,’ and wore the “*lati-clave* or toga instead.” Julius Cæsar was certainly regarded as a very pestilent fellow—one who wished to turn the customary system of Rome upsidedown—a “communist,” in fact, in that matter of the landed aristocracy.

When Cæsar had finally beaten Pompey and his sons, in battle, he did a hundred strange and unc customary things. He procured a law of the *Comitia* (and of the Senate also, for the optimates were not so insolent as before) that all the laborers on the fields of Italy should be freemen; and he made use of thousands of them to drain the Pontine marshes and the Fucine lake, and improve the channel of the Tiber; sending, at the same time, over sixty thousand of them to occupy the waste lands and the noble harbor of Carthage. Among other things, he increased the roll of the Senators with a number of democratic citizens and other “low persons” of merit. He tried to “swamp the House of Lords,” like that nefarious English minister at the time of the Reform Bill; and for this especially, the Senate prepared the retribution which soon came upon him. For some time before his fall, people speculated on the chance of putting an end to him and his reforms, with a vengeance. Cicero in the Senate, even while praising the clemency and gentleness of Cæsar, admitted with the garrulous frankness which was such a trait of his character, that many of his enemies were planning that sort of reward for him; and he prayed that the *divus* may be preserved from such a peril. Cæsar listened, but took no precautions. He affected to be tired of his life and the ingratitude of those he had pardoned or benefited; and perhaps he spoke truly. At any rate, he went about very much in his old way among his fellow-citizens. Another man would have had his body-guard; and with such

a protection he could easily have baffled all the assassins of the Senate, and lived for twenty years longer to carry out his grand scheme of agrarian reform, and give a free and prosperous people to Italy, such as would have been the best guarantee of Roman dominion and progress. A people of Italy rooted in it, so to speak, and loving it as their mother, would in time have been able to repel any of the northern races that subsequently poured into the Peninsula and overthrew the Western Empire. As it was, those invaders found it easy to overrun an unpeopled, uncultivated country of patricians with large estates, which their slaves could neither cultivate properly nor defend with any sort of spirit.

It is the great privilege of a historian to discredit the mistakes of history, and bring to light as much truth as possible. Readers of the Roman annals are in general apt to lose sight of those considerations concerning Cæsar, and to regard him as a despot. The English took their opinion from those Roman historians who had good reason to denounce the Cæsar dynasty and who reflected back their dislike on the first of the name. It is curious to note the fervor with which the English bards—with their eyes on the Stuart family—denounced Julius and praised his enemies—Cato and others. Akenside, the Scot, author of the *Pleasures of the Imagination*, has some often-quoted lines, praising the attitude of Brutus, as something grand and lovely beyond anything else in nature, when that celebrated assassin rose—

"Refulgent from the stroke of Cæsar's fate,
To bid the father of his country (Cicero) hail;
For lo, the tyrant prostrate in the dust,
And Rome again is free!"

The *Sketch* contains a portrait of Cæsar, and a fine map of his great war-theatre—Gaul.

The Life and Letters of Baroness Bunsen. By AUGUSTUS J. C. HARE. 12° pp. 516-478. New York: George Rutledge & Sons. 1879.

WE have here the life of "A perfect woman nobly plann'd." Alike do her shining qualities reflect the daughter, wife, and mother. Mme Bunsen devoted her superior endowments to that which is great and good, accepting adversity with an unwearying cheerfulness, welcoming every gleam of sunshine as an unmerited blessing; while her gentle unpretentious demeanor in prosperity won her friends alike from among great and small, the learned and common-place. The Baroness laid no claim to the world's attentions; she has left us no imposing monument testifying to her erudition; but she did something far better. In her ten

children she presents the world with good men and women, made noble through a faithful mother's influence, and whose characters were built up by the rare sweetness and gentleness tempered by strength of character so conspicuous in Mme. de Bunsen.

Baroness Bunsen was a woman who would have justified, in any walk of life, Solomon's estimation of a wise woman, one whose memory will be cherished long after her death; but being the wife of a man like Baron Bunsen, associated with the brilliant lights of a brilliant age, she stands forth a marked character. Her letters are remarkable in one respect, at least: though written for private perusal, and with no attempt at effect, they are of an interest of no transient character. Her style is vivacious, discriminating, and pleasing. Her residence in the artistic, political, and social centres of Rome, Prussia, and England, where a concourse of great minds invariably surrounded this illustrious couple, afforded her excellent material. Throughout her letters there is apparent a submission to divine decrees and an intensely religious sentiment.

Mr. Hare has performed his task admirably. He does not endeavor to paint an elaborate picture; he rather shows us reality instead, giving us her letters—where the woman appears in her true colors—with but little comment. The volume is embellished with two portraits, one of Baroness Bunsen in 1874, the other of Mrs. Waddington, a mother worthy of her daughter.

Goethe and Schiller: Their Lives and Works. Including a Commentary on Goethe's Faust. By HJALMAR H. BOYESEN. 12° pp. 424. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1879.

FROM a series of lectures delivered in Cornell University, Professor Boyesen presents us, in this volume, with two valuable *causeries* respecting the most famous of the German poets, men who have been much more quoted than understood in the English-speaking world, in spite of the efforts of a great many writers, Carlyle among them, to introduce and interpret them. Goethe, the greatest of those poets, as he is usually considered, never found any popularity in England, for several reasons, some of which do not seem to have been very distinctly recognized. The chief of these was probably the fact that, according to the growth of literature in Western Europe, the poetry of Germany was about two hundred years behind that of the British Isles, and German modes of poetic thought had something of the old-fashioned tone and flavor of the Middle Ages. The English and French muses had completely broken away from the old style of the "moralities" and "mysteries" and cunning *diableries*

which delighted all classes once upon a time, and drawn their inspiration from classic sources and the high themes of history. The Germans, less vivacious than the French and less independent than the islanders, still kept to their old ways; and their poetry perpetuated many strains of religion and morality—things most familiar to the minds of the people everywhere, and especially popular among the thoughtful races of Germany. The German poets came late to join the European chorus, bringing with them a home-made sort of plain chant, which made no impression till it was at last taken up by the louder voices towards the middle of the last century.

One of these voices was Goethe's. With his classic learning, and a good deal in spite of it, Goethe kept what may be called the homeliness of his ideas. His first notable production, *Gotz von Berlichingen*, was the glorification of a German robber of the chivalrous times, and an outlaw, like Robin Hood. Almost everything he wrote came from his own experiences and fancies; and, in his own German way, he was as egotistical a poet as Lord Byron—the strength of both growing from reliance on themselves. Goethe's inspiration had nothing heroic in it, strongly contrasting with that of Schiller, who was all mental heroism. In his *Werther's Leiden*—"The Sadness of Werther"—Goethe interprets his own feelings of discontent with his condition and prospects of life. It is the same Werther or Goethe in *Wilhelm Meister* and *Faust*. He never steps out of his own German circle or out of himself, finding within these limits enough to last him all his life, and to suggest the long-drawn courses of his calm and critical intellect. In *Faust* he reproduces the doubts and vague dissatisfactions of youth—the youth, especially, of a man who finds himself in a stagnant condition of society, without the active ambitions or commercial energies which, in other parts of Europe, could open a variety of careers before a young man. To give vent to his feelings, he shapes his work somewhat after the style and manner of the old "mystery" writers and reciters of Germany. He brings in the devil and indulges in a variety of grotesque sentiment and whimsical philosophy in which "more is meant than meets the ear." This was a very old exercise of European scholarship in times when men of thought and learning were afraid to speak plainly; and a remnant of it, oddly enough, existed recently—and may still be in existence somewhere—in the talk of the *Terrafilius* of a college, who speaks his mind at the "breaking up" in a style of rhapsody which our forefathers enjoyed more heartily than the people of the present time. Goethe could not resist the force of old custom, nor forego the *diablerie* or supernaturalism of the ancestral scarafausts and mountebanks, and employed it, not alone in the beginning of *Faust*, but in the winding up of that curious work, a little before his death, at the age of eighty-two. That winding up was rather feeble, naturally, like himself.

Goethe, finely formed and featured as a man, had a calm and thoughtful genius with no strong perfervid impulses. He looked on the world and its movements with the eye of a philosopher and a critic—with more of Epicurus than of Diogenes in his nature. The great movements of his day did not reach him in his official study at Weimar. While France was shaking or overthrowing the great and little thrones of Germany, he looked on and said nothing. Poets of other nations have always responded to the clang of arms. Even the present calm-blooded and lotus-eating Laureate of the English language was roused into exclamation by a certain very British "Charge of the Light Brigade." Körner in Germany fought in the ranks and sang of the sword. Goethe took a calmer view of that German ferment. "Your noise," he said, "is only the shaking of your chains. He (Napoleon) is too strong for you." Yet he was not without feeling—for Weimar, for the Duke and himself. When the French were approaching the city, he talked with his friend Falk in a strain of sorrow—drawing a picture of himself and Karl August passing along the German road as a pair of fugitives and the people everywhere saying, "There go the Duke and old Goethe." He said, with tears rolling down his cheeks, that in the character of an old harper of the middle age he would earn enough in the cities to support them both. This was quite in Goethe's manner. His sympathies concerned what was nearest to him. And as for Germany in its turmoil, perhaps he viewed it correctly and saw what the world could see more clearly in a few years—that the driving out of the French would only leave the country and its people at the mercy of its stupid old powers and principalities—such as they remain to the present day.

Professor Boyesen, along with the biography of the great poet, furnishes a commentary on *Faust* which we imagine gives the clearest and most satisfactory explanation of a thing which the author himself was in the habit of terming a "barbaric piece of business," and *possen* and *fratze*—tricks and caricatures.

After the biographical review of Goethe, we have that of Johann Christoph Freidrich Schiller, who was born in 1759, and therefore, junior of the former by ten years. He was a much more lively genius than Goethe—far more *schwarmerisch* and *Jewitterhelt*:—with a more enthusiastic and gusty inspiration; and altogether a much more poetical nativity, though perhaps intellectually inferior. He, too, began his literary career with a Robber, or Robin Hood, living a free, forest life in the midst of his "merry-men." A student in the military academy of the Grand Duke of Wurtemberg at the age of twenty, he had all the feelings of a malcontent, obliged as he was to study medicine, which he disliked, and obey the strict discipline of the institution. He became, at the age of twenty-two, a surgeon in the regiment of Auge, and was expected to be always a servant of the Grand Duke. But he preferred to be his own master, and wrote

the "Robbers" to show his innate love of liberty and his hatred of constraint. The drama was performed at the neighboring city of Manheim, and the agitated author made a stolen journey to see the play, for which he incurred a very sharp reprimand from the officials of Stuttgart, and then made up his mind to seek his fortune elsewhere. He secretly left Stuttgart in 1782—during the reception in the city of the Russian Grand Duke Paul—he who was, about twenty years later, strangled in his bed-room, by his courtiers and members of his own family—and carried his tragedy of *Fiesco* along with him. He began life in the old "Bohemian" fashion, and continued it almost to the end in pretty much the same free and uneasy way. But the change roused his spirits wonderfully. "All my connections," he said in his journal called *Thalia*, "are now dissolved, and the public is everything to me—my study, my sovereign and my confidant. To the public alone I, from this time, belong. Before this and no other tribunal, will I place myself. This alone do I reverence and fear. Something majestic hovers before me, and I determine now to wear no other fetters but the sentence of the world, to appeal to no other throne but the soul of man." This, of course, was a proclamation intended for the Grand Duke of Wurtemberg, as well as for the public at large.

Writing for the booksellers and the theatres, Schiller entered the *Sturm and Drang* of the literary world, and gave his days and nights to the work of his brain and pen—his nights especially—during which he was happy to feel himself free from the visits of friends, and other exactions of society which he never loved. He had the genius of an enthusiastic anchorite, without any of the old asceticism. He always loved the coming on of night—as young Juliet does in the play—and usually sat down to his work with a pot of strong coffee, or wine-chocolate, or a bottle of Rhine wine beside him, to keep himself awake till morning. At the same time it was his habit, while he wrote, to get up and pace the room excitedly, repeating the poetry he had written or meant to write. These indulgences and habits were congenial to his excitable disposition; and no doubt they account for a good deal of the hectic and declamatory poetry found in his dramas—though, of course, the original tendency belonged to nature herself. His later years were laboriously, and on the whole, happily spent in the society of his wife Lotte, in their quiet homes; and in 1805, he died at the age of forty-five years.

Professor Boyesen's work has the great merit of giving freshness and value to subjects with which most English readers have long been familiar. He writes in a clear, terse and happy style of English, all the more remarkable if, as we believe, his mother-tongue is the German. His lexis is far better than Max Muller's—though that is an excellent one, as all the world allows; and for the rest, our author's manner is far beyond the loose and dis-

cursive style of Carlyle, from whom we received our first notions of Teutonic literature.

This book is excellently printed; and the delicate gold lettering and purple ornaments of its exterior have an artistic merit which seems to deserve a word of notice.

English Men of Letters—Burke. By JOHN MORLEY. 12° pp. 214. New York: Harper Brothers. 1879.

No volume of this interesting series of biography that has yet appeared meets so wide an appreciation as this last. Burke is a large subject, full of interest to English-speaking people everywhere. The editor of the series, of which this volume forms a part, has reserved to himself the honor of treating it; and, surely, no man could be found in all England better fitted to perform this task than Mr. John Morley.

Mr. Morley contributed to English literature, a few years since, what he is pleased to call a critical study of Burke. His present contribution is not critical, nor in any sense a rehash of that. The author has confined himself in this volume entirely to a narrative of Burke's life; giving the prominent events and leading incidents in the personal and political career of his subject.

The volume is entertaining reading for an American. It is refreshing, in these days of public corruption and private dishonor, to be brought, as Mr. Morley brings us, into the personal atmosphere of a man whose public honor is but a reflection of his private virtue. Edmund Burke could stand erect under the pressure of spoils and power, when most Englishmen were wallowing in the mire of avarice and rapacity. He could exercise an "invincible fidelity to the natural order and operation of things, even when they seemed most hostile to all that was dear to his own personality." This is a rare virtue; but no *statesman* is without it.

The period embraced in the biography covers that of the American Revolution, in the political complications of England growing out of which Mr. Burke was a prominent figure, always leaning towards justice and siding with liberty. "Nobody shall persuade me," he declared, "that acts of lenity are not means of conciliation." And on the same occasion and in the same connection he observed that "the natural effect of fidelity, clemency, kindness in governors, is peace, good-will, order and esteem in the governed." These sentiments were uttered more than a century ago, and for the guidance of Englishmen and England; but they are just as applicable to the present, for Americans and America.

HISTORY.

Constitutional and Political History of the United States. By DR. H. VON HOLST. 8° pp. 714. Translated by JOHN J. LALOR, A. M. Chicago: Callaghan and Company. 1879.

VON HOLST'S *Constitutional History* embraces the period between the years 1828 and 1846. This is the second volume of a work which is to be continued under the same title. It may be considered as a curiosity of literature as coming from a foreigner. But, then, that foreigner is a German; and nothing is too remote for the patient industry of German students. Von Holst makes himself at home amid the *Sturm und Drang* of our by-gone politics, and sits as umpire over the various merits of men and things with more than the earnestness of the average American; and, while we admire this earnestness, we find that he can convey a pretty fair idea of those old-time *tracasseries* of statesmen, politicians and journalists, and that his book may be read with profit by those studying the constitutional history of the United States—inasmuch as the student will be led to question some of his conclusions and gather a better knowledge from the impulse of controversy.

The author's general idea is that the growth of the lower order of democracy in these States should be dated from the irruption of General Jackson and his followers into the Capitol, in 1828. But it was always here—from the day when the people threw tea-chests into Boston bay, and subsequently, when they took their guns to defend their whiskey-stills in Pennsylvania; and the notion that the rapacities of office came in at the same time may be corrected by the testimony of John Adams, and still more conclusively by the history of our own day, when the "democrats" have had the worst of it and their opponents carry matters with a high and acquisitive hand. The way of the politicians and the story of statesmanship continue to be much the same at all times and under every change of government.

Von Holst discusses the unhappy question of slavery, as it is discussed by most foreigners—that is, with a prejudice in favor of liberty in the abstract, such as no philosopher or fair-minded man can fall out with; and the upholders of that system have their misdeeds and mistaken policy duly chronicled and commented on; while the seizure or occupation of Texas is shown to have been a mixture of rapacity and fraud—as well as the driving out of the Creeks and Seminoles from Florida. In truth, the honest, moralizing historian will have to present a great many revolting pictures of human greed and savagery. The most civilized nations extant are still largely predatory; and such will be the way of the

world for some time to come. In this respect the rough democracy is no worse than other classes that favor or oppose the wheels of human progress.

Mr. Lalor's version of the German is clear and fluent; and if a critic should "hint a fault" in the case of a sentence here and there, it is usually where the translator tries to wrestle with the German idiom, which is generally allowed to be less alert than the English; though Von Holst's style is as good as Von Humboldt's and an excellent vehicle of his subject-matter.

Discovery and Conquest of the North-West, with the History of Chicago. By RUFUS BLANCHARD. 8° pp. 128, paper. Wheaton (Ill.): R. Blanchard & Co. 1879.

IN this work, which is part first of a series, the author undertakes to set forth the discovery of the North-West by the French, and the explorations of the French captains and missionaries, along the St. Lawrence, and the great Lake country. He narrates, in a brief and rapid way, the adventures of Cartier, Champlain, Joliet, Marquette, La Salle and a number of others; and then gives us a glimpse of the first campaigns made by the sedate young backwoodsman and soldier, George Washington, of Virginia, in the twenty-first year of his age (1753). The latter was then,

"A young soldier of the king, and the king's young soldier,"

and fated to fall into the hands of the French as a prisoner of war, about a quarter of a century before the day when he and the Frenchmen stood side by side to accept the surrender of an English army and assure the independence of the Colonies. In the course of the French and English war, the author gives an account of the conspiracies of Pontiac, the Ottawa chief who sided with the French against the advance of the British towards the west. The whole of this first number of the series gives a clear and satisfactory idea of events that in other histories occupy volumes. It contains two maps, one of the Mississippi, drawn by Father Marquette, and the other, illustrating the region of the North-West and the French and Indian war.

MEDICINE.

A Guide to the Homœopathic Practice: designed for the use of private individuals. By I. D. JOHNSON, M. D. 8° pp. 494. New York and Philadelphia: Boericke and Tafel. 1879.

THOUGH not particularly prepossessed in favor of the policy of making the practice of medicine accessible to laymen, or of writing guides or treatises for the use of families, or "private individuals," we must still speak a kindly and an appreciative word on behalf of Dr. Johnson's effort in this direction. The plan of his work is well adapted to serve the purpose for which it is intended. Beginning with a few judicious, and some injudicious, observations on the use of medicines, diagnosis, and regimen, etc., the author proceeds with his work proper, which he divides in two parts, devoting the first part to diseases and derangements, and the second part to the symptomatology of the remedies—*materia medica*. Avoiding any attempt to classify scientifically the diseases for which he prescribes, he begins with those of the mind and head and follows with those of the eyes, ears, throat, etc., taking those of the different organs and parts of the body in regular order from the head downward, ending with the skin. To complete the subjects of pathology and therapeutics, the author gives a chapter each to the "Diseases of Women," the "Treatment of Children," "General Diseases," "External Injuries," and "Poisoning."

Those using the *Guide* will find a very useful supplement in part second. The author's aim has been to present the most prominent, or characteristic symptoms, of all the remedies of which mention is made in part first. In connection with the indications of each drug-analysis he has taken the pains to refer in brackets to remedies possessing similar indications, so that the seeker for the proper remedy in any case cannot fail to find its analogue, or complement, in connection therewith, and be facilitated in his search. In the condensed analysis of the remedies the author has shown good judgment and rare skill, and laid the reader, medical as well as lay, under great obligation.

With so much that is good and useful in this work, it is to be regretted that the author should have violated the proprieties of a strict professional taste, by citing cases of remarkable cures in his own experience, without disclosing the remedies and other agencies made use of. Such citations are useless to the student. They convey the idea, moreover, of conceit on the part of the author, and savor of quackery. A case illustrative of our meaning may be found on pages 298-9. After detailing the painful history of an infant maltreated for indigestion, the author gives his

treatment as follows: "We took charge of the patient, and in less than ten days it was entirely relieved," etc., which is remarkable, of course!

One is glad to know that the poor child recovered, but the means which proved so beneficial would have afforded the reader or student just the information he has a right to find in literature of this kind. We insist, therefore, that any information of a different character is extraneous and out of place in a medical work. We shall be glad to see this defect remedied in future editions of the book. Let there be less of self and more of the subject in writings of this class.

There are a few other irregularities of less moment, which seriously detract from the *quality* of the volume. The author is often careless in the use of words—a very common, but inexcusable, fault in medical literature. He is apt to be redundant, often saying things that "go without saying." For instance, he says the student of homœopathy should be "well versed in anatomy, physiology, pathology," etc.—"as taught in our medical schools." (p. vi.) Is it not enough to be well versed in any subject or science regardless of where it is acquired or taught? Then, too, he speaks of *mental* emotions, which implies that there may be emotions which are not mental. Mental and moral faculties and influences are distinguished by him—a very common fallacy. The very title-page contains a vulgarism, in saying that the work is designed for the use of "*private* individuals"—meaning the laity, or non-medical people.

The volume is well made—good paper, excellent type, firmly bound. The Messrs. Bœricke and Tafel deserve great credit for the mechanical excellence of their prints.

Condensed Materia Medica. By CONSTANTINE HERING, M. D.
Second Edition. Condensed, Revised, Enlarged and Improved. Royal 8° pp. 886. New York and Philadelphia: Bœricke & Tafel. 1879.

THE indefatigable student of homœopathic materia medica, Dr. Hering, has placed the medical fraternity under renewed obligations to him in the massive, well conceived and executed volume before us. The symptomatology of the remedies in homœopathic use has grown so enormous since the death of Hahnemann as to render sifting and condensation a necessity, if a larger and more comprehensive knowledge of the materia medica is to be acquired by, or made available to, those that most need it—the busy practitioners. It is this class that this work appeals to, and that will best appreciate it. It is true, the author says he has designed the work more especially for the *student* of homœopathy—to give him "such absolutely necessary material as would [shall]

"enable him, in a comparatively short time, to gain knowledge of such important symptoms and conditions as are characteristic of each remedy—knowledge which is imperatively necessary for every-day practice." (p. vii.) But it is superfluous to distinguish, in medicine, between the student and the physician. The successful physician—by which we mean him that attains eminence in the profession, that makes himself useful to his confrères by extending the limits of knowledge and increasing the degree of medical proficiency—is the student of medicine. We know of no one so well qualified to do this particular work, to prepare this condensed *materia medica*, as the learned author of the volume before us. He may never have acquired a fortune—become affluent—though he has grown gray in serving the profession; but he is a typical example of what we mean by a successful physician.

Such an acknowledgement is due the author; the author's work speaks for itself. And yet it is hardly fair to it, nor just to the reader, to forego a few words in its behalf.

The plan of the work is to be commended. The author has not only abridged the pathogenesis of the remedies, but he has abridged the number of remedies, confining his attention to those best known and most widely used—and useful. In our view he might wisely have abridged the number still farther; for he has retained several drugs in his *materia medica* which we would gladly see expunged altogether from the list of medicaments—psorinum, for example. The remedies are arranged for easy reference—alphabetically; every remedy, too, constitutes a chapter, and is characterized by its proper and vulgar name, together with the name of its prover; and each chapter is subdivided into sections, or arranged under separate heads or rubrics—forty-eight in number—according to the name of the parts of the body to which the symptoms relate or correspond. The symptoms are otherwise classified into leading or guiding symptoms, pathogenetic or physiological symptoms, and therapeutic or clinically confirmed symptoms. All this is founded upon the actual record, and is, therefore, scientific and reliable. We wish all the "provings" and "observations" on the actions and effects of drugs were founded on records and experiences equally trustworthy. Compared with Jahr's *Symptomen-codex*, or the *Cyclopedia of Materia Medica*, of Allen, the *Condensed Materia Medica* seems insignificant: but it has the advantage of being more reliable than the former and more available than the latter.

The Grounds of a Homœopath's Faith. By S. A. JONES, M. D. 12° pp. 92, limp. New York and Philadelphia: Bœricke & Tafel. 1879.

UNDER cover of giving the grounds of a medical faith, the author of this spicy brochure fulminates a philippic against the

regular practice. His indictment of allopathy forcibly reminds one of the controversy between the partisans of the conflicting medical schools a quarter of a century ago. In the present instance, however—to the credit of civilization be it said—the author's method, while not lacking in the old polemic spirit, is finer. He does not dissect, scarify, purge or blister his opponents, nor take blood from them—though he does use the *pen-lance* pretty freely. Nor is he reckless of the truth in dealing with the strange follies and fallacies of “scientific” medicine. On the contrary, he is careful of his facts and his mode of using them, and brings to his discussion a degree of candor and impartiality which is entirely of modern growth. No student of medicine, whatever be his faith, or want of faith, can read this essay without benefit. The principles of both schools of medicine are stated and elucidated with judicial calmness and clearness. With equal clearness the author traces the evolution of therapeutics from the dark ages of medicine—which, strange to say, continued long after the revival of letters—down to the present day. The author estimates that, according to the rate of progress which has attended that process since the days of Sydenham, the polypharmacy of the seventeenth century will become monopharmacy about the year A. D. 1929. Should he live to see it, we cannot doubt that he will be content to die in, and perhaps *at*, the hands of the “regulars.”

HYGIENE.

How to get Strong, and how to stay so. By WILLIAM BLAICKIE.
12° pp. 296. New York: Harper & Brothers. 1879.

THIS little book is a valuable contribution to sanitary science, which has made such progress of late. It treats of the benefits of bodily exercise, termed by one of the old English poets,

“Generous exercise,
The youth of age, the medicine of the wise;”

and is full of information and suggestion on the appliances and means of muscular exertion, for boys and girls, as well as men and women. It shows how home gymnasiums may be furnished by those who can afford them, and treats of the school and college gymnasiums which should accompany the usual *curriculum*, and which, the author thinks, ought to be established by the State in all the public schools. A careful perusal of his pages will give one a good idea of what may be easily done to keep the physique in a healthy condition, and of the culpable neglect of people in general, in this matter of physical exercise and training—things so necessary for the every-day business and enjoyment of life. The customs of education are improving, in this respect, but they are still very defective. There seems to be no valid reason why

a part of every day in the week should not be devoted to bodily exercises on the part of pupils in all the schools, where apartments fitted up for the purpose, might be easily afforded. The people of Italy seem to be in advance of us in their recognition of the great value of such a feature of education. The study and practice of gymnastics are to be made compulsory in all their State schools; and no doubt this educational movement will, by degrees, extend itself to other countries.

The present work is an enlargement of the articles on "Free Muscular Development" which appeared in *Harpers' New Monthly Magazine*, for May, 1878.

A Treatise on Hygiene and Public Health. Edited by ALBERT H. BUCK, M. D. 2 vols. 8° pp. 792-657. New York: William Wood & Co. 1879.

NOTHING in the history of ideas gives one interested in the progress of humanity more satisfaction than the advancement which the philosophy of health and disease is making. Within living memory the time was—indeed, it is not yet past—when the medical savant was as confident of finding a full and perfect specific for every disease as he was of finding the equation in a mathematical problem. It is curious to read the old—and the new—treatises on the subject of therapeutics and materia medica, and to observe how completely the remedies cover the diseases. If anything, the remedies are more numerous than the diseases. It seems to be taken for granted that there is a remedy for every disease—if it could only be found. Conditions of life and health are obscured or overlooked altogether in the hunt for something which shall possess curative virtues—be able to convert a morbid or abnormal action into a normal or healthy one—wholly oblivious of the fact that disease is as natural as health, and that morbid processes, under abnormal conditions, are as proper and inevitable as heat in the tropics or ice in freezing weather. Accordingly, sea and air, the bowels of the earth and the products of its surface, have been, and still are, diligently explored to find a remedy that shall be sovereign for this ailment and that. The phenomenon reminds one of the medical and scientific delusions of the seventeenth century, such as the search for the "philosophers' stone," the "elixir of life," a method by which the baser metals might be transmuted into the rarer and more precious, etc.

It is not too much to say that the current of medical opinion of modern times has turned in a direction quite the opposite. The medical question of today is, not so much what will cure, as what will prevent, disease. The medical savant, happily, has come to realize that the cure of no disease can be radical and permanent so long as the conditions under which it is produced are at fault. Hence the rise of sanitary science and the *raison d'être* of such

works as the ponderous volumes on *Public Health*, which the Messrs. Wood & Co. have just published, and which form a fitting complement to Ziemssen's *Cyclopedia of Medicine*, also published by them, and which, in fact, these volumes complete.

No more fitting complement of Ziemssen's great work could well be conceived of than these volumes, edited by the same hand, published by the same house, sold in the same way and in the same connection. The plan on which the work has been executed is also identical with that which has proved so effective with the other volumes of the cyclopedia, viz.: turning over to specialists or experts, for treatment, each branch or department of the science. By this means the editor has been able to avail himself of the best talent and to secure the highest practicable degree of efficiency in the several departments of the subject, and to produce a work for the profession and interested public which is thoroughly trustworthy, and as authoritative as is possible in the present state of sanitary science.

It is impossible in brief space to do justice to these volumes, treating as they do, and in manner so exhaustive, of such a variety of important topics. The contributors have not confined themselves to a record of their own observations and experiences, but have wisely drawn on those of their contemporaries, availing themselves freely of the labors of the ablest men of the age. In the introductory chapter, Dr. Billings of the U. S. army, gives a summary of what is known in respect of the causes of disease, following this with the "Jurisprudence of Hygiene." The inspiration of all legislation on the subject of public health is the maxim laid down by the late Dr. Parks, of England, viz: "That we should do for our neighbors as for ourselves." As a corollary of this maxim, Dr. Billings correctly observes that:

"The broad general principle upon which all modern sanitary legislation rests is that every member of the community is entitled to protection in regard to his health, just as he is in regard to his liberty and property; and that, on the other hand, his liberty and his control of his property are only guaranteed to him on the condition that they shall be so exercised as not to interfere with the similar rights of others, nor be injurious to the community at large." (p. 35.)

In the chapter on "Infant Hygiene," Dr. A. Jacobi gives an exhaustive summary of the knowledge of the subject, together with the results of his own large experience in the regimen and care of infants. While he might have properly withheld the therapeutics of the subject, in a treatise on hygiene, his contribution is among the most important of the volume. His observations on the troublesome problem of infant diet is especially valuable. He insists on the advantages of "diluting the boiled and skimmed milk with barley-water or oat-meal gruel," as a substitute for mother's milk. "I hold this mixture," he says, "to be the *conditio sine qua non* of the thorough digestion of the milk; * * *

with this food alone I have seen children endure the heat of Summer without any attack of illness whatever. * * * In this climate, so perilous to infant health, where severe derangements of digestion belong to the most common of the daily experiences of the practitioner, I have had occasion again and again to be convinced of the reliability of my mixture." (Vol. I, p. 133.) It gives us pleasure to concur in the authors' views on this subject. The infant that is properly fed has little need of the doctor, and still less need of drugs.

Then follow chapters on "Food and Drink," by Dr. Tyson; "Drinking Water and Public Water-Supplies," by Dr. Nichols; "Physical Exercise," by Dr. Brayton Ball; "The Care of the Person," by Dr. Van Harlingen, completing the subject of "Individual Hygiene," and Part I of the volume. In Part II, which is devoted to the hygiene of habitations, are discussed "Soil and Water," by Dr. W. H. Ford, an illustrated paper; "The Atmosphere," by Dr. D. F. Lincoln, also illustrated; and the concluding paper of Volume I entitled the "General Principles of Hospital construction," by Dr. F. H. Brown.

The chapter of most general interest in Volume II is that on the "Hygiene of occupation," by Dr. R. S. Tracy. Of more special interest will be found the chapters on the "Hygiene of Camps," by Charles Smart, M. B., of the U. S. army—amply illustrated with original drawings; "Hygiene of the Naval and Merchant Marine," by Dr. Thomas J. Turner, of the U. S. army; "Hygiene of Coal Mines," by Mr. Henry C. Sheaffer; "The Hygiene of Metal Mines," by Rossiter W. Raymond, Ph. D. These papers, evidently prepared with great care, comprise part first of the second volume.

The second and concluding part of Volume II, opens with an exhaustive paper, by Dr. Thomas B. Curtis, on "Infant Mortality—Vital Statistics." It is brimful of facts and data, most profitable for "doctrine and instruction." The next paper in order, the "Adulteration of Food," by Stephen P. Sharples, S. B., gives tests for detecting fraud in food and drink—a very useful paper. Then follow an illustrated article on "Public Nuisances," by Dr. R. S. Tracy; an interesting chapter on sea-port "Quarantine," by Dr. S. Oakley Vanderpoel, health officer of the port of New York; "Inland Quarantine," by Dr. S. S. Herrick; "Small-pox and other Contagious Diseases," by Drs Allan McLane Hamilton, and Bache McE. Emmet; "The Hygiene of Syphilis," by Dr. F. R. Sturgis,—a brief paper, hardly adequate to the subject; "Disinfectants," by Elwyn Waller, Ph. D.—a valuable paper; "Village Sanitary Associations," by Dr. R. S. Tracy; and last, but by no means least, "School Hygiene," by Dr. D. F. Lincoln. The author of this paper gives many valuable hints, and offers many sensible suggestions in respect of the hygiene of the school-room and the pupil, which deserve an extended notice. The subject of Myopia in pupils, a disease which is alarmingly

on the increase among students, and men and women of letters, the world over, is treated by him with the candor and ability which the occasion demands. This form of malady has been too long ignored—it has been customary to ignore the abnormal phase or aspect of the affection altogether; and we are glad to see the author of this paper characterize the malady as it deserves, and direct attention to its causes and the rational means of its cure. We cite a brief paragraph, the views of which have our hearty concurrence:

"All that has been said above is confirmatory of the principle, too seldom considered by those concerned, that *a near-sighted eye is a diseased eye*. The talk about 'near-sighted eyes being strong,' is false and harmful. The disease is as disabling in many cases as a club-foot; it is as real a deformity as a crooked spine. It cannot be fully remedied by glasses. It excludes men from a great many positions in life, and lessens in women the quickness in perception, which is their special gift and reliance." (Vol. II, p. 607.) The rules of the author for the care of the eyes of pupils, ought to be printed on cards and conspicuously hung up in every school-room.

Each subject treated of, in these volumes, is supplied with a full bibliography, and the volumes themselves are very well indexed. They are well gotten up, in respect of binding and quality of paper, but the printing shows evidence of haste. *Dry* printing possesses advantages in typography which ought not to be ignored in works intended as standards of excellence.

INDUSTRY.

The Silk Goods of America. By W. C. WYCKOFF. 8° pp. 156.
New York: D. Van Nostrand. 1879.

THIS work, published under the auspices of the Silk Association of America, is a brief account of the recent improvements and advances of silk manufacture in the United States. The silk industry dates from about 1840, and has been doing its best work recently. The war of the rebellion did it good service, by checking the importation of foreign goods; and the direct trade with Asia across the Pacific, has still further advanced it. Our American business does not "begin at the beginning," that is, with silkworms and mulberry trees; nor even with cocoons. All these things are left to the Asiatics and Europeans—to the French, especially, who have been about three hundred and fifty years at the business. The silk comes to us "raw" in the shape of "filatures," or reelings made from the cocoons; and of these we import 24 per cent. from Europe, and the rest from the Chinese and Japanese; the latter doing their work with far greater nicety and skill than their continental neighbors, and rivalling the French and Italians in that respect. A great change was made in the

silk trade by the opening of the Suez Canal, through which the great bulk of the raw silk imports were carried to France; though London continues to be a great silk market as of old. Another change was brought about by our alliance with China and Japan, and our large importations by way of the Pacific ocean and the Pacific railway. Our silk importation for 1870 was seven hundred and thirty-eight thousand three hundred and eighty-one pounds. In 1878 it was one million, five hundred and ninety thousand, six hundred and sixty-three pounds.

In his introduction, Mr. Wyckoff presents us with twelve chapters of information on the silk goods of America, under the headings of Raw Silk; Weaving; Sewing and Twist; Black Dress Goods; Spun Silk; Piece Goods; Handkerchiefs; Ribbons; Trimmings; Silk Laces; Dyeing; and his report, as Secretary, gives a satisfactory account of the silk industry of the country. There has been a great increase in the importation of raw silk from Japan and also from China. Up to June, 1879, the amount from Japan for fifteen months was three thousand eight hundred and seventy-one bales, and from China about eleven thousand bales—the increase of the Chinese, over the preceding year, being at the rate of 76 per cent. and from Japan about 148 per cent.

A decided advance on home manufacture has been made in the production of dress-silks, and compared with the other large industries of the country, the silk manufacture has been remarkable for its steadiness. A number of valuable statistical tables are included in the volume, exhibiting the imports of raw and manufactured silk at the ports of San Francisco and New York; and also the exports of silk manufactures from France to America and other countries; the general United States exports to France, and the general French exports to the United States; showing an amount of \$46,390,213 on the side of the United States, and \$47,556,292 on the French side—a balance of trade, nearly. Following these statistics we find an address—dated May 13, 1879—from Léon Chotteau, delegate of the French Committee, to the Silk Association of America, advocating a treaty under which American duties on French silk goods should be removed or reduced; and the reply of the Board of the Association, controverting his arguments and showing the impolicy of injuring the silk industry of our own people. The American argument is a shrewd one: France takes from us what she finds to be necessities, and offers us silk and wine which are luxuries. France is an old silk manufacturer, having all the means, and technical education for the purpose, and has always protected that branch of her industrial system, which is now apparently menaced by the growth of the manufacture of silk in America.

With the foregoing papers we have an American Directory, by Mr. Wyckoff, of the Silk-trade and Silk-traders; including silk manufacturers, dealers, raw-silk importers and brokers.

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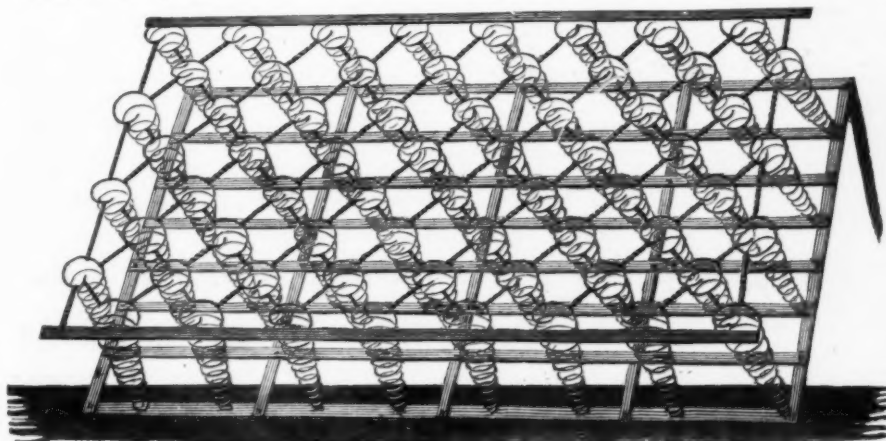
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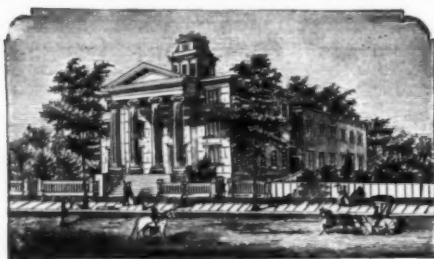
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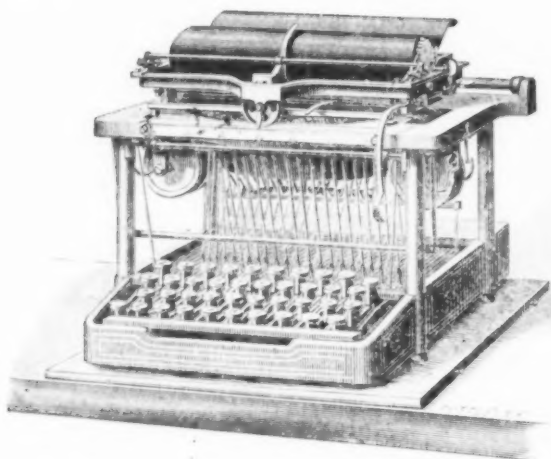
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